

D. Fournier del. M. Le. Rossu. Sculp.

THE TRUE

ANTI-PAMELA:

OR,

MEMOIRS

OF

Mr. *James Parry*,

Late ORGANIST of *Roſs* in *Herefordſhire*.

In which are inſerted,

His AMOURS with the Celebrated Miſs Powell of *Monmouthſhire*.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

In Two PARTS Compleat.

PART I. MEMOIRS of his LIFE and AMOURS.
PART II. Genuine LETTERS of *Love* and *Gallantry*.

Beware the dangerous Beauty of the Wanton;
Shun their Enticements; Ruin, like a Vulture,
Waits on their Conqueſts: Falſhood too's their Buſineſs;
They put falſe Beauty off to all the World;
Uſe falſe Endearments to the Fools that love them:
And when they marry, to their ſilly Husbands
They bring falſe Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune.

OTWAY.

LONDON,
Printed for the AUTHOR, and ſold by the Bookſellers in Town and Country. 1741.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 DEC 89

TO

Dr. GALEN.

SIR,

OF all Persons on Earth, I think I ought in Justice to Dedicate the following Sheets to you. In the first Place, for the many singular Favours I received from a near Relation of yours. Secondly, For your kind Treatment of my Publishers, by threatning to prosecute them for printing

my Life, if it ſhould any Way reflect on the Characters of any Perſon or Perſons of your virtuous Family. Thirdly, Your laying in wait for me, attended by a Ruffian (or Fellow-Companion) knocking me down, and borrowing my Hat and Cutteau (without my Conſent) are ſuch Inſtances of your Goodneſs towards me, that it will be impoſſible to eraſe them out of my Memory; and the many ſingular Favours I receiv'd from your Relations in *Monmouthſhire*, by putting me in Jail (for kiſſing *Partheniſſa*) convinces me that you would be willing to ſerve me in the ſame Way, if it lay in your Power, as long as I live.

As for fine Language or Wit, it muſt not be expected from me, both for my Want of Capacity and Education; but you will peruſe in theſe Memoirs *Truth*, and that without Diſguiſe.

As for the warm Expreſſions us'd in the Letters, *&c* as moſt were writ by the above-nam'd Lady ſurely you will forgive them, becauſe I was willing to have them printed exactly as they were written.

I own my want of Education was a great Hindrance in my Amour at firſt; but I afterwards ſupply'd myſelf very well

well with Books, ſo that I retained ſeveral Paſſages in my Memory, and uſed them as I thought moſt convenient.

If *Pamela* is a virtuous Character, I think *Anti Pamela* (alias *Partheniſſa*) the Reverſe. For *Pamela*, a poor innocent Virgin, withſtood all the Attacks of a Perſon of Fortune; the Reverſe, *Anti-Pamela*, is rich, and kept me for her Pleaſure ſeveral Years, ſtill leading me on with the Thoughts of marrying me, till I was almoſt ruined, and then ſhe jilted me.

I ſhould have printed it before now, but my Friends might have looked upon it as wrote out of Revenge, for being diſappointed, which I do aſſure you it was not.

I wrote it entirely to ſet the Truth in its proper Light, without Regard to any Intereſt in the World; and, I think, I have been very ſparing of her Character: as ſeveral Perſons that are now living can teſtify.

Sir, as to your ſaying that the Letters are counterfeit, I entirely deny it; for I can bring ſeveral Letters that ſhe wrote

to divers Perſons, to teſtify they are genuine. But when a Lady has once loſt her Virtue, ſhe will ſtick at nothing, how falſe ſoever, to make the World believe her Virtuous; when, alas! Virtue is from her fled!

I am, Sir, Yours,

(As much as you are mine)

Revenge *Privateer*, June 12*th*, 1741.

JAMES PARRY.



MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE
OF
Mr. *James Parry.*

SINCE that nothing but my unhappy Amour with Miſs ——, whom I ſhall hereafter call *Partheniſſa*, has obliged me to write theſe Memoirs, I ſhall give the Reader ſome Account of myſelf, from the Day of my Birth, until the fatal Day that I got acquainted with her; and what Evils accrued to me afterwards.

I was born in *Carmarthen*, *South Wales*, upon *Thurſday* the 20th of *March*, 1712. My Father

Father was a Hair-Merchant; my * Mother died when I was young, and not ſenſible of the Loſs of ſo indulgent a Parent. However, my Father and two affectionate Siſters took particular Care of my Education, by giving me as good as our Corporation would allow.

Nature was very favourable in giving me an exceeding fine Voice; and by the Time that I was Eight or Nine Years of Age, I became the Talk of the Country, and ſeveral Gentlemen had Thoughts of deſiring Sir *Richard Steele* (whom I often had the Honour to entertain in private) to recommend me to *Drury-Lane* Houſe; but how they came to drop their Reſolution, I cannot determine. I had, at that Time, the Honour of waiting upon the Right Reverend Dr. *Smallbroke*'s (then Lord Biſhop of St. *David*'s) Daughters Weekly; I cannot ſay to teach them; however, to ſing Pſalms with them; and his Lordſhip always gratify'd me in a generous Manner.

At Twelve Years old I went to *Briſtol*; and after a great many fair Promiſes from ſome of the Cathedral, I was bound an Apprentice to Mr. *Nathaniel Prieſt*, the then Organiſt. The Dean and Chapter were to allow me Cloaths, and paid my Maſter the Salary for me, which was twice the Sum that was given to any Boy before me. I had frequently Crowns and Half-Crowns given me before I was bound to my Maſter; but when once I had ſigned my Indentures, I found them (I mean the Clergy) tired of putting their Hands in their Pockets,

* Whoſe Maiden Name was *Lewis*, each Parent being deſcended from the moſt ancient Family of their Names in *Cardiganſhire*.

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Pockets, excepting Dr. *Harcourt*; that worthy Gentleman was my real Friend.

I was ſoon famous in *Briſtol* for my fine Voice, and People came from all Parts of the City, to hear me ſing; and thoſe that did not know me would aſk the next Stander-by, *Which is the* Welch *Boy?* for that was the Name I was beſt known by; and ſome honour'd me ſo far as to add the *Famous* to it. And upon *Sundays* I have known the Choir ſo thronged, that it has not been in the Sexton's Power to open Pews for the Gentlemen and Ladies.

When a Concert of any Conſequence was to be performed at *Bath*, my Maſter would be ſent for, and me along with him; and tho' he was paid for my Performance, he would take Money from me, which had been privately given me by Perſons of Quality, *&c.* Nay, he has taken Shillings, and even Six-pences from me; and when I found his Uſage to be ſuch, I was fully determined to be even with him, and I own I have had a great many Pounds unknown to him; but it was given me; and I did not care how laviſh I was of Money, for I very well knew, if my Maſter had heard of my having Money, or ſeen any with me, I was ſure to be deprived of it immediately.

By the Time I had been at *Briſtol* two Years, I began to be very ill uſed, both by the Dean and Chapter, and my Maſter. Firſt I was informed, that if I wanted Cloaths I might buy them myſelf, for I had got Money enough to furniſh myſelf. Secondly, my Maſter would not teach me the Harpſichord, which was the only Thing I ardently wiſh'd for. I often complain'd to the Reverend Dr. *Harcourt* of it, and

he

he aſk'd my Maſter, why he did not teach me to play as well as the reſt; the only Excuſe that he could make the Doctor was, that Playing would take off my Singing; and that it would be Time enough for me to learn to play, when my Voice was breaking, or broke. The Doctor believed him, but my Maſter diſſembled; and the Reaſon was this.

He had parted with his own Wife, and went to live with a Widow Woman. She had a Son, whom my Maſter took an Apprentice for nothing, the ſame Day that another and myſelf were bound with Money. This Woman (finding that I got twenty Shillings to her Son's One) hated me worſe than a Quaker does a Parrot, and did (as ſhe had the greateſt Influence over him) all that lay in her Power to make him hate me. She carried her Point; for he would by no means teach me the Harpſicord.

His Complaiſance in one Caſe I will not omit. Knowing my Voice to be ſo good, and having ſome Years to ſerve him, he adviſed me to be caſtrated; telling me, that no one could force me to it, the Laws of the Land being ſevere againſt ſuch Proceedings; but that if I would give my Conſent, there was Dr. *Rouffe* the Anatomiſt, and Mr. *Sam. Pye* the Surgeon, who would perform the Operation upon me, with the utmoſt Safety and Secrecy; and for that Purpoſe, there ſhould a Houſe be taken for me up at *Kingſwood*; and (added he) you'll ride in your Coach when you go from me, and be worth Thouſands.

I had a firſt Couſin, a noted Watchmaker at *Briſtol*, whoſe Name was *Lewis*, and he back'd my Maſter's Diſcourſe; telling me, if I wou'd conſent

conſent to be ſo ſerved, he would give me a Gold repeating Watch worth Fifty Pounds; and at the ſame time, he ſhewed me a Chapter in one of the Evangeliſts, where ſome Verſes run thus: *Some are born Eunuchs of Women; ſome are made Eunuchs by Men; and ſome make themſelves Eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's ſake, they that can bear, let them bear.*

I gave both my Maſter and Couſin the Hearing, and told them I would conſider of it; ſo they went out together. Whilſt my Maſter, *&c.* were talking to me, a young Gentlewoman, of about ſeventeen Years of Age, overheard them, and the Moment their Backs were turned, ſhe gave me ſuch ſtrong Reaſons for not ſuffering myſelf to be made an Eunuch, as diſſuaded me entirely from it; that had it been in my Maſter's Power to have given me Mountains of Gold to make me one, I would have refus'd him, and the firſt Time I met my Kinſman, I call'd him a canting Villain, and that he might keep his repeating Watch, and be da---d, for that I was reſolved to part with nothing with which the Almighty had created me. The Reſult of our Diſcourſe, I imagine, he communicated to my Maſter, for I heard nothing more upon that Subject.

About *January* 1726-7. Sir *Thomas Groſvenor*, of *Cheſhire*, Bart. came to *Briſtol*, and after he had heard me ſing, ſent for me to his Lodgings; and when I had ſung him two or three Songs, he gave me a Guinea, and asked me if I would part with my Maſter, provided he could buy my Time out: I aſſured him in the Affirmative; for that my Maſter did not the Juſtice he was bound to do, by his not teaching

me

me the Harpſicord. Sir *Thomas* aſſured me, that if he could by any Means have me, I ſhou'd not want the beſt Maſters of all *Italy*. He ſent for my Maſter, and asked him what he would take for my Time, my Maſter told him, he would not take a Farthing leſs than Five Hundred Guineas. Sir *Thomas* offered him a very conſiderable Sum at firſt, but my Maſter perſiſted in the Five Hundred Guineas: Then Sir *Thomas* bid him more, and deſired that he wou'd conſider of it; ſo my Maſter came home, and asked me if I was willing to go with Sir *Thomas*; I aſſured him I was, and that 'twas my Opinion 'twould be better for both of us: *Go when you will*, ſays my Maſter, *I will have the Money I asked him.* I went from my Maſter to Sir *Thomas*'s Lodgings, for he had given me Leave to ſing to him, or any one he ſhould deſire, and the firſt Thing he ſaid to me was, *My dear Child, I am afraid your Maſter has no Mind to part with you, by asking ſuch a large Sum of Money; I have offered him what I would not give for any Boy in* England, beſides *yourſelf; I'll offer him Money once more, and if he refuſes it, 'twill be his own Fault.* Sir *Thomas* (obſerving Tears in my Eyes whilſt he ſpoke to me) bid me not be uneaſy, for I ſhould not live with Mr. *Preiſt*, let the Event be what it would; ſo he gave me a Guinea, and bid me come to him every Day.

I was not born to be ſo happy as to go with Sir *Thomas Groſvenor*, for there came an Expreſs to him the laſt Night that I was with him; it came ſoon after I went from his Lodgings, and, to my Sorrow, I never ſaw him more, for he went away next Morning by break of Day, and the Moment I heard of it, I thought my Heart would

would have burſt; I told my Maſter of it with Tears in my Eyes, and he (after having ſtood ſome time confounded) ſaid, if he is gone it cannot be helped; but I took Care of the Money Sir *Thomas* gave me, and my Maſter had but half a Piece in all from me.

I gave (as you'll find) my Maſter Cauſe enough (this Year) to repent his refuſing the Money offered by Sir *Thomas Groſvenor*. This Summer, to me, was like unto the laſt; for I had nothing to do but ſing, and trifle away my Money.

I got into my Seat one Day ſooner than uſual: Juſt before Prayers began, the Sexton brought a young Lady into the Choir, and put her into a Pew that was next to mine. The Lady was about Seventeen; ſhe was the loveliеſt Creature I had ever ſeen; I thought her an Angel; no one can judge the ſudden Emotions of my Heart at the Sight of her; ---- I went home ſick, and was taken very ill with a violent Pain in my Head, inſomuch that I was incapable of going to Evening Prayers: However, the Thoughts of ſeeing her the next Day revived me. As I wiſhed, ſo it fell out; the Lady was there before me, and my Eyes glutted themſelves with looking at her. As ſhe came to Prayers conſtantly, and betimes, ſo I was determined not to be behind-hand with her; and one Day (when there was ſcarce three beſides ourſelves) ſhe offered me her Snuff-box, to take a Pinch of Snuff: No Prince did ever receive a Crown with greater Pleaſure, than I did the Box; I return'd it to her immediately, making her the beſt Bow I was Maſter of. I now thought myſelf as happy as a Monarch; and every Day, for the Space of a Fortnight, I was ſure to be there to beg a

Pinch of Snuff, and I was as ſure to have the Box given me under my Surplice Sleeve, which I would lay over the Partition of the Seat that parted us.

She miſs'd coming to Church two Days ſucceſſively, which drove me almoſt diſtracted; and on one of the Days (being to ſing a ſolo Anthem) I burſt into Tears before I had ſung ſix Words, to the great Surprize of the whole Choir: My Maſter was reſolved to whip me very ſeverely for it, but I was before-hand with him, by running to Dr. *Harcourt*, and telling him, I had heard, juſt before Prayers began, that my Father was dead, this Lie ſaved me; the Lady came to Church next Day, and I was all alive, and merry; I had nothing now left to do, but (as I knew where ſhe lodg'd) to get into her Company, which I effected in the following Manner.

Being one Day in the College Green, and having ſome Words with a Boy, bigger than myſelf, he called me a *Welch* Son of a *B---h*; that Language put my *Welch* Blood up, I own; I flew at him, and a Battle enſued; I was vanquiſhed by a Fall, which bruiſed my Right Elbow in ſuch a manner, that I was unable to move my Arm.

This Accident (as it happen'd) I was not ſorry for, ſince it gave me the Opportunity of going to the young Lady's Lodgings (at one Mr. *Symes*'s) for a Plaiſter; I knock'd at the Door, and a comely middle-aged Lady opened it: She was ſo exceedingly well-dreſs'd, that I was aſhamed to ask for Mrs. *Symes*, and was juſt going to ask her Pardon, under pretence that I had miſtaken the Houſe; ſhe asked me who I wou'd

ſpeak

ſpeak with? With Mrs. *Symes*, Madam, ſays I. Pray ſtep in, ſays the Lady; ſo I advanced four or five Steps into the Entry. Mrs. *Symes* (ſays the Lady) is not at home, Sir; ſo I made her a Bow, and was going out again; but the Lady, in a Moment, ſlipp'd her Hand under my Arm, and ſaid, "Pray walk with me into the Par-"lour; I ſaw you out of my Chamber Win-"dow, engage that hulky Boy, and do believe "that I can be of as much Service to you, as "if Mrs. *Symes* was at home." When we came into the Parlour, ſhe deſired me to ſit down, then call'd her Maid, and bid her fetch a particular Gallipot from the Cloſet belonging to her Room; the Maid brought it, and ſhe dreſs'd my Arm. As ſoon as ſhe had pinn'd up ſome Linnen about it, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, "Sir, My Daughter has given me an extraor-"dinary Character of your Singing, and if "you'll be pleaſed to favour me with a Song, "I ſhall deſire no farther Fee from you, 'till "I have made a Cure of your Arm." I thank'd her for the Care ſhe was pleaſed to take of me, and was going to begin a Song, but was ſtruck with an agreeable Surprize, to ſee her moſt beautiful Daughter come into the Room, who (the Moment ſhe ſaw me) ſtartled, and cried, "Mamma, Mamma, this is the dear little "*Welch* Boy, that ſings ſo charmingly." I now thought myſelf as happy as a Deity; I ſung three Songs, and the Bell toll'd for Prayers. At taking my Leave, the Lady put Half a Guinea into my Hand, but I declin'd accepting of it, telling her ſhe had ſufficiently paid me, by taking Care of my Arm; but ſhe (reſolving I ſhould have it) put it into my Coat-Pocket,

Pocket, and begg'd the Favour of my Company to Supper. " Indeed, Mamma, ſays the " beautiful Daughter) he ſhall come, for I'll " ſtay at the College Door 'till he comes out, " but I will bring him along with me.' The young Lady was as good as her Word, ſo I went home with her, ſtayed 'till Supper, ſat down to Cards, and there made a Night on't, *i. e.* ſtayed 'till Twelve a-Clock.

The Reader may wonder how an Apprentice that had not ſerv'd half his Time, could be allowed to keep ſuch late Hours. To this I anſwer, My Maſter (to pleaſe the Widow he liv'd with) would not let me lodge in his Houſe, but took a Lodging for me in the Lower Green, at a Woman's, who ſupply'd the Place of Sexton at the *Guant*'s Church. I could keep what Hours I pleaſed, and ſhe would never tell my Maſter, becauſe I always had Money, and made her ſeveral Preſents to prevent her ſo doing. But whether my Maſter acted the Part of an honeſt Man, I leave the unprejudiced Reader to determine: However, he cared for me as much as I did for him, as you'll find in the End; and all thro' the Means of the aforeſaid Widow. By this Time I got ſuch an intimacy with the Lady and her Daughter, that (except Prayer and Bed-Time) I was not out of their Lodgings; and the Signs given me by the moſt charming of her Sex, the young Lady, when to come there of a Morning, were as follow, *viz.* I was to walk in the large Walk of the Green, between Eight and Nine in the Morning; if the Curtains of the Window were cloſe, then ſhe was in Bed; if they were half open, ſhe was going to riſe; but if they were quite

quite open, ſhe was ſurely up, and dreſſing herſelf.

No one on Earth liv'd happier than myſelf, having all my Soul could wiſh, excepting the Love of my Maſter; but I liv'd better than he did, having the choiceſt of every thing *Briſtol* afforded; I breakfaſted, dined, and ſupp'd with the Lady, daily. My Maſter was at no Expence for my Eatables that Summer; and if the Ladies went out to dine, I was welcome to any Dainties that Mr. Alderman *Becher*'s, and *Thomas Coſter*, Eſq; Houſes afforded, their good Ladies being always fond of hearing me ſing.

Being one Day walking with the young Lady, I took the Freedom of asking her of her Country and Family. "*Jemmy*, (ſays ſhe) I "wonder'd at your long Silence upon this "Subject; you muſt know then, that my "Pappa is a Man of Fortune, and a great "Gameſter, well known at *Tom*'s Coffee-"houſe, *Covent-Garden*, *London*; his Name "is *D----g*, and owns *P--t--n*, and *P--t--n* "*Paſſage*, in *Glouceſterſhire*, (one *Martin In-*"*man* keeps it) my Mamma was a Goldſmith's "Daughter in *Lombard-ſtreet*; my eldeſt Bro-"ther *Tommy* is a Cornet in the Duke of *Ar-*"*gyle*'s Regiment of Horſe; my Pappa has loſt "moſt of his Eſtates among Gameſters, and "is, among them, known by the Name of "Beau *D----g*. Pappa, at laſt, had the good "Fortune to get an Eſtate of Colonel *Percival* "in *South Carolina*, about thirty Miles from "*Charles-Town*, known by the Name of the "*Ponds*, or *Weſton-Hall*, in the Pariſh of "*Dorcheſter*; one Eſquire *Skeene* is our Stew-

" and there; and my Pappa has ordered my " Mamma and myſelf, with two young Bro- " thers, *George* and *Ben*, (who are coming " from *Uxbridge*, where they have been at " School ſome time) to go over to *Carolina*. " The Ship we are to go in belongs to Sheriff " *Jeffreys*, and we expect to ſail in about ſix " Weeks."

This frank information of her's both pleas'd and troubled me, and ſhe (ſeeing me not ſo eaſy in my Temper as uſual) aſked me, What ail'd me? " You need not aſk me, Madam, " (ſays I) what ails me, after you have told " me of your going to *Carolina*." " If we " do go (ſays ſhe) I hope you'll go with us, " and if you do, you ſhall live as I do, and " have as much Care taken of you, as if you " was Heir to Pappa's Eſtate." That, Ma- " dam, (ſays I) would be too great a Bleſſing " to expect; but as this is an Affair that in a " great Degree concerns my Welfare for ever, " I muſt beg leave to ſuſpend giving you my " Anſwer, till ſuch time as your Ship is juſt " going to ſail." " Nay (ſays the beautiful " Lady) the ſooner you let us know, the bet- " ter 'twill be, becauſe we ſhall provide Sea- " Linnen, and Bedding for you; you very " well know (added ſhe) the Reſpect I have " for you, and have always ſhewn you. After " all, I hope, and perſuade myſelf, you'll not " ſtay behind."

Now my Maſter's ill Uſage came freſh into my Memory; his neglecting to inſtruct me, and in preferring one before me for the ſake of an ordinary Woman, who was not worthy of it. Then the ſevere Drubbing-bouts I unjuſtly

ly have had for that Boy's Sake, appear'd fresh to me: And last of all, his refusing some Hundreds of Pounds from Sir *Thomas Grosvenor* for the remaining Part of the Time I had to serve him; all these, I say, put together, brought no Thought into my Mind but that of Revenge.

His Majesty's Coronation being fix'd upon the 11th of *October*, I was resolv'd to be as fine as the best, I mean as to a Coronation-Knot, and desired Miss *D---g* to chuse me out an extraordinary one. She comply'd with my Request, and bought me one which cost her half a Guinea, at Mr. *Tipton*'s, in *Wine-street*. No Boy had (I believe) a handsomer, and I wore it with as much Pride as if it had been a Leek upon St. *David*'s Day. I acquainted Miss, that I was to sing three Solo Anthems; and she took care to be as fine as the best, having on a rich Diamond Necklace and Crosier, Diamond Ear-rings and Drops, several upon her Fingers, among which one of a single Stone that cost an Hundred Guineas.

I thought she look'd like a Comet among common Stars, and could not forbear making the following Reflection, whilst in the Choir: Poor *Nat!* (meaning my Master) little dost thou think that I am going to leave thy Servitude, and that I shall accompany the fairest of human Creatures into a strange World; and I had rather be with her among *Indians* and *Negroes*, than in the finest Palaces with thee. Now I shall give thee Reason to wish, that thou hadst parted with me for the Money offer'd, *&c.*

This

This was the laſt Day that I ſung a ſingle Anthem; and notwithſtanding what I have ſaid concerning giving my Maſter the Go-by, I could not determine with myſelf what to do. But at laſt he put the finiſhing Stroke to my Scruples, by taking the other Boy to *Bath* to ſing at a Concert, when I myſelf was ſent for by the Name of the *Welſh* Boy. This ſtruck me to the Soul, and I ſwore by Heav'n he ſhould never receive a Farthing Benefit by me after that Week.

Miſs *D----g* ſent for me, and told me, the Ship was to ſail down next Day to *Kingroad*, and from thence immediately to Sea without ſtopping; and now was the Time to fix the Manner of my Eſcape; we contrived it in the following Manner.

As the Ship was to unmoor at the Quay exactly at Nine o' Clock in the morning, Mrs. *D---*, Miſs, three young Gentlemen, woman, and maid-ſervant, likewiſe Mr. *Bolt*, who was Mr. *D---*'s Gentleman, were all (and ſome Friends that went to attend them down the water) to go in the long-boat prepared for them; they were to put off at Ten o' clock. There was a Yaul and four men to wait for me at Eleven o' clock down at the *Lime-kilns*, becauſe if I had miſs'd morning-prayers, I ſhould have been detected immediately. Another caution was, that I ſhould not bring any Apparel with me, but thoſe I had about me. The plot was as well laid as could be wiſh'd; ſo after ſtaying till Twelve o' clock, I went home to my lodgings, but had not a moment's reſt that night.

The

The next day (being *Saturday*, I think it was the 11th of *November*, 1727) a great number came to take their leave, wiſhing them all a proſperous voyage (among the reſt you may be ſure that I was one) and after ſaluting the old and young Lady with tears in my eyes by virtue of an Onion, I went to prayers, and they down the river after the Ship.

During prayers my heart beat pit-a-pat, and every limb of me trembled. I ſung as if one had had a dagger at my throat. As ſoon as prayers were over, I put off my ſurplice with all the calmneſs imaginable, leſt if I had been in a hurry, I ſhould have been miſtruſted; and to put a better gloſs upon my deſign, I walked in the Green about 15 minutes, in ſight of ſeveral who belonged to the Cathedral.

I had on a fuſtian frock with black velvet ſleeves, and a white waiſtcoat, and nothing elſe but what I uſually wore; ſo walked out of the Green, and afterwards ran as faſt as I could to the place, where the men impatiently waited for me with the ſmallboat. I immediately jumped into the boat, and they put off in a moment. After looking behind me a thouſand times, we loſt Sight of *Briſtol*. We did not overtake the Ship (which was called the *Two Friends*) till ſhe was in the Mouth of *Kingroad*. The merchant (Sheriff *Jeffreys*) was in her, and the moment I was on board I was beckoned into the great cabin, where Miſs *D----g* was. I was once more penſive, and ſaid, *What ſignifies my going, Miſs? I may as well go back with Eſquire* Jeffreys *in his boat to* Briſtol; *I cannot be of any great ſervice to you, and you know I am of ſervice at the cathedral.*

But

But ſhe gave me ſuch ſtrong reaſons for going with her, that nothing but main force could have prevailed upon me to go back again. She made me ſtay in the cabin while ſhe went upon deck, where was the old Lady, and all of them.

By this time thoſe that were to go on ſhore took their leaves of every one in the Ship, eſpecially Mr. *Jeffreys*. All the boats put off, and now I was out of danger. We did not caſt Anchor, but made down the Channel immediately, ſo that by this time my heart was as light as a Cockle.

Our Commander's Name was *Whitefield*; our Ship's burden was 300 Tuns, and never was a merchant-man better provided with proviſions. We (I mean our Family) had a large quantity of Turkeys, Ducks, Geeſe, common Fowls, and Peacocks; we had likewiſe a large quantity of *Glouceſterſhire* Cheeſe and Salt Butter. Then, as to Liquors, we had 18 Hogſheads of Bottled Cyder and Beer on board, beſides Brandy, Rum, and a ſufficient quantity of Hot-well Water. We had not gone three leagues before we all fell Sea-ſick: Miſs, and myſelf, were by much the ſickeſt; our ſuſtenance for ſixteen days was nothing but Chicken Broth. In three weeks we were tight upon our legs, had Stomachs like Hawks, and to do ourſelves Juſtice, we fetch'd up our loſt time, by eating three or four meals a day and a ſupper at night.

I ſhall not pretend to write the Ship's Journal, that being entirely out of my Sphere, but ſhall give a ſmall Account, how (whom I call now) our Family manag'd. As ſoon as we were

were under ſail from *Briſtol*, Mrs. *D----g* fell to cutting ſome Pieces of Check, which ſhe had bought on purpoſe to make me ſome Shirts, ſo that in a Week's time I had half a Dozen compleat. She had given Capt. *Whiteſield* twenty Guineas for the Great Cabin and State Room. The Mother and Daughter lay there; the Lady's Woman and Maid lay in a little Cabin; the three Youngkers and myſelf lay in the Hammocks, which we ſlung and unſlung in the great Cabin Night and Morning, before the Maids went to Bed and roſe again; Mr. *Bolt* lay in a little Cabbin in the Steerage built on Purpoſe. Thus our Family were exceedingly well lodg'd, and I was put into Commiſſion immediately, *viz.* Steward of the Eatables and Drinkables; there was nothing but what went through my Hands, except the Ship's Victuals and Drink, we having nothing to do with that. My chief Buſineſs was to toaſt the Biſket, and butter them for the Lady's Breakfaſt, Miſs's, and of Courſe my own; every one elſe to manage for themſelves. I had a Boy to carry the Tea-Kettle fore and aft; I had likewiſe the ſame Boy to feed the Poultry, of which we had Plenty; and I never wanted Hands (as there was eight Tranſports on board) to pluck my Fowls, and make them ready for the Pot or Spit; for every one knew, that whoever obliged me never wanted for a Dram, Cheeſe, Butter, or any Thing our Stock afforded. Now and then, when the Crew wanted a Sea Pye (which is made of Fowl, Pork, Beef, Biſket, Flower, and Herbs, beſides Water) 'twas only ſpeaking me fair, and I would tell them they might diſpatch ſuch a Turkey, or ſuch a Gooſe in the middle

middle Watch of the Night, and bring it in the Morning, as if it had died a natural Death. Nothing was more punctually obey'd than my Orders; one or other of the Crew would take hold of the Fowl fix'd upon, and thruſt a Packing-needle (with which they mend their Sails) into its Ears, and kill it inſtantly. I was always the firſt who was made acquainted with the Fowl's Death; then I would acquaint the Lady, who would bid me fling it over-board, upon which the Boatſwain, or ſome of the Crew, would beg it for a Pye. There was no Occaſion for twice asking; and by this means we had half a Dozen in the Voyage. I own I lov'd Sea Pye as well as any of 'em, and ſo did Miſs, after ſhe had ſeen me eat ſome, or elſe the *Jack Tarrs* would not have had ſix in their Paſſage; and they did not dare kill any without my Privity, becauſe I knew the Trick: But indeed they had no Occaſion, for I was eaſily prevail'd upon.

We had a pleaſant Voyage for the Space of five Weeks; all the Crew, as well as ourſelves, alive, and merry; our Family ſpent the Time in nothing but merriment, and every *Saturday* Night I gave a great Quantity of Rum, Brandy and Sugar (which was bought for that Purpoſe) to each meſs in the Ship, in order to make Flip to drink to the Welfare of their Wives, *&c.* We paſs'd the Evening at Cards, *&c.* And now we wanted nothing but to ſee *Carolina*, which by the Captain's Reckoning, was near, or quite up. We ſaw it in five Weeks and three Days after we left *Briſtol*, but the Winds proving contrary, we were nine Weeks before we got to *Carolina* Bar, all our freſh Proviſion was gone, and brought at laſt to a Pint of Water

Water *per Diem*, and the Lady was pleaſed to order a Bottle of Cyder between two each Day, for ſix Days together, till we anchored at the Bar's Mouth. The firſt Thing the Captain ordered, was a Gun to be loaded, in order to fire for a Pilot: I was willing to hear a loud Report after three Weeks ranging at Sea off the Coaſt; ſo while the Fellows were buſy about letting down the Anchors, I put about a Hatful of Musket-Balls into the Cannon; I put in ſome Oakham, and afterwards ramm'd 'em as hard as I could. The Captain, to prevent Miſchief, order'd a Squib to touch the Hole, becauſe the Gun was a very peaceable one. The Orders were obey'd, and while the Squib was burning, every Man took Care of himſelf; when, of a ſudden, the Gun went off, and by the Force of the Charge, flung itſelf backwards, and broke the Carriage in an hundred Pieces. 'Twas the loudeſt Report that ever was heard from any Merchantman (well it might) and the Pilot ſaid, that the Merchants of *Charleſtown* thought us to be a large Man of War: But the Minute we fir'd, the Fort fir'd to the Town, ſo that we were not long without a Pilot. When we came over the Bar, and near the Fort, our Captain went on Shore to the Fort (as is uſual) in order to acquaint the Governor who, and what we were. The Governor (a *Scots* Gentleman) came on board with our Captain, and brought freſh Proviſions, Wine, and what moſt delighted me, *viz.* minc'd Pyes. Miſs, the three young Gentlemen, and myſelf eat, who could eat faſteſt; and I believe never did Peal of Bells move with more Regularity than did our Jaws; and had not the good old Lady put

a Stop to the Movement of them, by taking away what Pyes were left from us, we ſhould have eat on, perhaps till we had brought a Surfeit upon us. She gave each of us a Glaſs of Surfeit Water, after we had ſtuff'd ourſelves, to prevent our being out of Order.

That Night we landed at *Charles-Town*, and lay at Colonel *Bruinton*'s. By Break of Day I got up, and ran all over the Town, and was very much ſurprized to ſee nothing but a multitude of Negroes, ſome ſinging, others dancing, *&c.* At laſt ſpying ſome Sailors of my own colour, not a little delighted me, becauſe I did not really know my Way back to the Place from whence I came.

After three or four Days Stay at *Charleſtown*, the Family went up to their Seat, which was call'd *The Ponds*, otherwiſe *Weſton-Hall.* The Seat is by much the beſt in the Province, and is built at the Mouth of the River *Aſhely*, which ends in three Ponds. The Houſe is more a Fort, than a Seat, being wall'd in, and having a Battery of twelve ſmall Pieces of cannon. The reaſon of its being ſo fortified is, that it lies upon the very Borders of the Settlements (between the *Carolinians* and the *Indians*) and they are oblig'd to ſecure themſelves, leſt the wild *Indians* ſhould make Excurſions upon them; but the report of a cannon frightens the *Indians* to that degree, that they ſeldom care to come within a league of any place where any cannon are planted.

It would be needleſs for me to give an account of the country, being incapable of ſuch an Undertaking. But, to me, the country was the moſt delightful in the world, abounding with

with every thing very plentiful. I lived like a petty King, paſſing away my time in the beſt Families of the province; particularly at *Charles Hill*'s, Eſq; Colonel *William Bull*'s, and Mr. *Whittaker*'s, the (then) King's Attorney General. The Ladies and Families circumjacent to *Charleſtown* (and thoſe gentlemens ſeats beforementioned) would come to hear me ſing, inſomuch that every body ſpoke of me, and I had handſome preſents made me by ſeveral in paper money, which there is current. But a curſe attended my happineſs here, as well as elſewhere; and in order to let the Reader know in what manner, I muſt give an account what happened at *Briſtol*, after my eſcape from thence.

My not being at prayers, the day we ſet ſail, gave an immediate alarm to thoſe that belong'd to the cathedral, that I was either ſick, or had given them the ſlip. The choiriſters were ſent to my lodgings, and elſewhere, in ſearch of me, but to no purpoſe; the bird was flown. The firſt welcome news my maſter had when he came from *Bath* was, Sir, the *Welch* boy has been abſent ſince yeſterday, and has not been ſince heard off; and to clinch the truth of it, a perſon aſſured them, that I was met in the river, and in a boat row'd by four men.

My maſter ſtorm'd and ſwore, when he heard the news, but that avail'd him but little. Putting me in the news-papers would have been of no manner of ſignification, becauſe I was on ſhip-board; ſo that he had no remedy, but that of Fretting; and tho' he did not value me, for the widow's ſake, when with him, yet he miſs'd me, when gone; and as ſoon as he found out where Captain *Whitefield*'s wife liv'd, he went

and bully'd the poor Woman, telling her, he would make her husband pay 500 pounds for taking me away, and that an action ſhould be clapp'd upon his back the moment he came home. In ſhort, this and ſome opprobrious language, affrighted the poor unhappy woman to that degree, that ſhe fell ill, and dy'd ſoon afterwards. I have often ſince thought myſelf unhappy, for being the occaſion of the death of that unfortunate perſon.

The next perſon that was talk'd to, was Mr. *Jeffrey*'s, the merchant, it being his ſhip in which I went. In ſhort, the confuſion and noiſe made about me by the Dean, Chapter, and my maſter was ſo great, that the merchants wrote ſeveral letters, by way of *London*, to the merchants of *Charleſtown*, to take me up, and ſend me home to *Briſtol*, by the firſt *Engliſh* ſhip that ſhould happen.

Sir *William Strickland*, Bart. Secretary of War, at the Requeſt of the Honourable and Reverend Doctor *Booth*, the Dean of *Briſtol*, likewiſe ſent Orders to the Governor of *South Carolina*, to take me up, and to ſend me to *England* by the firſt ſhip that ſhould ſail.

Theſe letters arrived in *Carolina*, the way above mention'd, three weeks, or near it, before our ſhip, by reaſon of our long paſſage; and I remember *Charles Hill*, Eſq; (the merchant to whom the goods on board were conſign'd) came on board, and ask'd me a great many queſtions. I little thought of returning to *England* ſo ſoon as I did; and one day in particular, I met Captain *Whitefield*, who ſmil'd and ſaid, *Jemmy*, there's Captain *Jennings*, of *Carolina* (a ſhip belonging to the ſame owners

owners as mine) is bound to *Briſtol*, won't you go on board him, and give us a ſong? Yes, ſays I, with all my heart; ſo went on board, drank punch, and was very merry with them. Says Capt. *Jennings* to me, won't you write a letter to your Maſter *Prieſt?* Yes, ſays I, I will, wherein I ſhall let the dog know how well I live here; not but I'll ſend him a barrel of rice, and ſome rum by the next ſhip that ſails from hence. I accordingly wrote a letter to my maſter, and gave it to Captain *Jennings*, little thinking that I was to bear him company into *England*.

I took my leave of him, wiſhing him a proſperous voyage, *&c.* ſo took yaul, and went on ſhore.

Mrs. *D---g* all this while was ſettling her family affairs, and taking care of the eſtate out of the hands of --- *Skeene*, Eſq; who took the charge of it upon him, ſince the time that it became Mr. *D---g's* property. As for the reſt of the family, they had nothing to do, but to take their pleaſure. Our diverſion was ſhooting, and riding about the country; and nothing, this ſide the grave, could be happier than I was, having all my ſoul could wiſh. But, alas! my felicity was come to a period in a ſhort time, as you will immediately find.

The ſhip that I was to be taken into *England* was to ſet ſail in four or five days, and *Charles Hill*, the merchant, gave me an invitation to come to his country-ſeat, which was about four miles from *Charleſtown*: I accordingly went there, and agreed to teach two of his daughters to ſing (this was to prevent my miſtruſting any ſcheme that was laid againſt me) I likewiſe ſome

weeks before had taught Colonel *Bull*'s two daughters, *viz. Elizabeth* and *Charlotte*; ſo that I thought now of nothing but being eſtabliſhed in the country. But herein I was miſtaken, for upon the 22d of *February*, Captain *Whiteſield*, and ſix men, came to Mr. *Hill*'s, laid hands upon me, and carried me to the boat, from thence down the river, and ſo on board the *Old Carolina*, which lay at anchor about a mile below *Charleſtown*. Mr. *Hill*'s lady ſhed a great many tears at my being ſeized; and my heart was ſo full of ſorrow, that it was ſome time before I could ſay one Word, or give my paſſion vent; ſo at laſt gave a looſe to my paſſion by calling Mr. *Whiteſield* all the villains, rogues, and the worſt language I could think of. He ſeeing me in ſuch an agony, did all that lay in his power to make me eaſy, and then diſcloſed the whole affair to me, concerning what happened at *Briſtol* after my leaving it, and the trouble that would befall him if I was not delivered back. As ſoon as Captain *Jennings* came on board, he told me the ſame, and bid me not be diſſatisfy'd, for that I ſhould live as well as he did in the paſſage. So far he made his words good. But what added to my grief, I was put in irons in the cabin that night, and the next morning the ſhip fell down the river, when my irons were taken off. The captain (by a caution given by Mr. *Whiteſield*) was apprehenſive that I would have jump'd over-board, and ſo have ſwam to ſhore, had I not been ſecur'd. He certainly gueſs'd right; but I was ſecur'd, and the moment we came to open ſea, I had my liberty again.

No

No Pen is able to deſcribe the anxieties I was in! The thoughts of going to *Briſtol* (a place which my ſoul abhorr'd) and leaving Miſs *Winifred D---g*, who was my heart's darling, behind me, almoſt diſtracted me. Had it been in my power, I would have given the world to have ſtay'd with her, whom I thought to be the moſt beautiful, inoffenſive, and the beſt temper'd young Lady breathing. One inſtance of her good-nature I can never forget: One Day (when ſhe was at *Briſtol*) ſhe came home from paying a viſit, and having her beſt ear-rings on, I wanted to ſee 'em out of her ears; ſhe did not care to take them out; but I inſiſted upon it, and in taking them out I loſt one of the drops, which never could be found, and it coſt her fifteen Guineas to match the other. The harſheſt word I had for loſing the drop, was *Naughty Boy*.

But I was born to be unfortunate, and now did not care what became of me. I often wiſh'd that a *Spaniſh Guarda Coſta* would come and attack us, and take us any where, rather than to *Briſtol*: And I found a great deal of difference between our Outward-bound and Homeward-bound Paſſages; not but that I liv'd as the Captain did.

Having been by this time ſix Weeks at Sea, we were, by the Captain's reckoning, in the *Engliſh* latitude. I was the firſt that ſpy'd land, which was the Iſland of *Lundy*, which ſtood upon our Larboard-bow; and whilſt I was eagerly looking at the Iſland, a great Wave broke over the head of the Ship, which wetted me from my Head to feet, and had like to have taken me over-board. The

Sea-

Sea-Water being naturally very warm, made me take but little notice of my being ſluic'd. I did not take my wet cloaths off ſo ſoon as I ſhould have done, which occaſioned my voice's breaking perhaps years ſooner than it would have done.

In a day or two we moor'd our Ship at *Kingroad*; Captain *Jennings* order'd a boat and four men to go with me, and ſafely to deliver me to my maſter. Heav'n knows how heavy-hearted I was, leſt I ſhould be impriſon'd (by the dean and chapter, and my maſter) during the remainder of my time. In ſhort, one might have blown me down. My maſter was at dinner when the men took me to his houſe, and one went in to tell him of my arrival: He came out, where I ſtood trembling, and look'd ſternly upon me, aſking me, how I could look him in the face, after uſing him in the manner I had done. I cry'd, but could ſay nothing for myſelf: *Well*, ſays he, *your voice is breaking, and cannot hold long, and as you have ſerv'd me in the vile manner you have done, I will have no more to ſay to you; ſtay and dine, and come to-morrow for your indentures, and you are free to go wherever you pleaſe.* I thank'd him with all my ſoul, yet did not ſtay to dinner, but came the next day and parted mutually, to my great ſatisfaction; for had he taken me again, I ſhould have led a miſerable life, and have been kept entirely in ignorance.

But after all, was not this an inhumane, monſtrous, and ſcandalous proceeding, to make ſuch a ſtir about me, when abroad, and to have me brought back from a country ſeveral

ral thouſand miles diſtant, where I was reſpected, and might have done very well, and at laſt to leave me to my own diſpoſal? 'Twas ſuch an idle proceeding, that a reaſonable man would have been aſham'd of. However, I was ſatisfy'd, and had nothing to do with my maſter but to get my cloaths, *&c.* from him: To that end I ſpake to Mr. *Watkins*, an Attorney, who was ſo good as to get me all my moveables, except my ſurplice (by much the beſt among the Singers) which the good Widow took a fancy for, and fitted it up for her Son.

Here I muſt acknowledge, before I go any farther, that I am more obliged to Mr. Knelm Rogers, *the Organiſt, and to the Reverend Mr.* Samuel Rogers, *his Brother, for what little I knew of Muſick, than to my Maſter, Mr.* Nath. Prieſt.

As one misfortune commonly attends another, ſo it fell out with me; I had not been at *Briſtol* above a Week, but was taken ill of a violent Fever and Ague: I really believ'd it would have finiſhed me. After taking a great deal of Bark, and other Slip-ſlops, I was adviſed to go to the *Bath*, on purpoſe to drink the Waters; which I did, and was with that, and other medicines, ſoon after cured.

Bath was this ſeaſon very full, by reaſon of Princeſs *Amelia*'s being there; and I was of opinion ſome money might be got, ſo reſolved to make myſelf known to that friend of the diſtreſs'd, *R. Naſh*, Eſq; which I accordingly did, who made me ſing in ſeveral polite companies, whereby I got money conſiderably, particu-

particularly from his Grace the preſent Duke of *Norfolk*.

The particular Obligations I owe my ſincere Friend, Mr. Thomas Chilcot, *Organiſt of* Bath, *ſhall never be eras'd out of my Memory; for when I firſt came to* Bath, *very ſick, and not over-ſtock'd with Money, I found a ſincere and hearty welcome at his houſe, and liv'd as he did himſelf.*

The *Beggar's Opera* had been out but the Winter before, ſo that it had not been acted in the country. The *Bath* Company of Comedians had orders to get it up with all imaginable ſpeed; accordingly, the parts were written out, but not a ſoul of them could ſing. What to do they could not think of. They could meet with no body that could inſtruct them in the ſongs, tho' they had the particular advantage of having Mr. *John Gay*, the Author, to teach them the action. Being upon the Stage whilſt they were rehearſing, one of the muſicians knew me: He ran and told Mr. *Hornby* and Mrs. *Power* (Heads of the Company) that ſuch a one (pointing to me) could teach the Company the ſongs, if any one cou'd; *becauſe* (ſaid he) *he's an old dabb at it.* The Company hearing this, came in a body to intreat me to teach them; and that they would each of them pay me, *&c.* Which I did in a very ſhort time, tho' ſomething too cheap.

By this time my voice fell; yet I kept the upper Part ſo ſtrong and clear, that no perſon (unleſs they heard me ſpeak) could diſtinguiſh it from my natural one. I ſung between the Acts,

upon

upon the Stage, the firſt Seaſon, and was allow'd a handſome premium for ſo doing.

The *Bath* ſeaſon being over, the company remov'd to *Briſtol.* They were as glad of me, as I was of them; ſo we all went together. Here I had thoughts of ſaving my money, in order to pay my paſſage back to *Carolina*; but was inform'd, by one of Alderman *D---g*'s family, that Miſs *D---g* was drowned in a canoe ſoon after I left *Carolina*, which drove me melancholly. It was ſome time before I recover'd my ſpirits: But was inform'd to the contrary, ſome years after, by Dr. *Capel*, of *Glouceſter*, when (to my ſorrow) I was otherwiſe engag'd.

The latter ſeaſon coming on at *Bath*, the company return'd thither; and 'twas to be thought, I was not long behind 'em, having a ſtrong averſion to *Briſtol.*

In the interim, my eldeſt ſiſter (who always had my welfare very much at heart) was in *London*, and hearing, by ſome family or other, of my being at *Bath* among a company of players, ſhe immediately ſet out from *London*, and came directly to *Bath*, where ſhe ſoon found me out; and after ſome perſuaſive arguments, took me with her to *Briſtol*, and from thence to my native place, *Carmarthen.*

I had not been there long, before my ſiſter writ to an acquaintance in *London*, about placeing me with ſome noted organiſt there. Mr. *Robinſon*, organiſt of *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, was the perſon ſpoke to. He, as I heard, writ to my old maſter for a character of me. Mr. *Prieſt* anſwer'd him, that I was wild, roving, and an extravagant youth, *&c.* So that Mr. *Robinſon* (and no one could blame him) would

have

have nothing to do with me. But Mr. *Prieſt* forgot himſelf, when he writ to Mr. *Robinſon*; and had he been alive at this time, I could have publiſhed a thing very much to his diſadvantage. But I ſhould ſcorn to do any thing unbecoming a man, and much more a chriſtian.

My Siſter writ once more to *London*, about putting me out; and Mr. *Francis Rowe* (one of the Gentlemen at the Chapel-Royal, *Weſtminſter*, &c.) writ a Letter to Mr. *Henry Swarbrick* (both of them having been formerly acquainted.) Mr. *Swarbrick* made no ſcruple of taking me upon the terms propoſed by Mr. *Rowe*, ſo was ordered to *Hereford*, and my Siſter equipt me for the journey. I ſet out from *Carmarthen* the 6th, and was in *Hereford* the 8th of *December*, 1728. I ſoon found Mr. *Swarbrick*, not only a very good maſter, but a good-natur'd man; and had Mr. *Prieſt* done me as much juſtice as Mr. *Swarbrick* did (the ſhort time I was with him) without vanity I ſay it, I ſhould have been as good a maſter as any of my ſtanding. I liv'd very happily at *Hereford*; and whilſt under Mr. *Swarbrick*'s tuition, had the honour to be ſent for to ſing to the late Lady *Scudamore* (her Grace the preſent Dutcheſs of *Beaufort*) to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Coningſby*, and to the beſt in the country; inſomuch, that I wanted Pocket-money but ſeldom: And upon a horſe-race time I was ſent for to *Shrewſbury*, to ſing at a Concert, for the benefit of Mr. *Morgan*, a muſick-maſter. Here I went, as expreſs'd in the bills, by the name of Signior *Perini*, a Gentleman lately come from *Italy*. A great many Ladies, *&c.* thought by my ſmooth face

and

and ſhrill Notes, that I really was equipt for the Opera-Houſe; however, I got ſome Pieces of Gold by the Bargain, and ſo return'd to *Hereford*, where I ſtay'd twelve Months, having had nothing extraordinary that happen'd to me.

After my having ſtay'd at *Hereford* a twelvemonth, I was preparing for my Return to *Carmarthen*; but that Journey was ſtopp'd, upon my hearing the News of the Organiſt of *Roſs*'s Death. This was immediately affirm'd, by the coming over of Mr. *Hill*, a Painter: And Mr. *Swarbrick* advis'd me to go over; telling me, he would write by me to Doctor *Biſſe* (Brother to the late Biſhop of *Hereford*) and to Doctor *Morgan*, the Rector of *Roſs*. I embrac'd the Opportunity, and on the 8th of *December*, 1720. I went to *Roſs*, where I found the Town very much divided concerning an Organiſt, becauſe there was no fix'd Salary, as is uſual, but one had been rais'd by Subſcription. However, I made the beſt of my Way to Doctor *Biſſe*'s, who inſtantly aſſur'd me of his Friendſhip (he knowing me when at *Briſtol* and *Hereford*) and recommended me, by Letter, to Doctor *Morgan*, as an Organiſt. I waited upon him that Day, who made me ſenſible, that the Town was divided, and that he would leave the Choice of an Organiſt entirely to them: And at the ſame time advis'd me, to look out for a good Place, where there was a certain Salary. I took my Leave of him, reſolving not to make a fruitleſs Journey, if I could by any Method prevent it.

By the Time that I had been there two Days, every one knew my Buſineſs; and ſome of the Inhabitants (who us'd to go to *Briſtol* Fairs) re-

member'd me, and wiſh'd that I might ſucceed. Accordingly, the 12th of *December* was fix'd for the Election, at which were preſent the principal Inhabitants, who voted me in Organiſt, *Vivâ Voce*, to the Satisfaction of my Friends; and particularly, to *Partheniſſa*, who could not reſt, as ſhe afterwards inform'd me, till I was elected; and had ſent Meſſages to Mr. *Nicholas Fiſher*, a Chandler, begging, that he would let her know what Time I was elected, and on what Terms. Mr. *Fiſher* comply'd with her Requeſt, and ſhe was very much pleas'd.

This young Gentlewoman (who is principally the Subject of the following Sheets) was very deſirous of hearing me ſing, and had been inform'd by ſome of the Town Girls, that I was equipt for the Opera-Houſe. She ſent for one *Betty Fiſher*, in order to accompany her to ſee me, who at that Time lodg'd at my Predeceſſor's Widow's, who had taught this young Lady the Spinnet. I was ſitting by the Parlour Fire, when *Betty Fiſher* and the Lady came in; and, ſeeing them well dreſs'd, made them a Bow, and left the Room, thinking that they had Buſineſs with Mrs. *Apperley*, my Landlady.

I went and walk'd under the Town-hall, and had not been there five minutes before my Landlady call'd me, and made me ſoon ſenſible that the Viſit made by the two Ladies, was upon no other Account than that of mine: And (added ſhe) the pale-fac'd young Lady, with the brown hair (for they were both pale, and dreſs'd alike) is *Partheniſſa*; ſhe is the greateſt Fortune in Town, and that ſhe intended to learn

learn the Spinnet of me, provided ſhe could perſuade her Mamma to be at the Expence. But ſays Mrs. *Apperley*, ſhe is very uneaſy at your going out, and wou'd be very much obliged to you if you'd favour her with a Song; and that the young Lady, and *Bet. Fiſher* had ask'd her, if I was an Eunuch. Mrs. *Apperley* ſaid, ſhe knew not. We have heard, ſays the inquiſitive Ladies, that he was made one in *Italy*, and we'll aſk him if he ever was there; and if he ſays yes, then the Report is moſt certainly true. I could not forbear laughing at what Mrs. *Apperley* related to me; and aſſured her, that if the Ladies were inclin'd to make trial of me, they wou'd be apt to find me man enough for them, tho' but in my Teens. As I was aſk'd, I went with Mrs. *Apperley* into the Parlour, and ſat oppoſite to *Partheniſſa*, and eagerly gaz'd at her: I obſerv'd her to do the ſame at me. She brake Silence, by aſking me to ſing. I readily comply'd; and, after I had ſung her two or three Songs, we went to Cards (the Game was Whiſk.) During our playing, I often obſerv'd *Betty Fiſher* pull *Partheniſſa* by the Sleeve; till at laſt *Partheniſſa*, with a Smile, aſk'd me, *If I ever had been in Italy?* Yes, Madam, (ſays I) but I thank my Stars I came Home as ſafe and ſound as ever I was born. My Anſwer confounded her; and, after playing three or four Games, her Servant came for her, and ſo we broke up. After they were gone, my Landlady aſk'd me, which of the two I lik'd beſt: I gave my Heart the Lye, by telling her, Mrs. *Fiſher*.

In *January* I took a Ride to *Briſtol*, to ſee ſome of my old Acquaintance; and, among

the reſt, my old maſter. He, and the Family (Teeth outwards) profeſs'd themſelves glad to ſee me. In *February* following, having Liberty from the Rector and Churchwardens, I went to take my Diverſion in *London* for about a Month; and, at my Return, had the Pleaſure of ſeeing *Partheniſſa*, who aſſur'd me, ſhe would learn the Spinnet of me, as ſoon as the Month of *May* came in, her Mother not caring to be at the Expence of burning an unneceſſary Fire in the Room where the Inſtrument lay; and that, when 'twas Summer Time, there was no want of Firing.

Quis Talia fando temperet a Lacrymis.

Now begins my unhappy Amour with *Partheniſſa*, who was the only Daughter of *W---m P---l*, Eſq;

As my Amour with this young Lady gave me an infinite deal of Pleaſure, for ſeveral Years; ſo, on the contrary, it has ſince given me a deal of Affliction. I heartily wiſh I could poſſibly ſuppreſs it, in order to remove ſome Circumſtances, which I would be glad (as well for my own ſake, as her's) to forget eternally. But how is it poſſible to conceal an Accident which has been made publick round the Countries circumjacent? I have loſt a good Livelihood, by this unhappy Affair; as you'll find in the Sequel of theſe Memoirs. Then the Perſon (whom I ador'd and lov'd as my Soul) had me impriſon'd ſeveral Months, very unjuſtly. Moſt in the Country are, and I firmly am of Opinion, that others will be convinc'd of what I aſſert. And what Apology could I make to the

the Publick (particularly thoſe of my Acquaintance, in *London*, *Oxford*, *Hereford*, *Worceſter*, *Glouceſter*, and the Principality of *Wales* in general) ſhould I be ſilent upon this Occaſion: Eſpecially, ſince I've promis'd to give a faithful Account of my moſt minute Actions; particularly, in my unhappy Amour with *Parthenisſa*: Therefore, as it will be impoſſible for me not to mention it (after having been abus'd and jilted in ſo ſcandalous a manner) I ſhall write the whole Amour out in full Length; and tho' I call to mind an unhappy Affair, which has given me the greateſt of Anxieties, yet it will be of ſome Conſolation to me to acquaint the Publick with the barbarous Uſage that I have met with from my Enemies, and the villainous Manner with which they have proſecuted me.

May the 1ſt, 1730. Mrs. *P*--- ſent her Servant (who is related to the Family) for me. She had been at my Lodgings, and ſome other Places, to look for me, but I was not to be met with. She then left Word, at the *King's Arms*, and Mrs. *K*---- aſſur'd me, that ſhe had good news for me, for that Mrs. P--- had ſent for me, to teach her Daughter Muſick. I went immediately; and 'twas not long before we agreed for the Teaching-price. Obſerving the Inſtrument to be very much out of Order, and the young Lady not at Home, I took my Leave of the old One, telling her I would wait upon Miſs in the morning. I was punctual; in the morning I ſtrung and penn'd the Inſtrument. Miſs was I thought, agreeably officious in helping me to the Crow Quills, and in fixing the Strings; and, amongſt other Talk, how I lik'd

Herefordſhire, &c. ſhe ask'd me how I lik'd the *Roſs* young Women, but particularly thoſe I had ſeen with her, at Mrs. *Morſe* the Milliner's. I aſſured her, that I thought it too hard a Taſk to judge of Stars in Preſence of the Sun; at which ſhe bluſh'd, and turn'd her Face from me, and left the room for two or three Minutes; and when ſhe return'd, I put her ſome new Muſick, in which ſhe made a very pretty Progreſs, in a ſhort Time.

Inſtead of inſtructing her thrice a Week (as by the Mother's Agreement) I came every Day; and, one time in particular, ſhe told me, that when Mr. *Apperley*, my Predeceſſor, taught her, ſhe always had her Mamma, or the maid in the room; and, that her Mamma had aſk'd her, if ſhe would have any Body with her whilſt I taught her; but ſhe anſwer'd in the Negative. Her Frankneſs pleas'd me to a high Degree. I ſpent moſt of my Time with her; and I not only thought her Perſon equal to that of the beautiful Miſs *D----g* (beforemention'd) but her Converſation far more agreeable; ſo, in Fact, I fell deeply enamour'd of her.

Mrs. *P---* would often aſk me to dine and ſup with them; I as often declin'd ſo doing, leſt the old Lady ſhould be quick-ſighted and eſpy me gazing upon her Daughter; for, do all I could, 'twas impoſſible for me to avoid it. In ſome ſhort Time, Miſs aſk'd me why I refus'd to dine and ſup with her mamma, after I had been ſo often aſk'd: *Mamma* (added ſhe) *takes it very ill of you; and, if you refuſe her again, I too will be angry with you.* I thank'd her; that I did not care to be ſo troubleſome; that I would comply with any Requeſt of her's,

for

for that I valu'd her good Opinion more or as much, as all the Bleſſings of Life. So from that Time I din'd often with them.

There was no Man living that frequented the Houſe beſides myſelf; and I often brought the old Lady, what ſhe dearly lov'd, *viz.* News from Town and Country; and when there was none ſtirring, I made ſome: And, to do myſelf Juſtice, I never was at a Loſs. As the old Lady ſeldom or never went out, but was conſtantly ſmoaking Tobacco by the Kitchen Fire, there was no one to contradict me: If any of the Viſitors (Girls) ſaid any thing contrary to what I before ſpoke of, they were accounted Liars; ſo far was I ingratiated in the Family.

I commonly was there five or ſix Hours a Day (*Sundays* excepted) and when tir'd of playing, we would often chat upon ſeveral little Subjects that happen'd uppermoſt, with the Freedom of Brothers and Siſters. I grew fonder and fonder of her; inſomuch, that I lov'd her as my Life. Indeed, her Looks told me, I was not diſagreeable to her; ſo that, at length, my Flame became unquenchable: Yet I did not preſume to diſcover my Paſſion to her (knowing the inequality of our Fortunes) leſt I ſhould have been baniſh'd her Preſence for ever. Thus we paſs'd our Time gazing upon each other, and there was not any thing agreeable to me, but her Preſence. So far had Love infatuated me.

I was oblig'd to be in *Briſtol* the latter End of *June*. The Day before I ſet out, I acquainted her with the Neceſſity of being there, and that I ſhould be abſent no more than ſix Days. She appear'd

appear'd concern'd at my going; and, after recovering herſelf a little, gave me ſtrict Charge not to keep idle Company, particularly Women: *For* (added ſhe) *if you do that, Mamma will certainly come to hear it one way or other, and then ſhe will not let you teach me any longer.* I took my leave of her, promiſing to perſue her Advice in every Thing but could not help reflecting upon the ſerious Caution ſhe gave me. I flatter'd myſelf that ſhe had an Affection for me; and, from that Day, I reſolv'd to diſcover my Paſſion to her, the very firſt opportunity that offer'd. I went to *Briſtol*, and after four Days Stay there, came back to *Roſs*. The firſt Thing I heard at the Place I diſmounted, was, that *Partheniſſa* was gone to her Brother's in *Monmouthſhire*. This gave me a great deal of Uneaſineſs; but however, her Stay there was not three Weeks. The Moment ſhe came Home, ſhe ſent her maid to inform me of her Arrival. I ran there in an inſtant, and found her playing her Muſick. As ſoon as I enter'd the Room, ſhe mov'd off from her Chair, and came half Way to meet me. I could have ſprung into her Arms, as quick as thought; but, being young and timorous, was fearful leſt I ſhould be repuls'd. But my Eyes told her the Language of my Heart, and they receiv'd the ſame Complement from her bright ones.

Here we reciprocally gave an account of our ſelves, ſince we had ſeen each other. She laugh'd heartily at mine; and, at the ſame time, gave me a freſh Charge not to keep any of the Girls Company, eſpecially thoſe of an indifferent Character; for, if I did, that no People of Credit would care for employing me.

me. So far I own ſhe was right; but ſhe had in that (as you'll find ſhe had in every Thing elſe) two meanings. However, I proteſted that I would keep no Girls (eſpecially thoſe of the Town) Company, much leſs thoſe of ill Repute; and that there was but one Woman among the fair Sex, that I thought worth while converſing with: Looking wiſhfully at her, I ſaid, *Dear Madam, you may eaſily gueſs what, and who ſhe is*; with that ſhe took me by the Hand, and begg'd I would make my Words good, which I really did.

Nothing material happened till *September*. *Glouceſter* Muſick-meeting beginning upon the firſt *Tueſday*, I went upon the *Monday*; tho' ſhe was far from being pleaſed with my going there; and ſhe quarrell'd with me in the following manner, after my Return, for my going to *Glouceſter*. The very Hour I came to *Roſs* I went to her; and after I had given an Account of what top Companies there were, who and who were together, and what the Ladies wore, (being counted expert at that) and the like, Miſs took an Occaſion to mention the *Welch* Gentry; then their good Living; and began to praiſe *Monmouthſhire*: I was of the ſame Opinion; then put in a Word for *Carmarthenſhire* (my native Place) and here the Quarrel began; ſhe fell into a Paſſion, and inſiſted upon it, that the Gentlemen's Servants of *Monmouthſhire* wore better Linnen, lay upon better Beds, eat and drank better far than did the Gentlemen themſelves of *Carmarthenſhire*. I fooliſhly inſiſted on the contrary, and told her, No Perſon that had ever ſeen the Country, would ever offer to aver what ſhe had

had done, eſpecially for a Truth, as ſhe did. The Word had not been out of my mouth a moment, but ſhe took a Mugg full of Cyder, which ſtood upon the Table, and flung it full in my Face; it likewiſe wetted my Breaſt, and ſo ran down to my Heels. The old Lady was ſo confounded at the young one's Behaviour, that ſhe look'd very pale, and turned herſelf and Chair from the Table towards the Fire. As for Miſs, ſhe did nothing but bluſh. I took my Hat, thank'd her for the Compliment, ſo went home to ſhift myſelf; reſolving at the ſame time never to go near her more. The next Morning I ſent a Letter to a young Woman of my Acquaintance in *London*, deſiring her to look out for a convenient Lodging for me, as near to her Houſe as could be had. Furthermore, I writ the Reaſon of my coming up, and that I would moſt certainly ſee her in fourteen Days time. Juſt as I had put the Letter into the Poſt-Office, Mrs. *P*---'s Servant came to me in the Street, and aſſured me, that her Miſtreſs was in a violent Paſſion with Miſs, for her indiſcreet Behaviour to me the foregoing Night; *But pray, Mr.* Parry (ſays ſhe) *come to our Houſe; for my Miſtreſs and Miſs do earneſtly beg you'll come: And they hope you have not mentioned any thing of your Quarrel with Miſs, among thoſe of your Acquaintance.* I aſſured the Servant to the contrary; and at the ſame Time told her, I never intended to come to their Houſe any more; for that was the only Way to prevent ſuch ridiculous Uſage for the future: The Servant acquainted Miſs with what I had ſaid. The next Day Miſs came to Mr. *Fiſher*'s, (a Chandler) and ſtood ſome time in

in the Shop, before I came that Way; the minute ſhe ſaw me ſhe beckon'd to me; I went to her: She deſired that I would come to their Houſe, for her Mamma wanted me about ſome Buſineſs; *And* (added ſhe) *dear Mr.* Parry, *if you have any Regard for me, ſhew it by coming.* I aſſured her I would wait upon her Mamma in the Afternoon: Accordingly I went. I preſently found that the old Lady had never ſent any ſuch meſſage, ſo was for going away; *Partheniſſa* caught me by the Arm, and deſired to ſpeak with me. I went into the Parlour with her; ſhe laid her Hands upon my Shoulders, look'd wiſhfully in my Face, and ſaid, *Dear, dear Mr.* Parry, *forgive me for being ſo ſilly to fling the Cyder in your Boſom t'other Night; Mamma will hardly ſpeak to me, ſhe is ſo very angry.* I claſp'd her in my Arms and forgave her; not a little proud of the Opportunity. *I ſhan't be really convinced* (ſays ſhe) *of your being reconciled to me, unleſs you ſtay 'till Supper with me, and play at Cards.* I with Pleaſure comply'd with her Requeſt, and went Home well enough pleaſed. During all this Time I never ventured to kiſs her; which makes me of Opinion, that, 'till ſeveral months afterwards, ſhe thought me really equipt for the Opera-houſe! But now there happened an Accident, which brought a freſh Quarrel on between us. There came a Letter from *London*, in Anſwer to that which I had written to the Gentlewoman of my Acquaintance, concerning her taking a Lodging for me. The Perſon that carried the Letters knowing me to be commonly at Mrs. *P*---'s, went there, and left the Letter with Miſs. She ſeeing the Directions

rections to be of a Woman's Hand-writing, made no more ado, but open'd it: In the interim I met the Fellow, who told me he left a Frank'd Letter for me with *Partheniſſa*. I went immediately up. As ſoon as ſhe heard my Voice, ſhe ran down Stairs, ſpeaking aloud, That there was a Letter for me in the Parlour; but when we came there, to my Surprize ſhe pull'd it, open'd, from under her Apron; telling me, ſhe was quite deceived in me, for that I had a fine Miſtreſs in *London*. *If I have, Madam,* (ſays I in a Heat) *that's no Buſineſs of yours; and I want to know by what Authority you broke it open: But however, I ſhall leave Orders, for the future, to have my Letters delivered into no Perſon's Hands but my own.* She then begg'd of me, for Heaven's Sake to forgive her, for ſhe would never offer to do the like any more: My Paſſion was ſoon over, we were immediately Friends; and as the Perſon that writ me the Letter is now upon the Town, her Letter ſhall e'en take its Chance among the reſt, and is as follows:

To Mr. James Parry, *Organiſt of* Roſs, Herefordſhire.

" My dear little *Welchman*,

" YOUR kind Letter agreeably ſurprized
" us; for *Dick Ball* not only told us
" you was dead, but that you died a Mar-
" tyr to Love; and am glad to find myſelf
" deceived. I beg you'll make all the haſte
" you can up here, and inſiſt upon it that you
" will make my Houſe your Home, my Bed
" ſhall be yours, and my Boſom your Pillow.

" I have

" I have often been a Miſtreſs, but never was
" a Lover till now; and had it been my good
" Fortune (as it is the unkind fair One's you
" mention in your Letter) to have captivated
" your Heart, I ſhould have thought myſelf
" happy, and would with pleaſure have flung
" myſelf into your Arms. I am glad to hear
" you are ſo chaſte, but am very much of
" Opinion I ſhall rob you of your Chaſtity
" the very firſt Time I am bleſs'd with your
" Company. I therefore conjure you to come
" up; and if you can away with what we live
" upon, no one on Earth ſhall be more wel-
" come. If your young Lady has not the
" Fire in her Eyes which I have, I hope you
" will leave her, and come to me, and no-
" thing ſhall be wanting in me to make you
" paſs your Time here agreeably; but I hate
" the Thoughts of your young Lady. *Judy*
" and *Hetty* deſire to be remember'd to you;
" and ſhould you prove boiſterous, I can aſ-
" ſure you, we ſhall be apt to cool you. I
" hope you don't forget the Time you broke
" my China Punch-Bowl between ye, which
" coſt me two Guineas. Pray lay out Five
" or Six Shillings for me in ſome of your *Here-*
" *fordſhire* Bacon, which I am fond of, and
" I'll repay you with Pleaſure. So now, thou
" lovely Son of *Venus!* I take my Leave;
" ſubſcribing myſelf, with Sincerity,

Your moſt Affectionate and Sincere

London, Gray's-Inn-Lane, 27th of *September*, 1730.

Friend and Servant,

A. H.

Whilſt I was reading this Love Epiſtle *Partheniſſa* was playing a Leſſon; of a ſudden ſhe ſtopt, and begg'd that I would promiſe her one Thing. I wanted to know what 'twas: *I will not* (ſays ſhe) *tell you, until you ſwear a great Oath, that you will not only promiſe what I ſhall aſk you, but you ſhall likewiſe keep that Promiſe.* I told her, I thought it a very unjuſt Propoſal, to have me promiſe I could not tell what; if ſhe did but let me know what ſhe deſigned, I would comply with any thing, provided it would not prove to be of any manner of Detriment to me. She aſſured me that it was ſo far from being detrimental, that it would be of Service to me. After a little arguing, I ſwore the Oath ſhe put me; *Then* (ſays ſhe) *never anſwer the* London *Letter, and never write to that Lady of Pleaſure, or to any other Woman, unknown to me.* I claſp'd her round the Waiſte, and ſaid, *I hope, dear Miſs, if I fulfill your Deſire, you'll oblige me in the ſame Manner. I will not promiſe you now,* ſays the fair One, *but if you'll keep yours, you don't know what I ſhall do for you in Time.* Being over Head and Ears in Love, I bow'd, obey'd, and left the Room.

All this Time I was obliged to carry myſelf very reſerv'd, eſpecially among the Girls, for ſhe had a watchful Eye upon my Actions; nay, ſhe kept a Spy ſometimes.

One Day, in particular, we were talking of the Pictures which I had ſeen at *Blenheim-houſe.* After I had given her the beſt Deſcription that I was capable, of what I had ſeen, *&c.* ſhe told me ſhe would produce me a Piece of Painting, that I did not know what to make

make of: At laſt there was Six-pence laid that I did. She ran up Stairs, and brought down a Fan (which had been given her by Miſs *Alice Clarke*, as ſhe informed me) and told me, that there was the Painting upon it; *'Tis a Scripture Piece*, ſays ſhe, *and now let me hear your Deſcription of it.* I look'd at it, and, not knowing the Hiſtory, ſaid, *Faith, Miſs, all that I know of it is, here are two old Men with long Beards; here is likewiſe a Woman ſitting upon the Earth, by a large Cheſt, which ſeems to lie open.* She could not forbear laughing heartily at me; ſhe took the Fan out of my Hand, and told me, That that old Man (pointing at one of the Figures) was *Laban*, who had purſued *Jacob*, for ſtealing his images. *The other*, ſays ſhe, *is* Jacob, *who knew nothing of his Wife's having the images, and opened the Cheſt, to convince* Laban *of his innocence. That Woman*, added ſhe, *is* Rachel, *ſitting on the Ground, who had ſtolen the images, and hid them under her Petticoats: But I will ſhew it you in the Bible*; ſo ran up Stairs, and brought me down a Bible, opened at the 31ſt Chapter of *Geneſis*, and bid me read the 34th and 35th Verſes, which are as follow. *Now* Rachel *had taken the images, and put them in the Camel's Furniture, and ſat upon them: And* Laban *ſearched all the Tent, but found them not. And ſhe ſaid to her Father, Let it not diſpleaſe my Lord that I cannot riſe up before thee; for the Cuſtom of Women is upon me; and he ſearched, but found not the images*, &c.

I (making myſelf a greater Ninny-hammer than I really was) aſked her what *Rachel* meant by having the Cuſtom of Women upon her; likewiſe what thoſe Cuſtoms were. Between

a Bluſh and a Smile ſhe ſaid, *If you are a Stranger to thoſe Things now, you will not be ſo long, I warrant you.* For my Part, I was glad I had loſt the Wager; flattering myſelf I ſhould get a lovely Prize e'er long from the Winner.

It being now the Depth of Winter, we paſs'd away moſt Nights (eſpecially when any of Miſs's Companions, I mean, any of the Town Girls were there) at *Quadrille*, &c. And when we could get any Odds by Betting, let who would loſe, we were ſure to win, by always going Halves. When the Company were gone, (which was commonly about Nine or Ten o' Clock) Miſs and myſelf were ſure to play an Hour or two: And very often the old Lady was forced to come and take away the Cards. But one Night, in particular, we were aſked to leave off, it being late. *Indeed, Mamma* (ſays Miſs) *we will not leave off, 'till we have play'd two Games more at All Fours.* This put the old Lady (who was juſt going to Bed) into a violent Paſſion; ſhe came and told us, that ſhe would burn the Cards, Muſick and all, before ſhe would be ſubſervient to any Daughter in *England*; ſo away ſhe went up to Bed. The Minute ſhe went up Stairs, I was for going Home, telling Miſs I would not ſtay any longer, leſt I ſhould incur her Mamma's Diſpleaſure. *I don't care, Mr.* Parry, (ſays ſhe) *you ſhall ſtay longer with me, and I will make Mamma believe you went away as ſoon as ſhe did:* Upon which ſhe went to the Street Door, unlock'd it, then opened it, and afterwards ſlamm'd it together aloud; by which means the old Lady thought me to be gone as ſoon as ſhe was got up Stairs. The Servant could

could not avoid being privy to all this, and left her young Miſtreſs and me together in the Parlour, whilſt ſhe went to the Kitchen, where ſhe quickly fell faſt aſleep; Miſs and myſelf ſat cloſe by each other. I having my Right Hand round her Neck, and ſhe her Left round my Waiſte. Our Talk was Conſtancy in love, and what not; 'till at length we fell aſleep in each other's Arms; to me 'twas a Paradiſe; and there we were ſnug enough till Three o' Clock in the Morning, when the Maid awaken'd us by the Noiſe of the Kitchen Door. She begg'd of Miſs to go to Bed, and me Home. They were both fearful of opening the fore or back Doors, by reaſon of the ſkreeking Noiſe they made, which would moſt certainly have awakened the old Lady; ſo that they let me out of the Parlour Window, from whence I went Home well pleaſed with the Night's Adventure.

The *Chriſtmas* Holidays coming on, Mrs. *P*-- paid me off for teaching Miſs, who was to go to *the Hill*, (the Seat of *Joſ. Clarke*, Eſq;) there to ſtay with thoſe young Ladies, for ſix Weeks or two Months; during which Time, (I ſhould ſay indeed of my being at *Roſs*) I created, and undeſervedly, a Female Enemy, one Mrs. *Painter*, a milliner. 'Twas thro' the Inſinuations of her Husband, who was averſe to my being made Organiſt, he having, a Kinſman that could play upon the Organ. Mrs. *Painter* reſolving to have me removed from teaching *Partheniſſa* muſick, ſtrove to effect it in the following Manner.

Miſs *Bond*, of *Cowberry*, (ſince married to ---- *Hanger*, Eſq;) being one day at Mrs. *Painter's*,

ter's, aſk'd, *What News? No great News*, ſays Mrs. *Painter*; *but if you'll keep it a Secret, I'll tell you ſome.* Miſs *Bond* replied, *If 'tis worth keeping, I will: Why then*, ſays t'other, *Mr.* Tudor *the Curate told me, that he actually ſaw* Parry *the Organiſt, and* Partheniſſa, *walking in the Garden; he with his hand round her Waiſte, and kiſſing her like any thing.* The Story (not worth keeping, eſpecially by a Lady of Fortune) was told to Mrs. *Hannah Dew*, a manteau-maker; (thoſe are a ſort of Species that can keep no Secret but their own) ſhe tells it Mrs. *P*---'s Servant, and ſhe tells it of courſe to her miſtreſs; Mrs. *P*--- gave no manner of Credence to it, becauſe it came from the mouth of Mrs. *Painter*: However, ſhe ſent her Servant to aſk Mr. *Tudor* the Curate, whether he really ſaid, (or ever ſaw any Familiarity betwen Miſs and me) what Mrs. *Painter* averr'd for Truth. Mr. *Tudor* was ſurpized at ſo monſtrous a Fallacy, and gave his Service to Mrs. *P*---, aſſuring her, that, to convince her of his innocence, he was ready at any time to receive the Communion upon it, that he never ſaw me in the Garden with miſs, neither did he ever ſee me kiſs her. Mrs. *P*--- was ſatisfied that the Author of this Report was none other but Mrs. *Painter*; and to ſhew what little Regard ſhe had for any thing ſhe ſhould aſſert, ſhe immediately ſent for Miſs home from the *Hill*; who, as ſoon as ſhe heard of this lying Affair, ſent for Mrs. *H. Dew*; and as ſoon as they were alone, *Partheniſſa* fell upon her Knees, and thank'd her for letting *Pen* their Servant into the Affair, whereby ſhe was clear'd of Mrs. *Painter's* Aſperſion.

I was

I was at *Hereford* when this Hurly-burly happened; and when I came home, I was ſurprized to hear, by Mrs. *P*---'s Servant, (who came to call me) that Miſs was come from *the Hill*, for I expected her to have ſtaid above a month. When I came to the Houſe, Mrs. *P*--- inform'd me, that her Daughter ſhould learn of me again, by that time *April* or *May* was come; but that I was welcome to come there as uſual 'till Miſs did begin again: *Nay*, ſays the old Lady, *I inſiſt upon your coming every Day, or elſe I ſhall think you are angry with us.* This was all in Deſpite of Mrs. *Painter*; for if I, at any Time, miſs'd coming either night or morning, I was aſk'd by all the Family where I had been, and what made me ſo ſtrange? And 'twas ſome months before I knew the Reaſon of the old Lady, and her maid's being ſo uncommonly civil. I was ſenſible I had taken no pains to initiate myſelf into their good Graces; but. on the other Hand, the young One's Idea was alway in my Sight.

May the 1ſt, 1731. Mrs. *P*---- brought Miſs with her into the Parlour, and ſaid, *Mr.* Parry, *my Daughter this Day begins to learn again of you*; *ſo Miſs* (continued ſhe) *follow it cloſe.* I had now Thoughts of nothing but that of diſcovering my Paſſion to her, and was grown ſo exceſſively fond of her, that I was as reſtleſs as a Butterfly, unleſs 'twas when I was ſetting by her ſide: And one Day, in particular, ſhe open'd her Boſom, to ſhew me a ſmall Pimple, which newly broke out; I laid my Hand upon her Breaſt, ſhe her Hand upon it, and preſs'd it hard to her Breaſt; I immediately put my other Arm round her Neck, look'd very paſſionately

onately at her, and repeated the following Diſtich, which I had ſeen in *Ramſay*'s Poems.

Upon your Cheek ſits lovely Youth,
Heav'n ſparkles in your Eye;
There's ſomething ſweet about your Mouth,
Dear M---y *let me try.*

I then eagerly embraced her, and 'twas a minute before I diſengaed myſelf from her; and was ſo confounded after I had taken that Liberty, (eſpecially when I ſaw her Head-Cloaths half off, and her Face confuſed with a beautiful Bluſh) that I was incapable of ſpeaking to her. So after both walking in diſorder about the Room for two or three minutes, ſhe broke Silence, by aſking me to play a Tune. After I had play'd, I put her to play. And now, finding myſelf in Raptures, I made my Paſſion known to her in the ſofteſt and moſt endearing Eloquence, that my mean Capacity would allow. I aſſured her, that from the firſt moment my Eyes were bleſs'd with the Sight of her lovely Perſon, I had been paſſionately in love with her, that my Flame was unquenchable, and that without her, life would be miſerable to me. While I was making love to her, ſhe ſmiled, and aſked me if I was not aſhamed to talk of love at thoſe Years, being but a Boy, and not out of my Teens. *'Tis Time enough for you* (continued ſhe) *to talk of Marriage, Love, and the like, when you come to be Six or Seven Years older.* That was no ſatisfactory Anſwer to me: I made love to her ſo inceſſantly for two or three Days after the firſt Kiſs, that I brought her to this open Confeſſion:

Dear

Dear Mr. Parry, *I was as much enamour'd with you, as you could poſſibly be with me; nay more. I never would let my Mamma reſt in Quietneſs, 'till I had the man I lov'd, to teach me; and ſhould you abuſe this generous Declaration of mine, you'll be the moſt barbarous of your Sex.* My Angel, (ſays I, embracing her) if I thought 'twas in my Power to prove ſo inhuman, after ſo generous a Confeſſion, I would this moment forfeit a life which I only value for your ſake.

And now was the time I was made acquainted with Mrs *Painter*'s Story beforementioned. She begg'd that I would not let any body know that I knew any thing of it. The Maid, next Day, being in a very good Humour, told me the ſame, and deſired that I would not mention it to any Body, no not even to Miſs. I promiſed her I would not, and kept my Word with both of them, and never heard any more of it.

Now having open'd our Hearts, we became free and familiar with each other. I often propoſed Marriage to her, and was often anſwered by her, that if I would ſtay till ſhe was of Age, and that if I kept no lewd Women Company, ſhe would be my Wife, or none others upon Earth. But (ſays ſhe) I will never marry before I am of Age, therefore you'll not be uneaſy, for it will not be a very long while to ſtay; and my being married to you then, entirely depends upon your Carriage, in regard to the Company you keep betwixt this and that Time.

This Promiſe was ſealed with numberleſs rapturous Kiſſes, and I now thought myſelf more

more than happy, bleſt with the Eſteem of ſo beautiful a Creature.

About this Time I had the following Song given me, which ſhe would very frequently make me ſing to her in a low Voice, leſt the old Lady ſhould hear me.

I.

BY the Mole on thy Boſom, ſo ſoft and ſo white;
By the Mole on thy Neck, where my Arms would unite;
By whatever Mole elſe thou haſt got out of Sight;
I beſeech thee to hear me, dear Molly.

II.

By the Kiſs juſt a ſtarting from off thy moiſt Lips;
By the Tip of thy Tongue, which all Tongues far out-tips;
By the delicate up-and-down Jerk of thy Hips;
I beſeech thee, &c.

III.

By the ſoft Downey Boſom, on which my Soul dies;
By the Downe of all Downs, which I love as my Eyes;
By your laſt Thoughts at night, and the firſt when you riſe;
I beſeech thee, &c.

IV.

By all the ſoft Pleaſures a Virgin can ſhare;
By the critical minute no Virgin can bear;
By the Joys that I languiſh to ask, but don't dare;
I beſeech thee, &c.

I com-

I commonly embraced her between each Verſe; and whenever I came to the laſt Line, ſhe would tell me I fibb'd; for I did dare aſk for the joys that I languiſhed, and that I ſhould have them one Day or other, if I could have Patience, *&c.*

She thought it adviſable to prevent our being ſuſpected, that I ſhould go and chat with ſome pretty Girl; eſpecially ſince that ſhe and myſelf ſat ſo often and ſo long together. My Angel (ſays I) I'll obey your Commands in any thing: If you pleaſe to name one, I'll manage the reſt. Then (ſays ſhe) let it be *Betty Hughes*, the mantua-maker; but you ſhall let me know when you go and come; be ſure take care you don't love her in earneſt: No, madam, (ſays I) I ſhould not, was ſhe *Venus* herſelf. Thus we parted that Night, pleaſed with the Thoughts of our Scheme, to keep the old Lady in ignorance.

One Day (as ſhe informed me afterwards) ſhe aſked her Mamma, if ſhe had heard any News of me. No, ſays the old Lady, I have not. Why then, ſays Miſs I will tell you ſome; Mr. *Parry* is courting *Betty Hughes*; I would give any Thing to have a Jobb contrived for her to do here. The Maid upon hearing this, ſaid, She had a couple of Gowns that wanted altering; they were looked out; and accordingly, Mrs. *Hughes* finiſhed them at Mrs. *P*---. When I came there next Time, the old Lady aſſured me, ſhe thought I had made a very pretty Choice: Yes, thinks I, if you knew all: However, I carried the Jeſt on for a month or two, in which Time I loſt my mantua-maker, ſhe going to live elſewhere.

September,

September, 1731. The Triennial muſick-meeting was held at *Worceſter*. Mr. *Clarke*, of the *Hill*'s Family went there, and would have had *Partheniſſa* to have gone with them. She had laid her Commands upon me a Fortnight before, not to go; I did the ſame by her, ſo neither of us went.

In the beginning of *October*, there was a great Hunting-match near *Roſs*. The Gentlemen call'd themſelves the *Buck-huuters Club*. I obſerv'd one *R--s* an Attorney of *Roſs*, among the Gentlemen. How he came to thruſt himſelf among them, to me is matter of Surprize. To be brief; the Gentlemen wanted a Ball; *R---s* engaged to bring half a dozen young Girls. The moment I heard the Propoſal, I ran to *Partheniſſa*, and told her, if ſhe had any Regard for me, ſhe would refuſe going to the Ball that Night. Lord bleſs me, ſays ſhe, what are you affraid of? You have no Reaſon I am ſure; I have not danced this long Time, *&c.* Finding her eager of going, I aſſur'd her that I would ſpoil their Sport, by making the muſick drunk; ſhe eagerly (I ought to ſay coaxingly) kiſſed me, and promiſed never to go again, without my being willing thereto. I gave the old Lady (you may gueſs at my Reaſon) ſome Hints, not to let Miſs go; becauſe I knew ſeveral Rakes among the Gentlemen. If ſo, ſays ſhe, I am reſolved ſhe ſhall not go, unleſs my Couſin *Dudley Coſt* comes for her; I can't refuſe him, being a Relation. I went down the Town, and ſaw the Girls, who were to be at the Ball, friſking it about like Wild-fire from one's Houſe to the other's. Poor Creatures! I could not blame them; I knew Six or Seven,

Seven, the beſt Fortunes of the Town, that had never been aſked the Queſtion by any man; unleſs as I had done by the mantua-maker.

I met Mr. *R---s* he aſked me where my Scholar was; She is at home, Sir, ſays I. I tell thee what, *Parry*, ſays he, (with a Face as rough as a Map of *Switzerland*) ſhe is to be my Partner to Night. By all means ſaid I to him; I would adviſe ye to open the Ball by dancing a Minuet with her. Gad, ſo I will, quoth he. I left him, knowing ſhe had had an Averſion to him, ever ſince he brought ſome Ginger-bread-Nuts from *Worceſter*, and bragg'd that Miſs *Clarkes* gave 'em to him; when at the ſame time he was only aſked (by Mrs. *Aſpey*) to carry a Plate-full to Miſs *Clarkes*, by which means he ſlipp'd a Handful or two into his own Pocket. Had *Partheniſſa* thought of him as of any other, he ſhould have been d---d as ſoon as have danced with her, for the following Reaſon. Immediately meeting Mr. *G--s*, a Surgeon, (whom I had a great Regard for) he aſked me, which of the Girls danced beſt; *The beſt Dancer*, ſays I, is *Partheniſſa*; *G-- R--s* deſigns to open the Ball with her. *He!* ſays Mr. *G--s a Rock-faced Puppy! the Girl is not crazy ſure. Well*, ſays I, *If you'll give me a Bottle of Wine, you ſhall dance with her. I will*, ſays he, *upon Honour*. So away goes I to Miſs, and inſiſted upon her dancing with Mr. *G--s*, to refuſe *R--s*. *I would as ſoon dance with a Ragman*, ſays ſhe; *and will oblige you in any Thing*. Mr. *Richard C--ke* came about Seven o' Clock for her; and as ſoon as the muſick (which was of my procuring, and conſiſted of a Nailer, a Shoemaker, and a Pedlar) was ready, Mr. *R--s*

advanced to *Partheniſſa*, and beg'd of her to dance a Minuet; ſhe refuſed him. Whilſt he was aſking another, I tipt Mr. *G--s* the wink, and her a Nod; when, to Mr. *R--t*'s Surprize, they were upon their Toes in an Inſtant. *Parry*, ſays he to me in a Hurry, *doſt thee mind that? Yes*, ſays I, *and think it comical enough. I ask'd her to dance*, ſays he, *ſhe would not*; *'tis out of the Frying-pan into the Fire.* I adviſed him not to concern himſelf about her. Miſs and myſelf often laugh'd at him; when he little thought of us.

In a month's time after, Mrs. *P---* paid me for teaching Miſs; and told me, ſhe did not care that Miſs ſhould learn any more muſick till Spring; becauſe the making of a Fire daily in the Parlour, during the Winter Seaſon, would prove expenſive, *&c.* As ſoon as Mrs. *P---* had left the Parlour, I obſerved Tears in Miſs's Eyes. I begg'd to know the Reaſon of her Uneaſineſs. *How can you aſk me*, ſays ſhe, *when Mamma has but juſt paid you, and you muſt not come near me till Spring, and perhaps not then neither*; with that ſhe fetch'd a ſorrowful Sigh; I could not refrain from weeping with her. *For Heaven's Sake*, ſays ſhe, *contrive ſome Way or other to come here often, otherwiſe I ſhall be miſerable. My Dear* (ſays I) *I have a Thought juſt come into my Head, that ſhall keep me a Month longer with you, unſuſpected by your Mamma. Out with it*, ſays ſhe eagerly, *for God's Sake. You was three Weeks*, ſays I, *learning ſome of* Gaſperini's *Sonata's*; *You ſhewed ſome Diſlike to the Muſick when firſt I writ it down for you*; *I'll teach You, in lieu of that Muſick, a Concerto of*

Signior

Signior Vivaldi's; *by this means I ſhall come to my fair One as uſual.* *Partheniſſa* liked the Propoſal very well, and ran to the Kitchen Door, ſpeaking aloud in the following manner, *viz.* *Mamma, I was three Weeks learning of an ugly Tune; Mr.* Parry *does not at all like it himſelf, tho' he made me learn it; neither do I; ſo Mr.* Parry *ſhall teach me to play one of* Vivaldi's *Concerto's, inſtead of the other that I have already learnt, and all into the Bargain. But perhaps, Child,* ſays Mrs. *P----, Mr.* Parry *will not be willing. Yes, yes, Madam,* (ſays I) *with all my Heart; and I am very willing to teach Miſs a newer, and a far better Tune than the laſt.* Well, ſays the old Lady, do as you will Miſs, I will leave it to yourſelf. The hearing which pleaſed both Miſs and me. So we went on as uſual, 'till the other month was paſt, when Miſs deſired me to come there conſtantly for the future. "For Mamma, "ſays ſhe, does not think of the Expence "that ſhe talk'd of before to you; and if ſhe "does not pay you for teaching me, I will; "for ſhe allows me ſo much a Year, to do "what I will with it." I was eaſily ſatisfied, and glad of the Opportunity of being (eſpecially alone) with her; and this Winter I ſpent moſt of my Time with her, ſeldom having any Perſon to diſturb us, except Two or Three that uſed to come to play at Cards with them.

There was, at this Time, a Gentleman enamour'd of *Partheniſſa*, as well as myſelf; his Name was *Doomſday*, then Batchelor of Arts of *Baliol College, Oxon*, but now he practiſes Phyſick: He gave me to underſtand that he had

a great Regard for my Scholar *Partheniſſa*; and promiſed me if I could bring the matter about, (*i. e.* a marriage) I ſhould have two hundred Pounds the Day the Ceremony was perform'd. I thought Mr. *Doomſday* deſerving a Woman of Fortune, but did not like his Propoſal for *Partheniſſa* in the leaſt; and knowing myſelf to be very much in her good Graces, I reſolved to haſten my marriage with her as ſoon as poſſible, becauſe I found Mr. *Doomſday* intent upon paying his Addreſſes to her.

Two Hundred Pounds to a Perſon that had had no Engagement with a young Lady, would have been a pretty Sum for conveying Letters, *&c.* but if it had been in his Power to have given me two Thouſand, I would have rejected his Propoſal. I (to carry on my own Amour) told him I would do him all the Service I could; he, with a great deal of Credulity, believed me ſincere: But who to a Rival can be ſo?

At *Candlemaſs*, 1731-2, Miſs adviſed me to pretend love to ſome pretty Girl or other, in order to blind her Mamma, concerning our Amour; "My Angel, ſays I, I cannot, at "this Time, think of any Girl, to whom I "can pretend to write. *I*, ſays ſhe, *will think of a Girl for you; likewiſe I will get you a Letter, which you ſhall copy out, and ſend her.* I conſented of Courſe, and in a Day or two's Time ſhe informed me, that ſhe had thought of a Girl: "She is, ſaid ſhe, a "Clergyman of *Worceſter*'s Daughter; her "Name is *Betty D--ne*; ſhe is Waiting-wo-"man to the Miſs C---s *of the Hill*; ſhe is "a

" a jolly, comely, ſort of a Girl; you ſhall " ſend her a letter, and our *Pen.* (for the " Maid's Name was *Penelope*) ſhall carry the " letter to *Betty D--ne.*" " Really Miſs, " ſays I, I never writ a love-letter to any " one in my life; and do aſſure you, that I " am a perfect Novice in the Affairs of love; " and that, dear Miſs, I need not tell you." " Well, ſays ſhe, I will fetch you a Book " that has letters enough in it, and I will " chuſe one for you to write." With that ſhe went up Stairs, and brought me down a Book, (entitled, *God's Revenge againſt murder*) and pick'd out a Letter for me, and afterwards made me write it out, and ſhe ſent it by the Relation of her's, (I mean *Pen.*) to deliver it to Mrs. *D--ne* (ſee * Letter, No. I.) at the *Hill.* The moment Mrs. *Deane* had peruſed it, ſhe flung it into the Fire, call'd me Block-head, Hobbeydyhoy, and what not. The Servant *Pen*, that carry'd the letter, aſſured Mrs. *Deane* that I had a great Reſpect for her; and that Mrs. *Deane* in my Eyes was the moſt agreeable Woman breathing. In ſhort, Mrs. *Deane* gave herſelf Airs that did not become her; and had ſhe known my real thoughts of her, ſhe undoubtedly might have had Reaſon to have been out of Temper. *Pen* came Home, and informed us of the Progreſs ſhe had made in the Courtſhip between Mrs. *Deane* and myſelf; and when Miſs and I were by ourſelves, I told her it was not right in ſending ſuch a ſincere letter to a Girl that I de-

* Theſe Letters are inſerted in a Numerical Order at the End of theſe Memoirs.

" deſpiſed: " And, my Dear, ſays I, I never " will write ſuch another to any of the Sex, " unleſs it be to yourſelf." " Dear Mr. " Parry, ſays ſhe, you ſhall ſend *Betty Deane* " one more, then I will never deſire you to " write another to any other Woman." I gave her my Sentiments, by telling her it would be but Nonſenſe; " For the Girl, " ſays I, has called me Hobbeydyhoy, for I " imagine ſhe does not think me big and old " enough for her." " I am fully reſolved, " ſays ſhe, that you ſhall ſend her one more." Thinks I, when Beauty commands, who can deny? She then brought me the aforementioned Book, and made me write another letter (ſee Letter, No. II.) to Mrs. *Deane*; but after I had written it we could not think of a Way to convey it to her: For if *Pen* had taken it, the other would not have received it. But this Week Mr. *Clarke*'s youngeſt Daughter came and made *Partheniſſa* a Week's Viſit. In the mean time *Partheniſſa* informed her how deeply I was in love with *Betty Deane*; and that I could think of no Way to have a letter ſafely convey'd to her. " I beg, ſays *Parthe-* " *niſſa* to Miſs *Molly Clarke*) as your Pappa " is now at the *King's-Arms*, that you will " write to your Siſter, *Miſs Jenny*, and incloſe " Mr. *Parry*'s letter to *Betty Deane* in yours, " by which means *Betty Deane* will have Mr. " *Parry*'s letter by the Hands of Miſs *Jenny*." There being no great Occaſion for importuning, Miſs *Molly* writ to her Siſter, and incloſed my letter in her's. I carried it to the *King's Arms*, where Mr. *Clarke* was, and gave it him, telling him it was from Miſs *Molly Clarke*

Clarke to Miſs *Jenny*. As ſoon as Mr. *Clarke* went home, he gave the letter to Miſs *Jenny*, who read over mine, being unſeal'd purpoſely; then ſealed it, and gave it to *Bet. Deane*. She next Day came in a violent Paſſion to *Roſs*, and ſcolded at Miſs *Molly*, for making a Foot-Poſt of her Father. I being then at Mrs. *P.*'s, and hearing her uſe an innocent young Lady rudely, could not forbear giving her a harſh Sentence, intermix'd with an Oath or two; and lo! here ended this ſham Courtſhip.

If Mrs. *Deane* had really been a Woman of any Fortune, ſhe might have had ſome Reaſon for giving herſelf thoſe Airs. I afterwards begg'd her Pardon, and told her the Truth, *i. e.* that what I had written to her was only in Jeſt. *&c.* The Miſſes *Clarkes* (as *Partheniſſa* informed me afterwards) were concerned for my Paſſion to Mrs. *Deane*, and were ſorry ſhe had ſent ſo uncivil an Anſwer to my letter; the young ladies pitied my, as they imagined, unhappy Caſe, in loving *Bet. Deane*, and not being belov'd by her; but thoſe Ladies (as well as every one elſe) were deceived in my affairs, until Time brought my unhappy Amour with *Partheniſſa* to Light.

I was obliged (to ſo great a Height did our intimacy reach) to give *Partheniſſa* an Account where I went, what Company I actually kept, what money I expended; and would very often make me ſwear, that I offered no immodeſty to any Woman, ſince the Time I became acquainted with her; and that I ſhould not offer any rude Thing to any Woman for the future. I, at the ſame Time, would preſs her to marriage; her conſtant Anſwer was; "Stay

" Stay till I am of Age, and I will be your " Wife, or no man's upon earth; therefore " be patient, and give yourſelf no uneaſineſs; " Riches ſhall not tempt me to be any other " man's, and am reſolved to be lawfully " yours."

I thought this Declaration of hers ſo ſatiſfactory, that 'twas ſome conſiderable Time afterwards, before I made mention of the Word Matrimony to her.

About this Time (*March*, 1732) to viſit her Relations in *Roſs*, there came one Miſs *Mary Hill* from *London*. This young Gentlewoman had a good Voice, was fond of muſick, and being at the Houſe of a Friend of mine, I had the Opportunity of hearing her ſing, was delighted with her manner of Singing; and as ſhe knew nothing of muſick, any more than by Ear, I undertook to teach her an *Italian* Song or two. I ſoon made *Partheniſſa* acquainted with it; upon which ſhe flew into a Paſſion, and inſiſted that I ſhould not teach *Polly Hill* a Note more, untill ſhe had heard her ſing; nay, ſhe made me ſwear it. She then inſiſted that I ſhould go and fetch Miſs *Hill*, and bring her to the Organ-loft, and there make her ſing what little ſhe learnt of me Miſs *Hill* readily came, and ſung two or three Songs; during which time I never look'd at Miſs *Hill*, leſt *Partheniſſa* (who kept a ſtrict Eye upon me) ſhould think I had had a liking to her, and had much ado in perſuading *Partheniſſa* to the contrary; but ſhe expreſly laid her Commands upon me, that I ſhould not teach Miſs *Hill* one Note more; nor be even in her Company at any time or place

place whatsoever: All which Commands, as a sincere or rather fooliſh Lover, I carefully obey'd.

In the beginning of *April*, 1732. *M-- P--ll* Eſq; (Brother to Miſs by the Father's Side) ſent down an Account of the Death of his Spouſe. The poor Woman came of a Family hardly to he be match'd again. Her Grandfather was the noted Sir *R--r H--ll*, of *D--nham* of *Uxbridge*; her Father robbed a Church in *Thames-Street*, for which he (committing Sacrilege) was condemned to be hanged but was reprieved by Queen *Ann*, and afterwards died in *Iuelcheſter* Goal in *Somerſetſhire*; her Father's own Brother was hang'd at *Glouceſter*, for the Highway. All this I'll prove to be true; by which you may ſay how careful he was to marry into a polite Family, And the Reader will ſee further, before he has run over theſe memoirs, what particular Reaſons could have induced me to have given ſo juſt an Account of him and his Gang, I mean *M-- P--*, Eſq; The ſame Day that his Wife paid the Debt of Nature, he writ a Letter (which came to *Roſs* upon the 7th) requiring Mr's *P...*, and Miſs, to meet the deceaſed Corps, as chief mourners, by Ten of the Clock, at *Monmouth*, upon *Thurſday* the 14th of *April*.

This piece of News ſhock'd me; for the Thoughts of being abſent from my Fair One, made me look as diſmal as could a Dead Warrant, had it come for an Execution. As for Miſs's Part ſhe ſeem'd very much afflicted (the Day the Letter came) for the Death of her half Brother's Wife; but conſidering that Death's

Death's a Debt we all muſt pay, after I had done all that in my Power lay, to keep up her Spirits, ſhe comforted herſelf, and bore the Loſs with Chriſtian Patience.

I frequented the Houſe in the ſame manner as heretofore, altho' ſhe would not be ſeen or heard to play any muſick; and I had the more Time to tell her what Anxieties I ſhould be in, during her Abſence, *&c. Dear Mr.* Parry, ſaid ſhe, *do not grieve; for as I live and breathe, Mamma and I will not ſtay in* Monmouthſhire *above a Fortnight, I know 'tis a long while for a Lover to wait, but I fear, after Enjoyment, you will not think a much longer Stay tedious.* I tenderly embraced her, made her firm Proteſtations to the contrary, which very well ſatisfied her.

Wedneſday (the 13th of *April*) being come, proved the laſt Day 'till ſome conſiderable time, that I had the Pleaſure of her Converſation afterwards. I was determined to make Uſe of every Opportunity, ſo ſpent that Day with her; promiſing, at her Requeſt, ſincerely to avoid the Company of any Women, but thoſe of a good Character. "If you faithfully fulfil, "ſaid ſhe, what you promiſe, I will make "you amends by marrying you very ſoon; "and I do not in the leaſt doubt, but you'll "make up your defect of Fortune, by make-"ing the beſt of Huſbands." I, of Courſe, promiſed fair.

I went into the Room where Mrs. *P.* ſat, to take my leave of her for that Night: but, by Miſs's Appointment, came again a little before midnight, whiſtled ſoftly through the Key-hole, and the maid opened the Cellar through

through which I went in, and ſo up to the Kitchen, where Miſs ſate unlaced, and almoſt undreſs'd. The maid went up Stairs to pack up Linnen, *&c.* for the Journey; ſo that Miſs and myſelf being ſome Hours together, the old Lady ſafe in Bed, we eagerly claſp'd ourſelves in each other's Arms, embracing each other tenderly; I aſſuring her of my ſtrong Affection, ſhe me of her Love, and both of Conſtancy. At laſt the morning's dawn occaſioned our Separation; and, Heaven knows, not without a great deal of Reluctancy.

I came again at Ten o' Clock the ſame morning, in order to help them to fix their Portmanteaus, to get on Horſeback, and about Eleven they ſet out. As I was ſetting Miſs's Foot in the Stirrup, ſhe ſqueezed my Hand, and ſoftly whiſper'd, *Adieu, my Deareſt.*

After *Partheniſſa*'s Departure from *Roſs*, I was as ſolitary as *Noah*'s Dove; but yet I flatter'd myſelf with the Hopes of ſeeing her ſoon, and very often deſpaired of ſeeing her, and frequently ran up to the Houſe, expecting their coming Home, but to no Purpoſe, which gave me a great many inquietudes; and it was ſome months before ſhe returned again to *Roſs*.

When I found their Stay to be longer than firſt intended, I was in different minds very often, whether I had beſt make a Viſit into *Monmouthſhire*, or not: but again conſidering, that the Miſtreſs of my Wiſhes had not been gone above a month or ſo, I ſuſpended my Journey 'till *July* following, leſt my going

ſooner

ſooner ſhould be the Cauſe of raiſing any manner of Suſpicion.

When I came there, the old and young ladies expreſſed themſelves well pleaſed to ſee me; and the firſt Opportunity I had of being alone with her, I caught her in my Arms, preſs'd her to my Breaſt, and ſaid, "My "lovely Angel! How can you be ſo cruel, in "ſtaying here ſo long, after the many Pro-"miſes you made me of returning to *Roſs* in "a Fortnight? My Life, when you are ab-"ſent is nothing but a Series of Diſquietudes. "Mr. *Parry*, ſaid ſhe, I aſſure you I feel the "ſame Uneaſineſs, and ſympathize with you "in every thing. We (added ſhe) ſhould "have been at *Roſs* ſoon after my Siſter-in-"law was buried, but that my Brother has "wrote ſeveral Letters, deſiring us to ſtay "here till he comes from *London*, which, by "Promiſe Week after Week, was to have "been in *June*."

The old Lady interrupted us, by coming into the Parlour.

The next interview we had ſhe ſhook her Head, and ſaid, "*Ah!* Mr. *Parry*, the Death "of my Siſter will be a great Loſs to both of "us." "How can that poſſibly be, my "Angel, ſaid I?" "My Brother will marry "again, added ſhe, and then neither you nor "myſelf will be a Farthing the better for his "Eſtate, eſpecially if he has any Children; "and if it had not been the curſed Brandy "and Rum, ſhe might have been yet alive; "but, poor Woman! ſhe lov'd thoſe Liquors "prodigiouſly, and was ſuddled almoſt every "Day; ſo that it was impoſſible for her to hold

" hold out for ever." I had not been there above three Days before her Brother came from *London*. As I had heard a great deal of Talk concerning this Gentleman, was reſolved to make what Obſervations I could of him. The moment he alighted from his Chariot he ſaluted his Mother-in-law, then his Siſter-in-law, and ſaid, " Dear Miſs, I have brought you a " handſome Preſent, 'tis a *Dutch* Whelp that " my Servants ſtole from Miſs *N.* of the *Blue* " *Boar Inn* in *Holbourn:* 'Twas a Favourite; " my Coachman *William* broke the Collar " from off his Neck; and I aſſure you, Ma- " dam, I ſent my man *Ambroſe* with him as far " as *Uxbridge*, nine Days before I ſet out, " and ſo I took him up there, and brought " him to you." She thank'd him for the Preſent, and ſeem'd pleaſed with his out-of-the-way Harangue. As for my part, I proteſt I took him to be *Dicky Dickenſon*, alias *Scarborough Dicky*, late maſter of that *Spaw* in *Yorkſhire*, remarkable for impudent Wit, *&c.* And as Mr. *P.* could neither taſte nor ſmell, (thro' a natural deficiency in his Palate, I could not forbear thinking him to be the *Dicky*, whoſe Picture I had ſeen a ſhort time before, but was ſoon convinced to the contrary, for I found a great Deficiency here of common Underſtanding, as well as the Palate. Mr. *Robert Da--es*, an Attorney, aſked him (knowing his Weakneſs) to divide Thirteen Pence Half-penny, between three People; which ſimple Queſtion he could not reſolve, 'till 'twas put into his mouth by one *Will. Edmunds*, a Catchpole. I could give two or three Stories concerning him, by which ſome

would pity his Simplicity, but more laugh at his Weakneſs. In ſhort, altho' I have given myſelf this Trouble concerning him, he is not worth my Notice, and have nothing to do to make any mention of his Principles, thoſe being known to moſt in the Country, eſpecially Bakers, *&c.* Day-Labourers, and particularly to the Attornies, who have been employed againſt him. But to proceed. The firſt time he ſet footing into his Houſe after his Journey, I ſtood by the Kitchen Fire. As he paſs'd by me in his Way to the Parlour, I made his Worſhip a reverent Bow; he was too buſily engaged, to take much notice of me at that time; but upon his ſeeing me immediately afterwards, he aſk'd his Siſter who I was: She informed him, that I was the Organiſt of *Roſs*, that I taught her muſick, and that I came there to pay her Mamma and her a Viſit. "I "tell you what (ſays he to her) Egad theſe "Muſicians and Dancing-maſters are ſuch "damn'd gawdy Fellows, that there is no "ſuch thing as knowing them from men of "Fortune." Ah! thinks I (who heard him all this time unſeen) if that Speech had not come from thee, thy Brains moſt certainly muſt have come out.

As ſoon as Supper was ready, I was aſk'd to walk into the Parlour. Whilſt we were at Supper, he, in an obſcene manner, thruſt his Hand down his Siſter's Boſom, and was pleaſed to handle her ſnowy Bubbies, as a Bear would have done a Pancake. Then, ſays he to her, *Egad, Madam, theſe Breaſts begin to look and ſwell very prettily; I muſt look out for a Huſband for you; it ſhall be ſome honeſt Whig, for I hate*

I hate theſe damn'd Tories. I could with pleaſure (had it been any where elſe) have beaten his Paper Scull. Miſs, as well as myſelf, was ſo confounded, that we hardly knew how to look or behave. As ſoon as Supper was ended, he ordered in a particular Box to be open'd, wherein he kept his Books of Accounts: He then ſhew'd us his method of keeping them; and added he, *This is the exacteſt method in the World; 'tis the very ſame that the old Dutcheſs of* Marlborough *uſes.* For my part, I was ſoon tired of him, and made it my Buſineſs to be in private with his Siſter as much as poſſibly I could; but did not think it adviſeable to ſtay above a Day or two longer there, leſt they ſhould miſtruſt our intrigue; for, do all we could, we could not help ogling each other: And the Day before I went back to *Roſs*, I had the Pleaſure of being with her alone for above an Hour: in which time I earneſtly requeſted of her (if ſhe had any Regard for me) that ſhe would not make any long Stay there, but return to *Roſs*. *Dear* Mr. Parry (ſaid ſhe) *I will teize mamma every day till we come; but am afraid my Brother will not let us come until my Birth-day is over, which is the* 10*th of* October *next. But I will* (added ſhe) *perſuade my Brother to come to* Hereford *Muſick-meeting, and there I ſhall ſee what Sort of Women you keeep Company with.* "Dear Miſs, ſays I, "embracing her, your lovely idea is always in "my View, be it where, or in what Compa-"ny I will." So taking firſt my Leave of her, and then of the Family, I went back to *Roſs*.

In two or three Weeks afterwards, at Miſs's

Deſire, I ſent over a Quantity of *Indian* Seeds (which I had had from a Gentleman lately arrived from *Carolina*, and one that I had been acquainted with there) to ſow in her Brother's Garden; and, towards the latter End of *Auguſt* I ſent the Maid a Letter, which ſhe was to ſhew her young Miſtreſs; wherein I gave an Account what Time the Meeting at *Hereford* began; that there would be a grand Appearance, a fine Set of Performers; ſuch as Mr. *Grano*, Mr. *Feſting*, &c. And farther aſſured her, that the Town was free from the Small Pox. I went to *Hereford*; my Hopes of ſeeing her there were fruſtrated. The Horſe-Races being to begin at *Monmouth* the following Week, I was determined to go there; hoping, as ſhe was ſo near, that I ſhould ſee her there, with, or (much rather) without her Brother. Accordingly, I went from *Hereford* to *Monmouth*; but, to my great mortification, ſhe did not come there. By the time the Horſe-Race was over I had been from Home a Fortnight, and all my Caſh was gone. I could think of no properer Place to go and recruit, than at *Partheniſſa*'s, ſo went over, (being but five miles from *Monmouth*) and, from a neighbouring Houſe, ſent for the maid, told her I had ſpent all my money, and that I muſt beg of her to aſk her miſtreſs for ſome. *A Single Guinea* (ſays I) *will do the Buſineſs.* She ſaid ſhe would, and accordingly left me at the Houſe, expecting her Return with the money.

I would have gone myſelf to the Houſe, but that I did not in the leaſt care for the Converſation of the Brother. The maid return'd,

turn'd, gave her Miſtreſs and Miſs's Service to me, and moreover told me, that they deſired I would come to ſee them. Miſs's Name inſpired me; I went with the maid Home, where every one expreſs'd themſelves glad to ſee me, eſpecially *Partheniſſa* and her mother. As for the Eſquire (who was more proud than fat) he took as much Notice of me as I did of him, which on both Sides was little enough. After I had made mention of what News I was aſk'd, I wink'd at the maid; ſhe, knowing my meaning, call'd her miſtreſs out of the Parlour, leaving Miſs and myſelf behind. I caught her into my Arms, kiſs'd her, at the ſame time complaining of her long Stay, *&c.* "Dear Mr. *Parry*, ſaid ſhe, for "Heaven's Sake, and by all the Affection you "bear me, do not ſtay here any time; not "but I could be with you for ever: My Bro-"ther is of a miſtruſtful Temper, and has "aſked me already, whether or no you ever "kiſs'd, or made Love to me in any ſhape; "all which, you may be ſure, I denied." Here we embraced one another: "And, add-"ed ſhe, I beg you'll not ſtay now; for, by "all that's heavenly and ſacred I ſwear, it "ſhall not be above a month before we return "to *Roſs*." We vow'd Conſtancy and Affection to each other; and hearing ſomebody coming, we diſengaged ourſelves from one another's Arms. 'Twas Miſs's mother that came into the Parlour, who told me, that the maid was in the Hall, and wanted to ſpeak with me. I gueſs'd at the Buſineſs, took my leave of the mother and daughter, expecting to have received the Guinea by the Servant, at

that

that Time not caring to aſk for it myſelf, altho' there was more due to me.

I went into the Hall, where the maid was; from thence, with her, into the Church-yard, (which lies near the Houſe) where, to my Surprize, ſhe told me, her miſtreſs had ſent me all the ready money ſhe had, which was but eight Shillings; that her miſtreſs was ſorry ſhe had no more. *Damn the eight Shillings*, ſaid I, *this will do me no good, for I owe Ten in* Monmouth. However, I was forced to be contented, ſo went to *Roſs*, by Way of *Monmouth*, where I diverted myſelf as well as her abſence would let me, till *Decemher* following; when, about that time, *Partheniſſa*'s Brother got drunk, and, at Twelve o' Clock in the Night, turn'd *Partheniſſa* and her mother out of Doors; and, had they not been near ſome of their Tenants or Neighbours, they muſt inevitably have been ſtarv'd to Death: So that now Mrs. *P*--- thought it high time to return to her own Houſe in *Roſs*.

Some Days before this happen'd (as Miſs afterwards inform'd me) her mamma took her aſide, and told her, ſhe did not think of having me come to their Houſe as often as I had been heretofore, leſt People ſhould raiſe Lies, and ſpeak ill of Miſs, as Mrs. *Painter* had done a Year or two before, when Mr. *Tudor*, the Clergyman's Name, was called in queſtion, without any manner of Foundation. *Partheniſſa* ſtood like one confounded for ſome time, not knowing what was beſt to ſay: "At "laſt, ſaid ſhe, I do not care if he never "comes near the Houſe; and when the Spinnet "wants to be put in Tune, *Dick Painter* ſhall "tune

" tune it: As he has learnt muſick of Mr. " *Parry*, it is not to be doubted but he can " tune a Harpſicord or Spinnet." " No, " ſays the old Lady, whatever money I lay " out that Way, Mr. *Parry* ſhall get it, be- " cauſe I am ſure he is the propereſt Perſon." I dare be of Opinion, that Miſs thought ſo too, as well as her mother, and was much better pleas'd with hearing her expreſs herſelf ſo, than the old Lady was in ſpeaking ſo of me.

About the 18th of *December*, 1732, they came Home to *Roſs*. Among ſeveral of the Town, I went to welcome them Home, but had not the Opportunity of being alone with Miſs till ſome time after the Holidays, becauſe of the Town Girls; who, after ſo long abſence, viſited her daily and hourly; and believe ſome of them were as welcome to her, as Rain to a parching Climate; but others quite the Reverſe. During the Holidays, the Servant came to me into the Church-yard, and ſaid, *Lord! Mr.* Parry, *I cannot imagine what Sort of a Woman my miſtreſs is; neither do I know what to make of her: Laſt night ſhe was uneaſy at your ſtaying ſo long at our Houſe; and this morning ſhe was wiſhing that you wou'd come and dine with her.* I was chagrin'd at what the Servant had ſaid; and told her, I did not care if ever I came to the Houſe any more. But what I intended by ſo ſaying, was with an intent to know more, if poſſible, of her miſtreſs's Temper than I really did. The Servant begg'd of me, for God's ſake, to come to the Houſe as often as ever: *Or elſe* (added ſhe) *Miſs will know that I told you ſomething more*

more than ordinary, and then I ſhall never hear the laſt on't.

'Tis to be imagined that one in Love, as I was, did not require a great deal of Entreaty to go to the Place where the miſtreſs of his Affections was. I conſtantly attended her, renewed my Addreſſes, *&c.* and one Day in particular ſhe ſpoke to me as follows: *Dear Mr.* Parry, *it will be a good while before I ſhall be of Age; and, in all Probability, mamma will pay you off one Day or other, and ſend me to board at Mr.* Clarke's *of the Hill, or to ſome other Place; and then we, alas! muſt be parted. Mamma has been talking to me about it theſe two or three Days.*

This Diſcourſe was worſe than Daggers to me; I ſtood confounded, incapable of making her any Anſwer. *But,* added ſhe, *if you will court and marry* Dolly Dew, *or* Jenny Birch, *I will ſettle Six Hundred Pounds upon you the moment my Fortune comes into my own Hands: You ſhall get Mr.* Lewis, *or any Attorney, to draw my Promiſe in Writing; and when I am of Age (for you muſt not marry any one till then) I'll ſign the Writing before the Attorney, in the Preſence of any other Witneſs you can confide in; alſo before yourſelf, the Girl you make Choice of,* &c. *But,* added ſhe, *if you'll marry* Dolly Dew, *ſhe being a Favourite of mine, I will, beſides the Six Hundred Pounds, ſettle Two Hundred upon the firſt Child, and likewiſe ſtand Godmother to it.*

This *Dolly Dew* was a Mantua-maker, about Seventeen, a blooming, finical Girl, fitter for a Play-thing of her Chriſtian Name, than a Huſband. Mrs. *Birch* was an agreeable Woman,

Woman, ſomething above Twenty-one; and withal, a Woman capable of making any man happy.

I was angry at *Partheniſſa*'s Propoſal, and ſaid, *Dear Miſs, can you, after the moſt ſolemn Vows and Proteſtations that have paſs'd between us, of Love and Conſtancy, aſk me to make Love to any other Woman?* Dolly *is a lively Girl, and* Jenny Birch *a very agreeable young Woman; but had they each of them a million, I would not, was it in my power, marry either of them.* And laying my Hand upon her Breaſt, I ſaid to her, *Here my Affections are rooted, my Heart is here fixed; I call Heaven to Witneſs, that 'tis you, and only you, I can love upon Earth; and as I have no Regard to any thing but your lovely perſon, 'tis barbarous in you to ſtrive to diſſolve the Love and Friendſhip between us, that has been ſo long cementing.* She then lean'd her Head upon my Shoulder, and after ſome Kiſſes interchangeably, "Well, Mr. *Parry*, ſaid ſhe, "what I propoſed to you concerning *Dolly* "*Dew* and *Jenny Birch*, was only to try "your Conſtancy; if you had conſented to "the Propoſal which I offer'd you, I was ful- "ly reſolved never to ſpeak to you, never to "admit you into my Company, never to think "of you any more, but with Horror. Since "I find you conſtant, love on, and be happy, "as you can wiſh." I need not mention the agreeable Surprize; I obey'd her Commands, and thought myſelf very happy.

In the Spring of the Year 1732-3, the Small Pox broke out at *Roſs*, and prov'd very fatal, ſo that Miſs and her mother hardly ever ſtirr'd out of Doors, becauſe neither of them had had it.

it. The old Lady ſtuff'd all the Windows with Tobacco Duſt, in order to keep out the infectious Air. As for myſelf, pretending to be as fearful as either of them, I carried daily a large Bundle of Rue in my Boſom, and took care to obſerve the old Lady's Directions, which was not to go near any Houſe that the Small-Pox was in. This Caution of hers gave me an Opportunity of ſtaying Hours in a Day longer than uſual at the Houſe; which exactly fitted my Purpoſe, wiſhing for nothing more than I really had, except the entire Poſſeſſion of her Daughter, *&c.*

Before I proceed any farther in my Amour, I will relate one inſtance of Mrs. *P*--'s Weakneſs, *&c.*

Mrs. *P.* was a comely Gentlewoman of 56, and formerly had been counted a Beauty. She was thought, by moſt People, to be a good Chriſtian, was a Communicant, *&c.* yet her Temper was ſuch, if ſhe took the leaſt Pique againſt any one, ſhe was for ever irreconcileable: She was conceited to the laſt Degree, and valued herſelf much upon reading Hiſtories, *&c.* and yet I could make her believe any thing. She was of Opinion, that the Northern Lights were particular Signs of the World's being near its Period. If any Light extraordinary appeared in the Horizon, then, to be ſure, the North-Pole would be on Fire, and the World was to be quickly at an End. If a Star ſhone brighter than ordinary, I could, and have done ſeveral times, made her come to the Door, and gaze upon it half an Hour together.

One

One Day, going to the Houſe, ſhe met me between the Street Door and the Kitchen; *Mr.* Parry, ſays ſhe, *I have got ſomething, that if a Perſon carries it about him or her, 'twill be a means to ſtop any infection of the Small Pox: But*, added ſhe, *you muſt doctor it for me.* I went into the Kitchen with her, and what ſhould this ſurprizing Antidote be, but about two Ounces of Mercury in a ſmall Vial. This I put into three different Quills, and ſtopp'd them up with black Sealing-wax. I had one, Miſs another, and the third ſhe kept herſelf. In a Day or two after it thunder'd and lighten'd moſt terribly; Mrs. *P.* and Miſs, being always affrighted at ſuch times, begg'd of me (as if I could hinder the Storm) to ſtay that Evening there: I comply'd with their Requeſt. There we ſat in the Dark, ſhutting all the Window-ſhutters, and the old Lady diverting herſelf, as well as ſhe could, by ſmoaking, which ſhe did daily, and in no ſmall Quantity; but being too near the Fire whilſt it thunder'd, ſhe heated her Petticoats to that Degree, that the Wax which ſtopt the Quick-ſilver'd Quill was melted. It got among ſome Silver ſhe had in her Pocket, and ſo disfigur'd it, that it look'd like Pieces of new-caſt Pewter. She was very much ſurprized at the firſt Sight of the metamorphoſed Coin; and aſk'd me, *What could be the Reaſon of the Money's being ſo prodigious bright?* I told her, *It could be nothing but the Thunder and Lightning, which happen'd the Day before.* She believed me, and ſhew'd the Pieces to Mrs. *Morſe*, a Milliner, and to ſeveral others, as an extraordinary Curioſity. I had three Shillings to ſhew my

my Companions (as ſhe thought) but took care to rub off the Mercury with wet Salt, ſo ſpoil'd the Curioſity. Miſs knew, as well as myſelf, what had occaſioned the alteration in the money, would not contradict what I had ſaid, but afterwards begg'd me, for God's Sake, *Not to impoſe upon her Mamma any more, for if once ſhe found me making Sport of her, ſhe never would forgive me: And that is the Way*, added ſhe, *to make us both miſerable, by being for ever ſeparated.*

I happened in *March* 1733, to be at *Monmouth*, playing at Billiards at the *King's-Head*; e'er a Game was finiſhed, a Woman almoſt out of Breath, came and enquired for the Organiſt of *Roſs*. She was ſhewed up to me. After aſking her what Buſineſs ſhe came upon, ſhe inform'd me, that Mrs. *Hunt* was dropt down dead, at Mrs. *Margaret Seys*'s. This Mrs. *Hunt* was an elderly Gentlewoman, of a very good Family, one whom I had formerly been very well acquainted with in *Charleſtown*, and other Places in *South Carolina*. I ran immediately to Mrs. *Seys*'s, and ſaw the Family in Tears upon the unhappy Accident. All the methods that could be thought of were put in Execution, in order, if poſſible, to ſave her Life, but they prov'd ineffectual. Mrs. *Seys*, her Siſter, and others that were in Company with Mrs. *Hunt* the Day before her Deceaſe, inform'd me, *That Mrs.* Hunt *declared, was ſhe to depart this Life at any Time whilſt I liv'd, ſhe would leave me every Thing ſhe died poſſeſs'd of, was it to the Value of Ten Thouſand Pounds, becauſe I had ſhewed her more Civility than any Relation in* England; *and take Notice,*

ſays

ſays ſhe, *whenever I die, Mr.* Parry *ſhall be my Executor* The two Mrs. *Seys*'s begg'd I would take the Executorſhip upon me; that I would come at Mrs. *Hunt*'s Effects; for, ſhould they be at the Expence of buryiug her, as the Effects lay in the Hands of the Deceaſed's Relations, it would be the means of putting them to great inconveniencies. I took the matter upon me without any great Perſuaſions, and gave immediate Orders for a Shroud, Coffin, Hatbands, Gloves, *&c.* I then ſet out for *Roſs*, where the Premiſes lay, and ſecured them for my own Uſe. As ſoon as I had done that, I return'd to *Monmouth*, and bury'd the old Gentlewoman there in a handſome manner. I got, by the old Gentlewoman's Death, 40 Gallons of Madeira Wine in Caſks, 5 Dozen in Bottles, 30 Yards of fine Muſlin, 500 Yards of Ribbons, 3 fine Bed Quilts, her Wearing Apparel, 35 Yards of fine Cloth, made of a mixture of Cotton and Holland, 3 Gold Rings, and a Bond of Forty Pounds Sterling, dated 1731, upon a Gentleman in *South Carolina*. Mrs. *Powel* had the Cloth at her own Price, which was like her Conſcience; and that, God knows, was little enough. The Bond I ſent over by a *New-England* merchant, one *John Furney*, Eſq; an inhabitant of *Marble-Head*, but as yet have heard nothing of it. As for the reſt, I made away with it in the beſt manner that ſuited my Conveniency.

About this time Mr. *Lewis C. A. Grano*, the celebrated Trumpet, came to *Roſs*, and took Lodgings near the Town, for the Benefit of the Air. As its common for gay Gentlemen

to inquire what Ladies there are, who are the beſt Fortunes in a Town, *&c.* ſo Mr. *Grano* enquired at his Lodgings who were the beſt in *Roſs*. They informed him of *Partheniſſa*; and as he frequented the Church daily, had an Opportunity of ſeeing her often, by reaſon of Mrs. *P---*'s living cloſe to the Church-yard. Mr. *Grano*, after having pretended to have convers'd with ſome of the fineſt Women in the Kingdom, thought *Partheniſſa* very agreeable, and was reſolved to make Love to her.

I happened to go to *Wigmore*, a ſmall Town the farthermoſt Part of *Herefordſhire*, where I ſtay'd nine Days. Whilſt abſent from *Roſs*, Mr. *Grano* writ her a Love-letter, and begg'd the Favour of one Mrs. *Hannah Mann* (whoſe Brother's Houſe Mr. *Grano* lodg'd at, as ſhe was acquainted with *Partheniſſa*) to give her the letter. Mrs. *Mann*, willing to oblige Mr. *Grano*, took the Letter from him, and went to Mrs. *P---*'s with it, under pretence of paying Miſs a Viſit. After a little Chat Mrs. *Mann* gave Miſs the Letter; and ſaid ſhe was deſired ſo to do by the Gentleman that lodg'd at their Houſe; and that he was the Perſon that Miſs had ſeen at Church ſo often.

Miſs took the Letter from Mrs. *Mann*, immediately carry'd it up Stairs to her mother, who open'd it. Whilſt ſhe was reading it, Miſs came down again into the Parlour; before ſhe had time to ſay any thing, Mr. *Grano*, and another Siſter of Mrs. *Mann*'s knock'd at the Door, and were immediately ſhew'd into the Parlour to *Partheuiſſa* and Mrs. *Mann*. After ſome *Congee*'s, Curt'ſy's, *&c.* Mr. *Grano*

no begg'd the Favour of a Leſſon upon the Spinnet from *Parthenissa*; but ſhe would not oblige him neither upon the Spinnet nor the Flute, which ſhe likewiſe play'd on, tho' very much importuned by Mr. *Grano*, and the two Siſters.

By this Time the old Lady had read over Mr. *Grano*'s Letter; and, in an angry Tone, ordered the maid to call Miſs out of the Parlour, who, no ſooner, came into the Kitchen, but her mother took her up Stairs, and bid the maid ſhut the Kitchen Door, to leave the Street and Parlour Doors open, *That*, ſaid ſhe, *the Gentry may at their own Leiſure go out as they came in.* Mr. *Grano* and Company all this while ſtood dumb, as Mutes at a Funeral, and finding not any one to come near them, did, as they call it in *London*, take themſelves away.

The next day Mrs. *P----l* ſent for Mrs. *Mann*, and aſk'd her, how ſhe dar'd to bring Letters to her Daughter from any man. Poor Mrs. *Hannah* made the beſt Apology ſhe was miſtreſs of; aſſured Mrs. *P---* he was a Gentleman of Fortune, *&c.* *If he is*, ſays Mrs. *P---*, *keep him to yourſelves*; *you have more occaſion for his Fortune than my Daughter. Pray take his Letter back, and let me ſee neither his nor your Face near my doors any more.* Mrs. *Mann*, glad of the Opportunity, took the Letter, went Home, and never after that Time was at Mrs. *P---*'s.

Mr. *L. A. Grano*, ſoon after, having heard how Mrs. *Mann* had been uſed, came to ſpeak with Mrs. *P---*. After ſhe had aſk'd him his Buſineſs, he told her, he hop'd, as ſhe did not

think it proper that he ſhould wait upon her daughter, ſhe would make no Words about it, nor think ill of any thing that had paſt. "Sir, "(ſaid ſhe, in a haughty manner, peculiar to "herſelf) I ſhall not think it worth my while;' with that ſhe turned from him, as if ſhe had thought him a Beggar.

For my Part, (who had ſeen Mr. *Grano* in other Counties) I thought him (as moſt People that knew him did) a pretty Gentleman, a Perſon that no Woman could diſlike, and one that married *Partheniſſa*'s Superior, both in Fortune and Family.

When I returned from *Wigmore*, I was inform'd of all that I have related concerning this Affair by Mr. *D*--- *M*---, Surgeon; but *Partheniſſa* took no manner of Notice of it to me, neither did I to her, 'till above a month afterwards; and when I mentioned it to her, ſhe gave exactly the ſame account to me of this ſhort Amour, as Mr. *M.* had done before; And (added ſhe) the only Reaſon that I did not tell you of it before was, I was afraid it would make you jealous.

Before this interview of her's and mine, (after the information of Mr. *M*---'s) I one day overtook Mr. *Grano*, in a Walk near *Roſs* Church-yard. After ſome diſcourſe, foreign to Mrs. *P.*'s affair, I told him I was ſorry to hear of the cold Reception he met with at Mrs. *P*---'s; that if he had given me the Letter he had written to Miſs (inſtead of the Perſon that carried it) he might have depended upon an Anſwer. "Mr. *Parry*, ſays he, "I am heartily obliged to you, and wiſh it "had been my good Fortune to have ſent it "by

" by you, but unhappily, you was not at " Home, *&c.* I am informed (ſaid he again) " that Miſs writes a very fine Hand; I ſhould " be very much obliged to you, if I could ſee " ſomething of her Hand-writing." That you ſhall, Sir, ſays I; ſo took my leave of him; immediately went to *Partheniſſa*, and begg'd ſhe would write me out half a Dozen Verſes of any ſort that pleaſed her beſt. *Pray* (ſays ſhe) *who are they for?* " They are " (ſays I) for a Gentleman of my Acquain- " tance, that lodges at Mr. *Mann*'s, at *Old-* " *Town's-Court.*" As before hinted, I knew of Mr. *Grano*'s being at Mrs. *P*--'s, but took no manner of notice of it to any one.

Partheniſſa very readily went, writ about Fourteen or Sixteen Lines; and the laſt were upon a Beau's being dreſs'd at a Looking-Glaſs. To the beſt of my memory, 'twas theſe:

Here this vain thing ſets up for man,
But ſee what Fate attends him;
The powd'ring Barber firſt began,
The Barber-Surgeon ends him.

" Mr. *Parry* (ſaid ſhe, as ſhe gave them " me) theſe Verſes ſuit the Stranger that you " ſpeak of." I could not forbear laughing at my peruſing of them, made what haſte I could to wait upon Mr. *Grano* with them, who was extremely well pleas'd therewith; and afterwards behaved towards me like a Brother, during the ſhort Time I had the Pleaſure of his Acquaintance.

That Summer, 1733, *Partheniſſa* paid ſome long Viſits at *the Hill*, (the Seat of *Joſ. Clarke*, Eſq;) I often went into *Monmouthſhire* till the Beginning of *September*, when the Triennial Muſick-meeting was to be held at *Glouceſter*; and reſolving to have new Cloaths againſt that Time, was obliged to conſult with her what Colour, *&c.* to have, as much as if ſhe was to have paid for what I wore. She pitch'd upon a Copper-colour'd Coat and Breeches; and as the Prince of *Orange*'s Marriage was very much talk'd of, an Orange-colour'd Waiſtcoat, laced; For (ſays ſhe) Mamma will like you the better, becauſe ſhe will think you a Whig. I fitted myſelf according to Order; and before my Journey for *Glouceſter*, I went to ſee her. She made me ſolemnly ſwear that I would not meddle, or ſalute any Woman, until I returned back to her. I complied with her Requeſt in every Point. I returned from *Glouceſter*, in Company with Mr. *Valentine Snow*, the Trumpet, ſome *French* Horns that belong'd to the Opera, Mr. *Harry Parry*, the famous Harp, and others, who were determined to have a Concert at *Monmouth* Horſe-Race; and as we came through *Roſs*, I ran up to Miſs, and told her, that I was obliged to be at *Monmouth*, becauſe I had promiſed the Muſicians to do them all the Service I could there; ſhe ſeem'd very uneaſy; I embraced her, and ſwore, that nothing but Death, or ſome great accident, ſhould keep me a day longer than the Horſe-Race laſted.

I have obſerved before, that the Small-Pox broke out in *Roſs*, the beginning of this year. Whilſt I was at *Monmouth*, it broke out at Mrs,

Mrs. *K--le*'s, a Widow Gentlewoman, who lived next door to Mrs. *P--*'s; upon which Mrs. *P.* immediately removed from that neighbourhood, to one Mrs. *H--n*'s, a Milliner, the oppoſite Side of the Church-yard. This was a great mortification to me, becauſe as they rented but two Rooms, it was an impoſſibility for me to have the Bleſſing of being in private with Miſs, for the tedious Space of two months.

This Year there was a Troop of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Stair*'s Regiment (but now Lord *Cadogan*'s) quarter'd in *Roſs*, and moſt Part of the time they lay there, the Honourable *Tho. H--*, Eſq; was the commanding Officer. That Honourable Gentleman was pleaſed to take a great deal of Notice of me, and made me ſeveral handſome Preſents: So that (unleſs 'twas when I was with *Partheniſſa*) I moſt commonly was in his Company. Upon the 29th of *October*, Sir *D. W.* Bart. came to *Roſs*, with ſeveral others, in order to celebrate his Majeſty's Birth-day. After the Dragoons had fired their Rounds, Sir *D.* and others gave them money, and the Gentlemen crown'd the Evening.

The next morning I came to the *King's-Arms* Inn, where were Mr. *H.* and Sir *D.* Upon my coming into the Kitchen Sir *D.* aſk'd him who I was. Says Mr. *H.* he is your Countryman, an honeſt Taffy, our Organiſt; if you pleaſe Sir *D.* he ſhall go and give us a Voluntary upon the Organ. *With all my Heart*, reply'd Sir *D.* We went to the Church, where I diverted them to the beſt of my abilities; from thence we went down to the

the *King's-Head* Inn, where we did nothing but carouze, *&c.* 'till the Fifth of *November*. By that Time Mr. *H.* (not being uſed to ſuch hard drinking as Sir *D.* had been) was very much out of Order, he took a Walk out of Town, leaving Orders with the Serjeants, for Firings by the Dragoons. Had not Mrs. *P.* at this time lodged at Mrs. *H*--'s (where I could have no manner of intercourſe with her daughter) Sir *D.* would not have had ſo much of my Company, indifferent as it was; but as there was an improbability of being with Miſs, I could not leave Sir *D.* by himſelf, although I was well nigh as ſick as Mr. *H.* Sir *D.* was very uneaſy at his abſence; I aſſured him that he was almoſt dead with drinking; Sir *D.* ſwore he would write him a Letter, and that I ſhould carry it; which he did, and was as follows.

To the Honourable THO. H--R, *Eſq*;

SIR,

METhinks, like Jove, *I ſtill here boldly ſtand,*
The Drawer watching my divine Command.
Like Him I Thunder, like Him I'm obey'd,
Pomona, Thetis, Bacchus, *ſtare diſmay'd,*
To ſee their Cordials make me not afraid.
But yet Dominion has a ghaſtly Hue,
Ten Thouſand phantoms preſent to my View,
And all is owing to the Want of you.
Come here, and give me but one gracious Nod.
I'll make you drunk, or you ſhall me, by G--.

Nov. 5, 1733. D. W.

As

As ſoon as I delivered the Letter to Mr. *H.* (altho' he was not very well) he could not forbear laughing; he came with me to Sir *D*---, where we ſtaid two days longer, at the End of which Time he returned towards *Brecknockſhire*, ſo that now I had Time to cool myſelf.

In the Beginning of *December* Mrs. *P.* return'd to her own Houſe; every Thing went as I could wiſh; every Evening I ſpent there at Cards. The moſt conſtant Viſiters were Mrs. *M--ſe*, a Milliner, and Mrs. *Eliz. Dew.* Our Game, generally, was *Quadrille*. *Partheniſſa*, as well as myſelf, often obſerved Mrs. *Dew* to look over our Hands, which we not thinking fair Play, contrived the following method to be even with her. As 'tis the Cuſtom of that Game, after having had leave (which is not given, if any one of the Gameſters has an inclination to play *Sans prendre*, *i. e.* for one to play againſt the other three) to name the Trump before they call a King, ſo Miſs and myſelf were ſure of calling each other by the following Signs, if 'twas in either of our turns. The Sign for the King of Spades, the Hand was to be laid flat upon the table; the Hand was to be clinch'd when the King of Clubs wanted to be call'd; the King of Hearts her Sign would be to ſtick a Pin in her Gown, under her Left Breaſt: I was to put my Right Hand in my Boſom: For the King of Diamonds, we rubb'd either an Eye or a Finger. By this method I often got ſpending money: Had we play'd for a Shilling a Fiſh, I ſhould have got very conſiderably.

Nothing

Nothing very remarkably happened between Miſs and myſelf, 'till *Wedneſday*, the 6th of *March*, 1733-4, at which time I went to Mrs. *P*--'s in the morning. As ſoon as Miſs heard me playing, ſhe came and told me ſhe was going to breakfaſt at Mrs. *Morſe* the Milliner's; that ſhe would be back again by Eleven o' Clock, and deſired that I would ſtay 'till her Return. *I'll take a Walk* (ſaid I) *down into the Town, and will be here again by your Return*, and went out about five minutes before her. I accidentally went into Mr. *Dew*'s Shop, a Mercer; and not having ſeen one of his Daughters for ſome Weeks, the minute ſhe came to the ſhop, I ſaluted her. In the interim *Partheniſſa* coming down the Street fronting the Shop, ſaw me; I turned about, ſaw Miſs bluſh, and ſtood confuſed for ſome ſhort time; then turned about, and inſtead of going to Mrs. *Morſe*'s returned home again. I was quickly ſenſible of my error, and heartily wiſh'd I had not ſeen *Dolly Dew*, or at leaſt that *Partheniſſa* had not ſeen me ſalute her, becauſe I knew her to be naturally jealous, ſo made the beſt of my Way up after her. I no ſooner enter'd the Parlour, where ſhe ſat expecting me) but ſhe ſhut the door, and in a diſdainful Air, greeted me in the manner following. *Sir, you love me, don't you? Madam*, ſaid I, *what Reaſon have you to call it in Queſtion? Sir*, ſaid ſhe again, *I am glad I have found you out in Time. Find me out!* ſays I, (pretending to be in a greater Surprize than I, really was) *What do you mean, Madam? What do I mean?* ſays ſhe, *Did not I ſee you kiſs* Dolly Dew? *If you did*, ſays I, *Where's the damage?*

damage? Is there any Harm in giving a modeſt Girl of your Acquaintance one Kiſs? A modeſt one! ſays ſhe angrily, *if it had been a modeſt one, there would have been no Occaſion for your having one Hand round the Slut's Waiſte, and t'other round her Neck: But what could I expect from ſuch a Scoundrel, Beggar, and Vagabond as you are?*

I muſt confeſs, I ever had a great Regard for that excellent Sex, as the moſt beautiful Part of the Creation, and ever ſhall think, that of all Follies in man, there is none more excuſable than that of Love: But yet I am, by the malignity of my Stars, paſſionate (as well as moſt of my Country) and could not help, after having received ſuch ill Language, falling into a great Paſſion, repeating the Words, Scoundrel, Beggar, Vagabond, *&c.* and, upon her endeavouring to ſtop me from going away, I puſh'd her from me, and bid her go to the Devil, ſo left her, intending never to ſpeak any more to her, or come near the Place where ſhe was. She call'd after me to no purpoſe. I went and dined with a *Welch* young Gentleman at the Poſt-Office; after Dinner, he challenged me to play a Game at Fives with him, with Battle-boards. I accepted it; and (as my Boards were at Mrs. *Powel*'s) ſent one *Scott* (a Joyner's Son) for them. He knock'd at the door, which was opened by Miſs. He aſk'd her for the Boards, but ſhe told him, ſhe knew nothing of them, and that ſhe deſired to ſpeak with me. The Boy deliver'd me his meſſage; I bid him go back and tell her they were in the Parlour Chimney; that if ſhe did not ſend them ſhe might keep them

them, for that I never would come for them. The Boy went again, and brought me one Board, and aloud in the Churchyard told me, that *Partheniſſa* would not ſend the other; that ſhe deſired, for God Almighty's Sake, to ſpeak one Word with me. I gueſs'd at the Buſineſs; and altho' I was very much concern'd at what had paſs'd, yet was reſolv'd to put on the man of Spirit, even as if I had had a Fortune to have commanded one of twice of hers. I went: As ſoon as I enter'd the Parlour ſhe faſten'd the door, and, in a Flood of tears, dropp'd upon her Knees, ſaying, *Dear, dear Mr* Parry, *for God's ſake forgive me for being ſo ſilly and indiſcreet, in calling you ſuch ſcandalous Names, for which I am ſorry at my Heart.* Stout as I thought myſelf, here my Courage fail'd. What can't moving tears of Beauty melt? Love in Gaiety may affect, but Love in mourning only truly wounds the Heart. I fell at her Feet, weeping as faſt as herſelf, begg'd of her to riſe, for (by Heaven I ſwore it) I forgave her with all my Soul. *No, Mr.* Parry (ſaid ſhe) *I will never riſe 'till you ſwear the greateſt Oath you can think of, that you ſincerely forgive me.* I then, upon my Knees, wiſh'd that the Almighty would ſtrike me with immediate death, if I did not forgive her with all the Sincerity that one Chriſtian could another; and that I never would mention to her what had paſs'd. I then took her up from her kneeling Poſture, and begg'd of her not to fling herſelf into ſuch violent Paſſions for trifles; aſſured her, that if my kiſſing of *Dolly Dew* had been ſo very diſagreeable to her, I would, for the future, avoid giving her any manner of

Offence

Offence that way, by kiſſing no Woman except herſelf. *Well*, ſaid ſhe, *dear Mr.* Parry, *for ever hereafter I never will be jealous of you, unleſs I really catch you in the Arms of another.* After almoſt an endleſs Kiſs, I excuſed myſelf from ſtaying longer, becauſe the *Welch* young Gentleman waited for me in the Church-yard, but ſhe would not let me go, 'till I had promiſed to return back to her as ſoon as the Gentleman and I had play'd a Game or two. I return'd in about two Hours: She was fonder of me than ever I had obſerv'd her to be; for my Part I doated upon her. As we were converſing that Evening, I obſerved her on a ſudden to pauſe a while; juſt as I was going to aſk her Thoughts, ſhe ſpake to me as follows: *Mr.* Parry, *ſince you have been ſo good to forgive me what happened this morning, I will deny you nothing in the World that you ſhall aſk me, provided it is in my power to grant it. Then, dear Miſs*, ſaid I, (embracing her) *give me yourſelf; for there is nothing this ſide the Grave, that I ſo much deſire. If you'll be pleaſed to give your Conſent, I will get a Clergyman, Licence, and Ring immediately. Dear Mr.* Parry, replied ſhe, *it is impoſſible for us to be married, at this Time, by any Parſon whatſoever, unknown to Mamma, or my Relations, neither will I by any means venture at it; but as we love almoſt to Diſtraction, I will let you enjoy me; but not before we have read the Ceremony over ourſelves; we ſhall then be man and wife in the Sight of Heaven, 'till we have a Conveniency of being ſo in the Sight of the World: And*, added ſhe, *we will marry one another whilſt Mamma is at Church to morrow morning; and I will pretend to be out of order, leſt ſhe ſhould aſk*

me to go to Church with her. 'Tis to be imagined, this Declaration of her's was the moſt welcome Thing in the World to me, who went home overjoy'd at the Thought of what Treaſure I was to poſſeſs the next Day.

Their own Servant, who was ſomething related to Miſs's Father, was in *Monmouthſhire* at this Time, dunning the Tennants, which we were both glad of and a ſluggiſh Girl officiated for her. Next morning, (being *Tueſday March* 7, 1733-4) after thinking every minute an Hour, I haſten'd to Mrs. *P*--'s, where I ſtaid with my Charmer 'till 'twas Church-Time. When her mother was going thither, ſhe aſk'd Miſs if ſhe would go with her; Miſs excuſed herſelf, by ſaying ſhe was not well, *&c.* ſo had the Pleaſure of ſeeing the old Lady go alone. Now, thinks I, is the Time for my Happineſs. I ſent the Girl, who was as ſlow as a Snail, for a Penny worth of *Scotch* Snuff, at ſuch a diſtance from Mrs. *P*--'s, that another would have gone ſix times as far in the time that ſhe went and came. I immediately lock'd the Street Door, went to the Kitchen, where Miſs was ſitting by the Fire-ſide; I took her by the Hand, and led her into the Parlour. *Dear Miſs*, ſaid I, embracing her, *now is the time to make your Yeſterday's promiſe good*; *nay, I now will be ſo free as to inſiſt upon it.* She would have deferr'd it, but I was too much in Love to be put off any longer, and inſiſted upon the Performance of her Promiſe at that very Time; upon which, ſhe ran up Stairs, and brought down a very remarkable Ring, (it had been formerly loſt by the Mother, for ſeven Years, and upwards, and afterwards was found in a Dunghill) with which

which we married each other, reading over the Ceremony, Word for Word, as it is in the Common-Prayer-Book. I need not tell the Reader what happen'd after the marriage-Ceremony between us; but before the old Lady, together with the Girl, return'd, I poſſeſs'd all that my Soul could wiſh.

It would have been, after that happy Day, an Impoſſibility to have found a fonder Couple upon Earth, each of us being diſcontented when aſunder. For her Part ſhe kept a watchful Eye upon all my Actions; particularly, one Day being at Mr. *Pew*'s, ſhe ſaw me with two young Women at the *King's-Head* Door, and heard me talk *Welch* to them. I ſaw her Colour change; ſhe immediately went Home. I knew very well that my being with the two Girls had diſoblig'd her. As I knew them to be of a very good Family and modeſt, I aſk'd 'em to go up, and hear the Organ, and ſee the Church, *&c.* they readily conſented; and alſo to let *Partheniſſa* ſee that I did nothing but what I would impart to her, I took the young Women up by the Door, and ſo to the Church where I play'd the Organ to them. As we were coming out of the Church, I had a Letter *(See Numb.* 3.*)* deliver'd to me from *Partheniſſa*, by a young Woman. I took Leave of the young Women. The minute I perus'd the Letter went to Mrs. *P*--'s, and into the Parlour; where I had not been long, before Miſs came rubbing her eyes, which look'd as red as Ferrets with crying. "Good God! ſaid I "(claſping her in my Arms) what Occaſion "have I given to my lovely Angel, to ſend me "ſuch a Letter? What reaſon have I ever given

"you

" you to be ſo diſquieted"? Reclining her Head tenderly upon my Shoulder, ſhe ſaid, " Ah! " did I not ſee thee with two ſtrange young " Women? 'Tis worſe than Death, for one " that loves as I love, to ſee thee with other " Women". I aſſur'd her, " They were " my Country Women; that I had ſhew'd " them the Church, *&c.* out of mere civility, " becauſe I knew them to be of a good Fami- " ly, and modeſt Women. Ah! ſaid ſhe, but " thou didſt kiſs them; I know thou couldſt " not forbear. By Heav'n ſays I, I did not; " and I do aſſure my deareſt, that I would not " give a Doit, to kiſs any Woman in *Europe* be " ſides thyſelf". She believ'd me; we were reconcil'd again.

In the Spring of this Year (1734) Mrs. *P*-- quitted the Houſe ſhe had liv'd at, and took an Apartment in the Houſe of Mrs. *K..e*, a Widow Gentlewoman, who boarded her Grandchildren. This gave Miſs and myſelf a great deal of uneaſineſs, becauſe the Children; who, by their natural way of peeping in every Crack and Corner, might ſee us in the midſt of our Embraces. In order to prevent it, I told the old Lady, the greateſt Inconveniency that attended their being there, was the Childrens running too and fro into the Parlour, *&c.* when any Strangers came there. " Really Mr. " *Parry*, ſaid ſhe, that's true; I wiſh you " would contrive ſome way or other, to pre- " vent their running in and out of the Parlour. " Glad of the opportunity, I told her, I " would do it inſtantly". I then went to the Carpenter's, and had a Button made, which I nail'd on the Inſide of the Parlour Door, and call'd

call'd the old Lady to ſee my Contrivance, with which ſhe was mightily pleas'd: But, I believe, if ſhe had known the real Uſe of it, ſhe would ſoon have had it knock'd off again. Very often the ſervant would interrupt Miſs and me, by coming into the Parlour, when her abſence would have been more excuſable; but ſhe could not come in, until I had turn'd the Button; and when I twiſted the Spring Lock, I commonly gave it a damn, which gave her no Suſpicion at all concerning what her young Miſtreſs, and I was about; for ſhe would often ſay, that the Lock was ſpoil'd for want of oiling.

I conſtantly came at Eight o'Clock in the morning in Summer. If Miſs was not ſtirring I hit the Ceiling three times with my Cane; ſhe return'd the Compliment with the Heel of her Shoe upon her Chamber Floor. If ſhe did not come down at the firſt Signal, I always play'd a Running Baſs, which was a Signal that I was impatient for her; that I could not ſtay, *&c.* at which ſhe very often would run down Stairs, without Stays or Stockings, and be with me, in that Dreſs, till Breakfaſt Time; then indeed, ſhe always took care to alter her Dreſs.

During the Space of a Year or two before this Time, a great many People were of Opinion, that Mr. *Doomſday*, A. B. of *Baliol College*, *Oxon* (whom I have made ſome mention of before) paid his Addreſſes to *Partheniſſa*, and that I was the Perſon who carry'd on the Amour between them. The Reaſon People had for ſuggeſting this, was, that Mr. *Doomſday* was always talking of her Shape,

Air, and amiable Qualifications; Altho', by his Leave, I was the beſt Judge of her Perfections, as well as Imprefections. Mr. *Doomſday* was always fond of my Company; and, if any one whatſoever ſpoke diſrepectfully of me, he would be the firſt that would vindicate me, let the Cauſe be good, bad or indifferent.

All this gave the Inhabitants ſtrong Reaſons to believe, that a Match was on Foot, as I've mention'd before, and the Report reach'd the Ears of the Wife of *Tho. Jeffries*. This honeſt Woman was related to *Partheniſſa*, had a hopeful young Gentleman to her Son, whom, if poſſible, ſhe intended ſhould eſpouſe *Partheniſſa*; ſo that ſhe was under a deep Concern, leſt Mr. *Doomſday* ſhould marry Miſs, unknown to her mother. Mrs. *J*..., who could handle a Scuer by far better than a Pen, was fully reſolv'd to write *Partheniſſa* a Letter. She ſent her one by *Margaret Morgan*, a neighbouring Flax-Dreſſer's Wife, and order'd her to give it Miſs, in preſence of her Mother. The Woman brought the Letter to *Roſs*, and deliver'd it according to the Directions given her; and, after regaling herſelf, *&c.* ſhe return'd to *Monmouthſhire*; but whether ſhe carry'd back an Anſwer or no I am at a Loſs to determine. Mrs. *P*-- aſk'd Miſs the Purport of the Letter; Miſs read it to her: Next Morning it was imparted to me. To the beſt of my Memory, 'twas as follows:

Dear Miſs,

" I AM inform'd, there is one Mr. *Doomſday*, " a Lawyer's Son, that pays his reſpects to " you. The Perſons that informed me of it, " ſaid,

" ſaid, they were poſitive of it: and that your " Mamma is no way accquainted with it. I " therefore beg your Anſwer by the Bearer, " whether there is any thing in the Report or " no; and you muſt not be angry with me, " if I write to your Mamma about it. I am " ſure if you carry on this Intrigue, and mar- " ry without your Friends Conſent, your Bro- " ther will never leave you a Farthing's worth " of any Thing that he is poſſeſs'd of. I beg " you'll favour me with a Line, by *Margaret* " *Morgan*. My Reſpects to your Mamma: " and am really your Friend and Kinſwo- " man.

Penroſe, May *the* 1734. E-- J*effries*

P. S. I am well inform'd, that the Perſon who carries Letters between you, is a young Man that comes very often to your Houſe, ſo would have you conſider what you are about.

This Letter was dictated (as Miſs and myſelf imagin'd) by the Huſband. As I only retain'd it by Memory, I hope Mrs. *J*-- will excuſe the Spelling Part, it being impoſſible for me to give it Letter for Letter, by reaſon of my not having the Original. Be that as it will, I was very much concern'd at the Curioſity of the good Woman, becauſe I thought 'twould prove of ill Conſequence to me.

Partheniſſa aſſur'd me, her Mamma took no manner of Notice of the Letter, well knowing that there was nothing of Truth in what *J*..'s Wife had written. But I was the ſuppoſed Perſon

ſon that carried the Letters too and fro. *And*, added Miſs, *Mamma will ſend her an Anſwer; and will beg the Favour of her to mind her own Buſineſs; Mamma ſays, I am capable enough of taking care of myſelf; if I was not, ſhe ſhould not take Mrs. J.....'s Advice in managing of me*, &c.

If my memory fails me not, Mrs. *P...* did write to *Monmouthſhire*, but to the Purport I am entirely a Stranger.

The latter End of *July* (1734) one Mrs. *H--* of *Putley*, in *Herefordſhire*, a near Relation of Mrs. *P--*'s, with her two Daughters, came to pay Mrs. *P--* and Miſs a Viſit of four or five Weeks; during which Time, I thought myſelf very unhappy in being debarr'd Miſs's Company (I mean alone) but when the Viſiters return'd, was as happy with her, as I us'd to have been before their coming.

I was very often (this Year) oblig'd to go to *Monmouth*, *Hereford*, *Glouceſter*, &c. but before I'd ſet out for either of thoſe Places, I always went to take my Leave of her; at which Times ſhe would put a Piece of Gold into my Breeches Pocket. This was with an intent that I ſhould keep her lovely Idea always in my Sight; and that I ſhould not, even in my Thoughts, ſtray from her, nor offer any Immodeſty to any Woman whatſoever. Whenever I came off my Journey, I always return'd her the Piece of Gold, which ſhe kept till my next Ride out. This Piece of Gold, with two more, were found in the Rafters of an old Houſe of her Father's. It was ſtruck in the Reign of King *Henry* the VIth. or VIIth. and on the one ſide is repreſented *Michael*, the

the Archangel, treading the Serpent under Foot, and piercing him with a Spear. On the reverſe, is a Ship at Sea, having the Arms of *England* ſtruck in the Shrouds. A farther Deſcription of the Piece may be ſeen in *Rapin de Thoyras*'s Hiſtory of *England*, tranſlated by the Rev. Mr. *Tindal*, Rector of *Great Waltham*, in *Eſſex*.

Upon the 2d of *Auguſt*, I went, as uſual, to *Partheniſſa*; and to my very great Surprize, found her in Tears. 'My lovely Angel, *ſaid* 'I, what is it that has mov'd thee into Tears? 'Alas! *ſaid ſhe, with a ſorrowful Sigh*, if what 'I have heard this Day be true, I am the moſt 'miſerable Creature upon the Earth.' 'For 'Heaven's ſake, *ſaid I*, my lovely Angel, do 'not torture me by Delay, in not telling 'what has ruffled thy Temper. Well, *ſays* '*ſhe*, ſince you will know, you ſhall; Mrs. '*M*----- call'd upon me Yeſterday, and 'begg'd I would take a walk with her as far as 'Mr. *K*---'s Summer-houſe. We had no 'ſooner reach'd the Parſonage-Fields, but 'ſhe told me, if I would Promiſe not to men-'tion what ſhe ſhould ſay to me, ſhe would 'tell me a Secret. I promis'd her I would not 'diſcover any thing that ſhe ſhould tell me. 'Why then, ſays Mrs. *M*-, I have been in-'form'd, that Mr. *Parry* has ſaid in open 'Company, he could marry you when he 'pleas'd, but that he did not like you. Who 'told you ſo? *ſays I to her*: Mrs. *M*-- told 'me I ſhould hear more of the Matter, when 'ſhe had ſpoke with the People that mention'd 'it to her. I told Mrs. *M*-- I could not be-'lieve it. She aſſur'd me, ſhe heard it; ſo

'we

'we came Home together. She did not ſtay 'long with me, and here I have been crying 'almoſt ever ſince.'

This melancholly and falſe Piece of News almoſt Thunder-ſtruck me; inſomuch: that I was for ſome conſiderable Time incapable of ſpeaking, eſpecially to ſee her burſt out into Tears afreſh, leaning her Head on my Boſom. After recovering myſelf a little, I ſat down upon a Chair, with her upon my Lap. 'Doſt 'thou, my Angel, *ſaid I*, think that I ever 'could harbour ſuch a Thought of thee, or 'ever ſaid any ſuch thing of thee? I, who 'love thee as my Soul, and art dearer to me 'than my Eyes; doſt thou, my Deareſt, ima-'gine, that one who is as conſtant to thee as the 'ſwelling Tides are to the Moon, could be ſo 'baſe to mention ſo vile an expreſſion of thee? 'No, my Angel, I never ſaid any ſuch thing 'and, if you can find out by Mrs. *M*--, the 'Author of ſo vile a Fallacy, I'll be damn'd 'if I don't do myſelf Juſtice, by being re-'veng'd upon him or her, let it be whom it 'will.' 'My dear *Jemmy*, *ſaid ſhe*, do not 'put thy ſelf into a Paſſion, for I never will, 'neither can I think thee ſo ſilly, to mention 'me in a degrading manner, even among your 'moſt intimate Friends and Acquaintance.' 'But, *added ſhe*, don't ſpake a word of this 'Affair to any one breathing, leſt it ſhould 'come to Mamma's Ears, then we ſhall be 'undone for ever.' I promis'd *Partheniſſa* I never would; and ſhe in the Interim, expected to hear ſomething more of the falſe Report, by Mrs. *M*--; but, to my knowledge, ſhe never did. For my Part, I never could find out the

Monſter

Monſter that invented the Lye. I told it Mrs. *M*--, and have too good an Opinion of her, to think that ſhe invented it. But however, to put a Gloſs upon our Amour, or any falſe Report that might for the future ariſe, *Partheniſſa* advis'd me to viſit Mrs. *J*-- *B*--, a milliner, by which means People would quickly ſurmiſe that I courted her; 'So that, *ſays* 'Partheniſſa, twill blind Mamma, and I ſhall 'always have the Pleaſure, till we are lawfully 'married, to have thee with me.'

I thought what ſhe had ſaid carried a great deal of Reaſon with it. According to her Deſire, I often went to Mrs. *B*--'s; and in a very little Time, her Father was really uneaſy, for fear of my marrying his Daughter, or ſomething elſe; and, 'twas the Opinion of ſeveral, that I courted her. Mrs. *P*- firmly believ'd the Thing to be Fact, and has ſaid to Mrs. *B*- and my ſelf, that we ſhould be an agreeable Couple, and that ſhe would with Pleaſure give us our Wedding Dinner. Miſs told her Mamma, that ſhe hop'd to be at the Wedding: 'With all my Heart, *ſays the old* '*Lady*; I will give them their Dinner, which 'ſhall conſiſt of half a dozen Diſhes of meat '(*ſhe then nam'd them*) beſides Pies, Puddings, '*&c.*' At which Mrs. *B*- would ſay, 'Lord, 'Madam, there's nothing in it; I do aſſure 'you, 'tis all Lies: Do you think any Body 'would be troubled with ſuch a crazy Thing, 'as *Parry* is? *&c.*' Say what ſhe would, Mrs. *P*... believ'd it to be a match between us.

Partheniſſa, after the Time of her Contamination, was often fearful of being pregnant, her Health, *&c.* not being ſo regular, as in the Time

Time of her Virginity. She would often complain of a Pain in her Head, tho' really in the Bowels. Her Mother would often adviſe her to be blooded; ſhe always declin'd it. One Day I ſaid to her, 'My Dear why will you 'not ſuffer yourſelf to be blooded, it would be 'of great Service to you?' 'Ah! thou Fool, 'ſaid ſhe ſmiling, thou know'ſt but little of the 'matter; for, was I to bleed at this Time, I 'am afraid of ſomewhat (*meaning her being big 'with Child*) that would be the Way to ſpoil 'my Shape; for when the ignorant Country 'Girls are afraid that they are got with Child, 'the firſt thing they do, is to be blooded, and 'that's the only Way to haſten a Child, in-'ſtead of waſting it.' 'But, my Dear, *ſays I*, as you are timorous, and often fancy 'yourſelf to be breeding, had we not better be 'lawfully married, the firſt Opportunity; leſt, 'by the proving with Child, we ſhall bring Ig-'nomy upon ourſelves and upon the innocent 'Babe too?' This Queſtion I have put her an hundred times: Her conſtant Anſwer would be 'My deareſt Boy, thou haſt my Soul and 'Body, and where's the occaſion of thy being 'in ſuch a hurry, as long as there is no dan-'ger of thy loſing me?' This Anſwer I thought ſatisfactory enough, otherwiſe ſhould not have car'd for deferring the thing, as I afterwards did.

The firſt *Tueſday* in *September*, the Triennial muſick-meeting was held at *Worceſter*. I would have gone there, but ſhe would not by any means ſuffer me; and as the Races at *Monmouth* were to begin the following Week, I was fully bent upon going, and told her my intentions;

tions; hoping, that as I comply'd with her Requeſt, in not going to *Worceſter*, ſhe would by no means hinder me from going to *Monmouth*. 'Wou'd to heav'n, *ſaid ſhe*, that I had 'let thee gone to *Worceſter* (*for by this Time, the muſick-meeting laſting but three Days, was over*) becauſe Mrs. *Betty Dew* has aſk'd 'Mamma to let me go to *Monmouth* Races 'with her, and Mamma very willingly gave 'me Leave, and we are to lodge at Mr. *M-e*, 'the Maltſter's, who is a near Relation of 'Mrs. *Betty Dew*'s; therefore, dear Mr. *Par-* 'ry, *ſaid ſhe*, ſtay at Home, this one time: 'Let me go to *Monmouth*, and I'll go no where 'again, unleſs thou art with me; for ſhouldſt 'thou go there, I ſhould run diſtracted, for 'fear of thy kiſſing ſome pretty Girl or other.' After I had paus'd a little, 'Well, my Dear, '*ſaid I*, to oblige you, I will ſtay at Home; 'but I inſiſt upon this, that you refuſe Dan- 'cing with any one; for I am poſitive Mr. '*Doomſday* will be there and will (not that I 'imagine you'd give him any Liberty) offer 'himſelf a Partner to you. As you love me, 'mark what I ſay; don't dance with any one.' 'My Dear, *ſaid ſhe*, I will not.' So when the appointed Time came for their ſetting out, I ſaw them ſafely mounted, wiſhing them good Diverſion. *&c.* I ſoon enquir'd of the *Monmouth* Poſt-Boy, who liv'd with Mr. *Pye*, of the *King's-Arms* Inn, whether he had ſeen Miſs at the Ball, or Playhouſe; and whether ſhe had danc'd with any one. Now *Monmouth* is one of the prettieſt meetings, I believe, in *England*; the Balls and Cold Treats, always very elegant, are given by his Grace the Duke

of *Beaufort*, and the Right Hon. Lord *Noel Somerſet*, his Grace's Brother; and any Perſon of either Sex, tolerably well dreſs'd, has Admittance. This was the Reaſon of my aſking the Poſt-Boy, for I knew him to be an arch Wag, known by the Name of my Lord *Farnaby*, a Lover of News; a Boy that, if poſſible, would let nothing go uneſpied. The Boy ſoon ſatisfy'd my Curioſity, by telling me, he had ſeen Mr. *Doomſday* and *Partheniſſa* here, there, and every where; ſaid he; Mrs. *Betty Dew* was with them, and Mr. *Doomſday* did nothing but bow and ſcrape, all the while he was in the *Homm* (a Field where the Horſes run) in the Playhouſe, and in the Ball-Room; but Miſs would not dance with him, or with any Perſon. I ſatisfy'd Lord *Farnaby* for his Information; but began to be very uneaſy at her Abſence, becauſe ſhe had left *Roſs* five, altho' ſhe had given me her Word to return in three Days; upon which, I writ her a Letter (ſee Letter, Numb. IV.) and ſent it by the Boy, who at 6 o'Clock in the Evening, gave it into her own Hands, as I had order'd him; upon the Receipt of which, altho' very much preſs'd to ſtay by Mrs. *M-e*, Mrs. *Dew*, and others, ſhe had her Cloaths pack'd up, and, together with Mr. *Doomſday*'s Brother and Miſs *Dew*, came to *Roſs*, which was not till near 10 o'Clock at Night. I really pity'd them when they came Home, which was upon *Saturday*, for they were all wet to the Skin; and, if my memory does not betray me, Mrs. *Dew*'s Face was very bloody, being ſcratch'd by the Briers, in riding thro' the narrow Roads.

Upon *Monday* Morning I went to ſee Miſs who

who aſk'd me, how I could be ſo barbarous to frighten her, by ſending her ſuch a Letter to *Monmouth?* I aſſur'd her (tho' I was not in earneſt) that if ſhe had not come Home when ſhe did, I would have ſet out myſelf; becauſe the Thoughts of Mr. *Doomſday*'s gallanting her, had been very diſagreable to me. 'Thou fond 'Fool, *ſaid ſhe*, if thou hadſt not ſent the Let-'ter, I ſhould not have ſtaid above a Day or 'two longer. Mr. *Doomſday* was very civil 'to me, and by his over and above Complaiſ-'ance, he had the misfortune to loſe his Dia-'mond Ring.'

I ſpent the Evenings, as I had done the Winter before, at Mrs. *P*--'s, playing at Cards with Mrs. *M*.., Mrs. *Dew*, &c. and came off with a winning Hand, by the method which Miſs and I uſed, as beforemention'd. Mrs. *M*-- would often fall into a Paſſion, and ſay, ſhe was ſure that Miſs and myſelf had Signs, whereby we play'd what Cards ſuited our Hands beſt, or elſe 'twould have been an impoſſibility for us to have call'd each other at Quadrille, ſo often as we did. Miſs would pretend to be in a greater Paſſion than Mrs. *M*-, and would tell her, that we call'd each other merely by Chance. I believe Mrs. M-- was of a quite different Opinion; however, ſhe never declar'd (to my hearing) her Thoughts.

One Night in particular, I had like to have caus'd a ſtrong Suſpicion of my being very familiar with Miſs, in the following manner; Whenever we play'd, I always ſat at her Right-hand, would fix my Left-knee between her's: But that Night ſhe ſtretch'd out her Feet under the Table. Her Mother, who ſat oppoſite to her,

did the ſame. I wanted to ſit in the uſual Poſition, ſo laid my Foot upon her Mother's, thinking it had been her's, and ſqueez'd it as hard as I poſſibly could; at which the Old Lady cry'd out, 'Oh, Lord! Mr. *Parry*, you have al-'moſt murther'd my Corns.' 'Good God! 'Madam *(ſays I, half dead with confuſion)* I 'heartily beg your Pardon, I really thought it 'had been the Table Frame.' 'Lord *ſays ſhe* 'you tread very heavy; but, as it happen'd, 'you've done me no great Damage.' For Miſs's Part, ſhe was under a greater Concern than I was, and did not ſpeak for ſome minutes; holding the Cards before her Face to hide her bluſhes. Next day ſhe begg'd of me, for God's ſake, to take Care for the future, how I plac'd my Feet; 'For, *ſaid ſhe*, 'twas by the ſqueez-"ing of the Feet, that the Amour between the "Right Hon. the Lord *C--*, and the Lady "*S--* was found out as they were playing at "Cards.' I took Miſs's Advice, and never, after that Time, gave myſelf ſuch Liberty with the old Lady.

I had been by this Time Organiſt of *Roſs* very near five Years, had receiv'd no more than a Year and Quarter's Salary; and, as I had contracted ſeveral Debts in the Town, with Mercers, Taylor, *&c.* I was fully determin'd to have my money, eſpecially ſince my money was to be rais'd by Subſcription. I made my Application to Mr. *Hodges*, an Attorney, and other Gentlemen who were my Friends in order to have my Salary paid me. The Gentlemen were ſo good as to go about it immediately; and whilſt the Subſcription money was gathering, a potent Adverſary of mine, one *F-r*, would have

have inſinuated to the People, that as ſoon as I was paid my money I would ſell the Town, *i. e.* go off without paying my Debts. The Perſons, knowing the Difference between him and me, made him no other Anſwer, than that there was no manner of Danger in my leaving *Roſs*, were my Debts above as much again.

Had I ow'd that Fellow any thing (whom I know to be a R--, and a conceited ſolemn Coxcomb) 'twould have given me no manner of Uneaſineſs; but, as I had no manner of Dealings with the Paltroon, I own it vex'd me. However, ſoon after, a Friend of mine aſſur'd me. the Perſons who were raiſing my Money, were reſolv'd to have thoſe to whom I was indebted together, and that I was to receive my Money in their Preſence, in order to ſatisfy their Demands. This nettled me. I was not ſo ill-belov'd, but that I could get Money for ſending for it, ſo was reſolv'd to pay my Debts, before I receiv'd my Salary. For that Purpoſe, I writ to the beſt of Siſters, and to another Relation, who immediately remitted me Money, wherewith I pay'd all my Debts in the Town, except one of eleven Pounds to my Landlord, and took Receipts of them, no Perſons but themſelves knowing any thing of the matter, for I had enjoyn'd them to Secrecy. I had Notice given me in a Day or two, to meet the Gentlemen at the *King's-Head* Inn, where my Creditors were likewiſe to be, in order for my being paid, and for my paying my Debts. I had given Orders to thoſe that I had paid, to lye dormant. When I came to meet the Gentlemen, there was but one Creditor appear'd (I

really had forgot to have made mention of him before) who was Mr. *P--e*, a Peruke-maker; and if he and I had not had a Diſpute before, concerning a Miſtake he had made in his Bill, he would have had as little Buſineſs there as the reſt, whom I already had paid. The Gentlemen were ſurpriz'd at my having paid almoſt every Body; and aſſur'd me, that what they had intended was for my Advantage, and that the Creditors ſhould have abated me ſomething of their Bills: But I (looking upon myſelf now as a Genteleman) was quite of another Opinion ſo paid every one to their full Satisfaction.

In a Month's Time after I receiv'd my Money, I went to the Pariſh-meeting, where the Rector, Churchwardens, *&c.* were, and deliver'd up the Keys of the Organ, telling them, that I would willingly farther ſerve them, provided they would pay me conſtantly Yearly, or half Yearly, but that I would not go upon ſuch Uncertainties as I had formerly done: If they could not raiſe a Salary, I could not afford to play for nothing; ſo the Organ was ſilenc'd. In the Interim, I one Day beckon'd to a Woman who lodg'd at my Laundreſs's; ſhe came to me; I begg'd the Favour of her to tell her Landlady, that I wanted a clean Shirt, that I was oblig'd to go a little way out of Town. The Woman comply'd with my Requeſt, and preſently brought the Shirt herſelf. *Partheniſſa*, being naturally very jealous, accidentally happen'd to be at Mr. *N-- F--*'s, a Chandler's, and upon her ſeeing me with the Woman, imagin'd me to be familiar with her. She went Home in a hurry, and tranſcrib'd ſome Verſes of Mr. *Waller*'s in his *Maid's Tragedy*. The next

next Day, upon my coming to her, ſhe dropt me a Curt'ſy, and gave me a written Paper (ſee Letter, Numb. V.) ſaying, *Sir, here's a Preſent for you.* After I had read it, I made her a low Bow, and ſaid, *Madam, what the Devil do you mean by writing ſuch Rhodomantical Lines to me? You know,* ſaid ſhe, *Mr.* Parry *they ſuit me, for that I am forſaken by you, you very well know. What Grounds have you, my Dear,* ſaid I, *for ſaying that I have forſaken you? I can believe my own Eyes,* ſaid ſhe, *for I ſaw you whiſper with a pretty Woman Yeſterday in the Street; ſhe had on a Bed-Gown made of white Dimity; and your not coming near me till now, makes me believe you've all this Time been with her. I ſolemnly proteſt to my Deareſt,* ſaid I, *that I have been at Mr.* Edwards *of* Whitefields, *an old Scholar of mine, who lives about three Miles off, and what I ſpake to the Woman was no more than to deſire* Hannah Lee *to ſend me a Shirt. Art thou ſincere?* ſaid ſhe, *Yes, I am,* ſaid I, *as I hope for Salvation*; at which ſhe ſeem'd well ſatisfied. But an Accident follow'd which had well nigh gone to have ſeparated us for ever.

Upon the 6th of *December* 1734. I ſpent a whole Night with ſome Friends from *Hereford*, at the Houſe of *Richard Hagar*, known by the Name of the *Anchor*. I went the next Morning to Mrs. *P.*'s: Miſs was gone out to Breaſtfaſt at Mrs. *Dew's*. She was ſtill poſſeſs'd with the Spirit of Jealouſy, and was very uneaſy. At Night I went there again, and found Mrs. *Jane Birch*, the Milliner, at Cards, with Mrs. *P.* and Miſs. I ask'd them ſeverally how they did; they, excepting Miſs, return'd the Compliment. She frown'd, and turn'd her Face

Face from me with an Air of Indifference. Presently afterwards Mrs. *P.* went out, to order Supper in. I then thought it Time to be even with Miſs, ſo claſp'd Mrs. *Birch* in my Arms, crying (to make Miſs imagine that that was the Woman's Name of whom ſhe was jealous) *Oh, Nancy, Nancy, Nancy!* With that I left the Room. Next morning Miſs went to Mr. *N. F.*'s, and ſaw the Woman with the Bed-gown paſs the door. She made an enquiry who ſhe was, and where ſhe lodg'd: at laſt ſhe was informed that ſhe lodged at the *Anchor*; This was the ſame Houſe where I happened to ſit up the whole Night two days before. Miſs, after having received this information, went Home, and ſent the Servant *(Pen)* to fetch Mr. *J. J.* her Staymaker: He came, ſhe begg'd that he would oblige her ſo far, as to go to the Sign of the *Anchor*, and enquire whether I had lain there ſuch a Night or not: He told her, he did not care to do the Errand, becauſe he had nothing to do where I lodged, or what I did, and ſo went Home. But Miſs ſent the maid with ſome money to give him, telling him it was only a Curioſity of Miſs's, and that Miſs would take it as a Favour if he would oblige her, and that there was no Harm in the Affair. Mr. *J.* rather than loſe a good Cuſtomer, accepted of the money, in order to make the Enquiry, to ſpend it at the Houſe. Mr. *J. J.* being what they call a dry Chap, went. After having drank a Pint or two of Ale, he introduc'd my Name in the Diſcourſe. At laſt, ſaid he to the Landlady *Mrs.* Hagar, *I hear News. What News, I pray?* ſays the Woman. *Why*, ſays he, *one of the High Town Lodgers*

(for

(for *Roſs* is diſtinguiſh'd, I mean as to the Streets, by no other Name than the *High Town*, and the *Brookeing*) *is come to lodge with you. That cannot be*, ſaid the Woman, *I have no conſtant Lodger: But*, added ſhe, *who is it you mean? Efaith*, ſays he, *'tis reported, that Mr.* Parry *actually lodges here: The Devil's in people's Tongues, I think* (ſays Mrs. *Hagar*) *they'll ſay any thing but their prayers: Mr.* J. *there's nothing in it; he hardly ever uſes the Houſe, and was never in my Houſe all Night but once in his Life, and that was a Night or two ago; and here he ſtay'd till Nine o' Clock the next morning.* This was all that he wanted to know: He immediately acquainted Mrs. *P.*'s Servant of it, who quickly told her young miſtreſs of this mighty piece of News.

The firſt thing ſhe did afterwards, was laying Hands upon a muſick-book of mine, call'd the Opera of *Julius Cæſar*, and tore it three Parts thro'. Upon the 19th I went to Mrs. *P.*'s, where I found Miſs in Tears, ſat to the Spinnet. I laid my Hand round her Neck, embrac'd her; then aſk'd what had ruffled her Temper to that degree, to force Tears from her; at which ſhe fetch'd a deep Sigh, and unpinn'd her Handkerchief, then ſhew'd me a Paper which was in her Boſom: *Take that* (ſaid ſhe) *and read it; you'll ſee what ails me.* I took the Paper out of her Boſom, ſhe ſtill ſhedding tears quitted the Room, begging, That if I could bear the Sight of her, not to go away before I had read it over. When I had peruſed the Paper (ſee Letter, No. VI.) I went into the Church-yard, not knowing what to do, or how to behave myſelf towards her;

her: My Thoughts were diſtracted. After I had ruminated upon her Conduct and my own, I made a Reſolution never to go to her Houſe any more; ſo far did her uncommon-ſtyl'd letter work upon me. But being willing to part genteelly with her, I wrote her a Letter (ſee Letter, No. VII.) and while ſhe was with her mother at Church, I ſtepp'd up to their Houſe, and put it in the inſide of the Spinnet. She quickly found it out: It drove her almoſt diſtracted: She came hourly to Mr. *Dew*'s, and Mr. *Fiſher*'s a Chandler's, thinking to ſee and ſpeak with me, but to no purpoſe, till the 22d of *December*, being at the Poſt-Office Door ſhe came from Mr. *Fiſher*'s, call'd to me, and ſaid ſhe wanted to ſpeak to me. When I came to her, *For God's ſake, Mr.* Parry, ſaid ſhe, *come to our Houſe, for I want to ſpeak with you upon an extraordinary Affair. Madam* ſays I, *you've already given me a great deal of Uneaſineſs, without any juſt Reaſon for ſo doing: I have made a firm Reſolution never more to darken your Doors.* With that I made her a Bow, and inſtantly left her, leſt her alluring Speeches ſhould ſoften me again into Folly. She, irritated at my Behaviour, immediately went Home. The firſt thing ſhe did, was putting the Spinnet out of Tune, and breaking ſome of the Strings, at which ſhe had a very good Hand, ſo that there was an impoſſibility of playing upon't. Soon afterwards, in the mother's hearing, ſhe bid the Servant come to me, in order to let me know the Condition the inſtrument was in, and to beg that I would come up and put it in Order. The Servant deliver'd me her meſſage, and added, *That*

Miſs

Miſs deſired me of all Loves in the world (a common Phraſe among the meaner Sort of People in *Herefordſhire*, &c.) *to come to their Houſe, for that ſhe wanted to ſpeak with me ſadly.* I would have excuſed myſelf, by telling her I was engaged that Afternoon, but the Servant would take no denial; go I muſt, and go I did, where I found Miſs alone in the Parlour. "Madam, *ſaid I, pretending an Indifference*, you was pleaſed to ſend for me by "your maid *Pen*; I have waited upon you to "know your Buſineſs." "Ah! *ſaid ſhe, after fetching a deep Sigh*, how can you aſk "me why I ſent for you, when you know it "is Death to be without you? If you are reſolved never to come near me any more, "kill me outright, I ſhall be happy." "My "dear Angel, *ſaid I*, I am really very much "concerned at your Uneaſineſs; but this being the laſt time that I ever intend doing "myſelf the Pleaſure of waiting upon you, I "ſhall explain myſelf to you in few Words: "My not coming near you for a day or two, "has given you, I imagine, ſome Uneaſineſs; "and, by your Letter, you're jealous of the "ſtrange Woman: I take Heaven to Witneſs, that what I have written to you in "my Letter is Fact, and have not had carnal "Knowledge of any Woman, excepting your "ſelf, ſince the time I was firſt bleſt in your "Arms; and do aſſure you, that from the "very Beginning my Affection to you has "been as honeſt, as amorous. You muſt not "take it amiſs, as 'tis impoſſible for me to "get an honeſt livelihood in this Town, if I "go to ſome other Part of the World to try

"my

" my Fortune; but was in Hopes, and flat-
" tered myſelf, to have ended my days in this
" Country. You know, *continued I*, that I
" have often propoſed lawful marriage to
" you, which you have as often declin'd;
" therefore, as I have by me Cloaths, Lin-
" nen, and money to carry me any where, I
" am fully bent upon ſetting out next Week,
" and have beſpoke *(which was falſe I own)*
" a Horſe for that purpoſe. Your Uſage to
" me, in your long Letter, has ſurprizingly
" ſhock'd me; but that, and every thing elſe
" that has paſs'd between us, ſhall, for my
" Part, die, and reſt in eternal Oblivion. So,
" dear Madam, I take my leave of you, the
" moſt ſacred Treaſure of my Soul, wiſhing
" you Plenitude of Joys, and an immortal
" Series of Happineſs." Here I tenderly embraced her; and I confeſs, with the utmoſt Reluctancy was going out of the Room: At that ſhe ran between me and the Door, clung round my Neck, wetting my Cheeks with her Tears, crying, *Dear, dear Mr.* Parry, *if you have any Thoughts of leaving me you will break my Heart. If you leave me,* added ſhe, (ſtill hanging about my Neck) *and not kill me, I will kill myſelf; therefore, for Heaven's ſake, do not torture me, but let me know what your real intentions are, whether you will leave me, or ſtay with me. By all the Love you ever bore me, I beg you'll quiet my Scruples.* Here ſhe claſp'd me in her Arms, hugg'd me to her Breaſt, and wept moſt bitterly.

O the bewitching Charms of Womankind, that even their Weakneſs ſhould conquer our ſtrongeſt Reſolves! How eaſily is vain man drawn

drawn into a Belief of his being belov'd! We take forty Declarations of their indifference or hatred, for Effects only of their modesty, and the first Confession of their Love we presently credit: When, alas! their Profession of the latter proves very often as false as the former.

Had my Heart been made of the most obdurate marble, here it must have melted. Taking her in my Arms, I put her on a Chair, and sat down by her; "My lovely Angel, "*said I*, what would you have me do? You "refuse marrying me, and are always jealous "of me without any just Occasion. I am "now out of debt, and can call every thing "I have mine own; therefore if you will not "be married to me (for as we go on now "'twill never do, especially if we are caught "in each other's Arms, we are gone for e-"ver) I must and will set out some where or "other from hence." "Well, my Dear-"est, *said she, taking me by the Hand*, if you "will stay in *Ross*, be constant to me, and "love me as well as you have done, by Hea-"ven, and all that's Sacred, I will marry you "in what manner you please next Summer, "for I am convinc'd, that you do not know "any thing of the Woman, of whom I was "jealous." "My Dear, *said I*, I must "needs tell you, I think you was a little "silly, in being jealous of (as you say) a com-"mon Woman: I never was, neither will, "ever be familiar with such loose ones, lest "I should taste of the bitter Grapes such "Gardens often produce, and by that means "ruin my fair One's Body, as well as my

" own; and, which would be ſtill as bad, or " worſe, her Reputation.' She was extremely well ſatisfied with me. After many Vows of Conſtancy between us, with her ſolemn Proteſtations of marrying me the Summer following, we were thoroughly reconcil'd, and ſeal'd our Friendſhip with numberleſs Kiſſes, *&c.* At the ſame time, there was an Agreement made between us, which was, that I ſhould go to no Houſe ſhe diſliked, neither was ſhe to viſit, or go to any Houſe, for whoſe Inhabitants I had no Regard. I took my Leave of her for that Day, begging her (as I hurted my right Thumb) to write a Letter of Thanks to my eldeſt Siſter, for an handſome Preſent that ſhe lately had ſent me. That ſhe muſt date the Letter two or three Days back, becauſe my Siſter had requir'd an Anſwer, by the Return of the Poſt. Miſs writ her one, as I had deſir'd; and, in about a Fortnight afterwards another. But, as thoſe Letters are foreign to the matter in Hand, I have not inſerted them, tho' I had them return'd in 1737, from *Exeter*, in order, if there ſhould have been occaſion, to have proved her Hand-writing.

There was this Winter a Company of Comedians at *Roſs*. To oblige ſome of my Acquaintance, I acted a Part among them. I ſoon afterwards bought a Benefit of them, *i. e.* gave them ſo much for the Houſe, and choſe the *Beggar's Opera* for my Play; wherein (after having the Liberty from *Partheniſſa*, who was at *J. C.*'s, Eſq; two miles out of town) I performed the Part of Captain *Macheath*; and wanting a Cambrick Handkerchief, I borrowed one of Mrs. *Birch* the milliner. Before the

the Play was over, Miſs *P--y*, or Miſs *L--y*, made a ſhift to pocket it for me, inſomuch that I could never after ſet Eyes on't; and when I came to pay Mrs. *Birch* her Bill, ſhe charged me Five Shillings for her Handkerchief, altho' it was an old one; upon which we quarrell'd, and I refuſed paying her her Bill; but went to Mr. *Doomſday*, begging the Favour of him to pay her; for I ſwore I would not. Mr. *Doomſday* obligingly did ſo, and ſoon afterwards I ſaw Mrs. *Birch* at Mrs. *P.*'s, who came to ſee Miſs. Here I could not forbear ſhewing my Reſentment, by not being ſo complaiſant as uſual. Miſs had informed her mother of the Quarrel before we came: *Ay, ay*, ſays the old Lady, *the falling out of Lovers is the renewing of Love; they only pretend to be out of Humour before us, but I warrant ye, when they get in a Corner, they will be hugging and kiſſing one another.* Mrs. *Birch* and myſelf aſſured Mrs. *P.* that ſhe was very much miſtaken; and I am ſure, Miſs would have ſworn, that what I had ſaid was ſincere. But ſuch was the Spleen of an agreeable little Devil! in two or three days time ſhe came to viſit Miſs again, and told her, that ſeveral People wonder'd how Mrs. *P.* gave me the Liberty of ſcolding at any Body that had affronted me, eſpecially talking rude to her (Mrs. *Birch*) when I had been there laſt. *Why really, Mrs.* Jenny, *ſays* Partheniſſa, *Mamma never ſaw nor heard any Harm of him; and in all the Quarrels that he has had with the Town's People, we never could hear that he began firſt: The Town uſed him ſcandalouſly, by keeping him out of his money ſo long as they did; and as long as he behaves himſelf well at our Houſe, I do*

aſſure you, I believe he will always meet with a hearty Welcome. But Miſs, ſaid. Mrs. *Birch, I have ſomething to tell you, that concerns you nearly: Pray what is it?* ſaid Miſs. *Will you promiſe never to ſpeak on't?* ſays t'other. *I never will*, ſaid Miſs, *if the Secret is worth keeping. Why then*, ſaid Mrs. *Birch*, *'tis the Report of the Town that Mr.* Parry *is going to be married to you; and ſome People aſſure it for matter of Fact. I am very much obliged to the Town*, ſays Miſs, *for the Choice they have made me, but wiſh they had ſome Buſineſs of their own to mind, then, poſſibly, they might have no Time to invent Falſhoods. I ſaid there was nothing in it*, reply'd *Jenny*; *but was inform'd that Mr.* Parry *ſhould ſay that he could have you at any Time. Pray, who was your Author*, ſays Miſs. The other would not tell, but aſſured her, that ſhe actually was told it. "I am poſitive, "*ſays* Partheniſſa, that Mr. *Parry* never ſaid, "nor ever thought of any ſuch thing; nei- "ther do I thank any Perſon for giving them- "ſelves any manner of Concern about me: "And I believe, for Mr. *Parry*'s Part, he is "in the ſame Way of thinking."

This Viſit was upon *New-Year's-Day*, 1734-5; the Day following, I went to *Partheniſſa*; ſhe ſeriouſly aſk'd me, if I ever had made any mention of her Name in any Company. "Yes I "have, (ſays I) as a Scholar of mine, that "plays well, and not in any other Shape; no, "not even to Mr. *L*--s, who knows every o- "ther Secret of my Soul, have I ſaid "any thing more of my dear Angel.' 'Why "then (ſays ſhe) *Jenny Birch* is a little, im- "pudent Chit; ſhe was here Yeſterday, and "told

" told me the Lord knows what. (Here Miſs related what I have before mention'd.) " I was " a little fearful of thy having a liking to her, " (ſaid ſhe) but now am ſatisfied to the con- " trary; I believe ſhe invented that great Lie, " in order to make me quarrel with thee; but " I inſiſt (added ſhe) upon your not taking " any Notice of what I've inform'd you, to " our maid *Pen*, for ſhe tells Mamma all ſhe " hears; and pray don't offer to kiſs *Jenny* " *Birch*, nor go near her Houſe; but be civil " to her, when ſhe comes here, leſt ſhe tells " Mamma the ſame Lie ſhe told me; then " the Lord knows what will become of us." " My deareſt, (ſaid I, embracing her) I will " carry myſelf towards *Jenny*, and every one " elſe, exactly as you'll have me do." " Do " that, (ſaid ſhe) and all I have is thine, *&c.*'

There lived in *Roſs*, one Mrs. *M--n*, (formerly *H- D-*, a mantua-maker) a beautiful Woman. She formerly had taken too much Freedom in talking of me, by which means ſhe had made me loath her; but in regard to her Huſband, who was a Surgeon, (and one that I often kept Company with) I behaved civilly to her. There was to be a private Dancing-match at Mr. *M-n*'s; the Company were to conſiſt of Mr. *T. G.* a Surgeon from *London*, Mr. *Doomſday*, Mr. *T. L.* Mercer, and others. I underſtood, by Mr. *M..n*'s Servant, that *Partheniſſa* was to be aſk'd to come to the match; as ſoon as I heard it, I was reſolved to prevent, if poſſible, her going, upon Mrs. *M..n*'s Account. I went to her betimes, the Day the Dancing was. After a little Talk; " My Angel, (ſaid I) the Agreement between

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" us is, I am not to go into any Houſe that " you have the leaſt diſlike to, neither are you " to go into any Houſe, or Company, con- " trary to my inclinations.' " Yes, my Dear, " (ſaid ſhe I remember it very well, and hope " you'll not go any where to make me uneaſy, " and I never will go any where without your " Conſent, unleſs 'tis to *the Hill*, or to my " Uncle *D-*; for you are not to be angry " at my going there at any Time." " No, " no, my Dear, (ſaid I); but there is Dan- " cing to be at Mr. *M--n*'s this Night; you " are to be aſk'd to come there; I inſiſt upon " your not going; you'll much oblige me by " ſtaying within this Day and Night.' *I will o- blige, you*, ſaid ſhe; *and to tell you the Truth, I have been already aſk'd, but I will by no means go.* I ſtaid that Day with her, from Nine in the morning 'till Five in the afternoon. I then left her, and return'd again at Nine at Night; but, to my very great Surprize, her Mother (after aſking for her) told me, ſhe was gone to Mr. *M--n*'s, to dance. 'Twas with the greateſt of Difficulties that I forbore curſing of her to her mother's Face. *I am ſorry, Madam*, ſays I, *that Miſs is gone thither; for there are not (excepting Mr.* Doomſday) *any there, but what are* W-l-n's *Diſciples. Indeed, Mr.* Parry, (ſaid ſhe) *if I had known that ſuch Company was to have been there, my Daughter ſhould not have gone; but I hope ſhe won't ſtay long, becauſe I charged her to be at Home before Eleven o' Clock.* I took my Leave, and went back to my Com- pany, very much diſatisfied. In an Hour's Time, return'd to Mrs. *P.*'s, and aſk'd the maid privately, if Miſs was come Home; ſhe

anſwer'd

anſwer'd, *No.* I went away ſwearing that I would, in ſome meaſure, ſpoil their Diverſion, ſo went to the Town Hall, (near to Mr. *M-n*'s) and heard them very buſy, jumping and capering. The muſick was a Harp, play'd by one *Ned Williams*, a Barber, who could aim at no other Tune than that call'd *Old Barnaby.* They had a great deal of Laughing at the barbarous muſick, and the Fellow had ten Times more aftewards, at their given him Three Shilling and Sixpence; very illy deſerved. I ſearch'd the Street for ſomething to break the Windows, but to no Purpoſe; at laſt, went into the *King's-Arms-Inn* Yard, and found a Piece of an old Jointed Stool, which I flung up (aiming at the Window, which I miſs'd) againſt the Houſe, which was a Timber one. The old Stool made no ſmall Noiſe, and the Dancers were ſo ſurpriz'd, that they, at firſt, thought the Houſe was tumbling about their Ears. Says one, *In the Name of God,* (a miracle!) *What can it be? or Where ſhould it come from? I really can't tell,* ſays another. *Partheniſſa* gueſs'd, tho' ſhe ſaid nothing; but took her Cloak, and away home as faſt as poſſible, leaving the reſt to think, and ſtare at each other. *I'll be hang'd* ſays Mrs. *M-n,* (after pauſing ſome Time) *if 'twas not Mr.* Parry, *that flung up ſomething to break the Windows. No, no,* ſays another, *it cannot be him; I am ſure he would do no ſuch thing becauſe* Partheniſſa *was in Company.* However, I was ſo very expeditious about what I had done that I was hardly miſs'd from my Company; and being the next Day tax'd about it, Mr. *E. L-s,* and Mr. *W. H-s* (an Attorney) in whoſe Company I had

had been the Night before, proteſted, and ſaid they were poſitive I was not near to Mr. *M--n*'s Houſe the foregoing Night; that I had ſpent the Night entirely in their Company.

I was vex'd to that Degree, at Miſs's going to dance, that in ſhort I did not care what I did; I ſat up all Night; the next morning, I went to Mrs. *P.*'s reſolving to Tongue-claw Miſs, for her Breach of Promiſe. I went into the Parlour, when, to my great ſurprize, I found Mr. *Doomſday* with her. Seeing him there, inſtead of mitigating my Paſſion, it made me ten Times worſe. "So Madam, ſays I, "you went a dancing laſt Night, altho' you "proteſted to the contrary Yeſterday, to me; "I return you my Thanks for favouring the "Company with your preſence. Mr. Doomſ-"day rowl'd his Eye-Balls, and ſtared like a "Stuck Pig.' "Miſs, in a great Confuſion, "ſaid, Mr. *Parry*, for ſhame, don't talk ſo "ſilly; ſurely you have been drinking all "Night.' "If I have (*ſaid I*) 'twas you that "drove me to it, by careſſing thoſe that would "not ſtick to murder me, provided it could be "done with ſafety; and you rather chuſe the "company of a Parcel of poor Manteau-making "Bitches, than ſuch a one as *M-y L-s*, who "is, much, the beſt bred, the moſt modeſt, "the moſt beautiful of all the Town Girls: "You hate her for being handſome, and was "affronted at her, (together with Miſs *C-n*) "becauſe ſhe laugh'd at your dog *Harlequin*.' "*Partheniſſa* (lifting up her Eyes) ſaid, Pray, "Mr. *Parry*, ſtep into the Kitchen, Mam-"ma wants to ſpeak with you.' "I don't "care (ſays I) who wants to ſpeak with me,

"nor

" nor where I go;' with that I left the Room to themſelves. After I was gone, Mr. *Doomſday* told her, he was afraid, if I went on at that Rate, I ſhould not ſtick to ill uſe my moſt intimate Friends. " Really, Sir, " ſaid ſhe, he always ſpoke very handſomely " of your Family, eſpecially of Mr. *W--te's* " of *New Weare*, *&c.*' Next day Mr. *Doomſday* ſent to me, to know if I intended to go that Week, to teach Miſs *W--te*; if I did, he would go with me, upon naming my day. I ſent my Service to him, that I ſhould be proud of his Company to *New Weare* the day following.

As we were upon the Road; *Pox take you* (ſays he to me) *for a crazy Dog*; *What made you come to Mrs.* P.*'s in the manner you did Yeſterday? I' Faith*, ſaid I, *it was becauſe ſhe went to Mrs.* M.*'s t'other Night*; *and you know that Mrs.* M. *and I are two*; *I have taken care that ſhe does not come often to Mrs.* P.*'s*; *and if it had been in my power to have hinder'd Miſs from going, I would have done it.* " Hang you, " *ſays Mr.* Doomſday, if you had not been " in ſuch a Paſſion when you came in, I would " have begg'd of Miſs to have play'd a Tune " or two, *&c.*" So after ſome farther Talk about Miſs's Excellencies, he told me that he had been buying a new Suit of Cloaths (trimm'd with Froſted Buttons) at *Nicholas Fiſher's*, and that *Nicholas* adviſed him, as it was privately reported that he was going to be married to ſuch a Fortune, (meaning *Partheniſſa*) to have the Suit lined with white Shagreen; and (added Mr. *Doomſday*) my Siſter *Hodges* and my Siſter

Siſter *D--s* gave me ſome Rubs about it, but I laugh'd them out on't.

Poor Mr. *Doomſday*, (thinks I) thou may'ſt laugh and cry, and laugh again, but to my Knowledge thou'lt have no chance there; for I've ſprung the mine. But what ſurprizes me moſt is, that a man of Mr. *Doomſday*'s Senſe could not ſee, by my late indiſcreet Behaviour at Mrs. *P.*'s, that he had no manner of Buſineſs there. But Love is blind; and he now is as fully convinc'd of his Folly. in making (or harbouring any Thoughts of) Love to her, as I now am of her Falſhood and Perfidiouſneſs.

The Day following I came to *Partheniſſa*, made her a Bow, and ſat down by her, but did not ſpeak one Word to her. " Mr. *Par-*
" *ry*, (ſaid ſhe languidly) I know you are ve-
" ry angry with me; but I beg you'll not be
" in a Paſſion with me again, (for you terri-
" fy'd me enough when Mr. *Doomſday* was
" here) and I'll tell you how I came to go
" there. As I have told you before, I was
" aſked to come to the Dancing, and about an
" Hour before it began, Mamma aſked me
" why I did not put myſelf in Readineſs to
" go? I told her I was very indifferent about
" the matter; and immediately Mrs. *M---n*,
" *N--y*, and *D--y D--* came, and begg'd of
" me to come; and they afterwards preſs'd
" Mamma, who, to avoid being teized to
" Death by them, made me to go with them;
" and while I was there, my Limbs trembled
" every minute, for fear you ſhould come
" there, and ſcold at me before them all. So,
" dear Mr. *Parry*, don't be angry with me
" now,

" now, and I'll never go there again for your " Sake."

I was ſoon reconciled; and, after a little Chat, I aſk'd her, if Mr. *Doomſday* had made Love to her? ſhe aſſured me he had not; and that they talk'd not of any thing, but what had happened at the Dancing-match, and what on all Sides had been ſaid of me. I wanted to write that day a Song out of the Opera of *Julius Cæſar*, and look'd for the Book, but could not by any means find it. I aſked her if ſhe had ſeen it any where; ſhe bluſh'd, and could make me no manner of Anſwer. " My Dear, *ſaid I*, if you know where it is, " tell me." " I am really afraid to tell " you, *ſays ſhe*, for I am ſure you'll fly into " a Paſſion with me about the Book.' " My " Deareſt, ſaid I, I ſhall not be uneaſy about " it, let what will become of it. What have " you loſt it, or lent it to any Body?' " Since " you have promiſed not to be angry, ſaid ſhe, " I'll tell you. You muſt know then that I " have done worſe than lending or loſing of " it; for when I was jealous of that naſty " Huzzey in the Bed-gown, I tore your Book " through and through.' " Well, my Dear, " (ſaid I) it is needleſs crying after ſhed " milk; bring me the Book as it is.' She did ſo, and it was tore ſure enough, with a Vengeance.

Mulberry- (whom I have made mention of before, to have been Miſs's Brother, by the Father, but not the mother's Side) was in *London* from the Beginning of 1733, till *May*, 1735, ſuing (happily for him) for a dead Wife's Portion. He had appointed a notable Woman,

Woman, whoſe Name was *C--n*, to be his Country Houſe-keeper; and fearing that Things in the Country ſhould run to Rack and manger, he likewiſe ſent down one Mr. *R. J.* (a facetious man, well known to ſeveral in the Country) to look after his Farms, *&c.* This Perſon had not been long at *Lantilio*, before he was enamoured of Mrs. *C--n*, made his Addreſſes to her, and in a ſhort time was (by the Reverend Mr. *V-----n*, of *L---th*) married to her, but in a very private manner.

Mrs. *P.* ſoon after ſent her Servant *Pen* to *Monmouthſhire*, in order to dunn the Tenants; and whilſt *Pen* was there, ſhe lay at *Lantilio*'s great Houſe. She had not been long there, before ſhe (together with a Girl of *Brecknockſhire*) found that Mrs. *C--n* (as they call'd her) never lay in her own Bed, but with Mr. *J.* in a Room that *M. P.* and his Spouſe, uſed to be in, over the Kitchen. But before *Pen* was fully ſatisfy'd that the ſuppoſed Mrs. *C.* lay with Mr. *J.* ſhe pinn'd the Sheets together, and nine days afterwards ſhe found them as ſhe had left them, *i. e.* pinn'd together in Mrs. *C.*'s Bed-chamber. When *Pen* came to *Roſs*, ſhe acquainted her miſtreſs of it; who ſaid, "Tuſh, if you had but look'd over the door "that my Son and Daughter-in-law uſed to "lie in, you would have ſeen them in Bed to-"gether; for the Door is, by four or five "inches, too ſhort for the Door-Caſe; ſo "that by the Help of a Chair, *&c.* you might "eaſily have ſeen them.' "Well, ſays *Pen*, "when I go there again, I will certainly ſee "them in Bed together;' and ſhe was as good as

as her Word. All this was imparted to me by *Partheniſſa*.

In the Beginning of *April* one *John J*-- came to *Roſs*, and complained to Mrs. *P*. of his ill Uſage by Mr. *R. J*. and how he was turn'd out of his Place by his inſinuations. Mrs. *P*. could be of no Service to him as to the regaining of his Place, but made him welcome as to Bed and Board at her Houſe ſome time. Whilſt the old Fellow was there, he informed them of the manner of Mr. *J*. and the ſuppoſed Mrs. *C--n*'s Way of living; and intimated to Miſs and the Servant, that it would be a piece of Juſtice in ſomebody or other, to write to Mr. *P*. in *London*, in order to let him know how dangerous a Situation his affairs ſtood in, in *Monmouthſhire*, thro' the miſmanagement of the Perſons he had entruſted. And as Mr. *P*. had never ſeen my Hand writing, Miſs, *Pen*, and *John*, thought me a proper Perſon to write the Letter. *John* was the firſt that aſk'd me to write it; but I made him Anſwer, That it was no Buſineſs of mine, neither would I have any Thing to do with it. He informed *Pen* of my Anſwer, and ſhe told Miſs; upon which ſhe told them, ſhe would undertake that I ſhould do it; ſo in about a day or two ſhe brought me Pen, Ink, and Paper, and a Paper ready written, telling me, I muſt copy that (meaning the written Paper) out, and direct it to her Brother. I peruſed it, and found it was to acquaint him, that Mr. *J*. and Mrs. *C--n* lived together as Whore and Rogue; and that they waſted his Subſtance, ſtarved the Servants, made much of their own Creatures, and gave every Riff-Raff *Liſbon* Wine; when, at the ſame

time, the Servants could not get Small Beer. Then again, that Mr. *J.* gave his Dogs white Bread, when the Servants (without great difficulty) could not get brown; with ſeveral other Things, too numerous for memory to retain. *Dear Miſs* (ſaid I) *where is the Occaſion of my writing ſuch a Heap of Combuſtibles to your Brother, concerning Mr.* J. *who is entirely a Stranger to me, and one that never did me an injury. You don't know that* (ſaid ſhe warmly) *for he told mamma, in my hearing, that you loſt as fine a Voice as any in* England, *by Whores and Drinking; and I can aſſure you, mamma was in two minds, whether or no you ſhould ever come near me any more; but I told her all the Town Girls ſaid you were very modeſt as to that Way: Therefore, Mr.* Parry, *if you love me, you will write it for me. Beſides, if my Brother ſends him about his Buſineſs, he will ſend me to keep his Houſe, 'till he can be provided with good managers; and when I am there, you and I can be married, unknown to any Body.*

I was charm'd at that Saying of her's; and had it been ten times worſe, it muſt have been done. I writ it, and gave it her; and as ſoon as ſhe delivered it to *John J--*, he went to *Monmouth*, and put it into the Poſt-Office. The Letter came to Mr. *P.* as from a Neighbour, and ſigned *T. T.*

The Houſe that Mrs. *P.* liv'd in, was built of Wood, and plaiſter'd over, then painted in imitation of Bricks; and as ſhe but ſeldom went from Home, was very fond of gazing at Strangers, who commonly walked in the Church-yard, next to her Houſe. As I knew that ſhe took Delight in ſuch Things, I often

often brought Strangers oppoſite to her door, by telling them, I would ſhew them a Houſe, that none could gueſs what the Front was built with; and every one thought 'twas Bricks, 'till I had convinced them to the contrary: So by this means the old Lady's Curioſity was often ſatisfied.

In the Beginning of *March*, one *C--ly*, from *Glouceſter*, came to offer himſelf as an Organiſt at *Roſs*. If he had been as well acquainted with the Temper of the Inhabitants as I was, he would have ſpared himſelf both Trouble and Expence. Not but that I thought him an impudent Puppy, for offering himſelf in a Place where I was upon the Spot. Some of the inhabitants prevailed upon the Church-Wardens, to let *C--ly* try his Hand upon the Sunday following: I was obliged to be at *Hereford*, ſo could not poſſibly hear him. I begg'd that *Partheniſſa* would ſend me an Account of his Performance; at the ſame time adviſing her to dictate the Letter, in order for the Servant's writing to me, to prevent any manner of Suſpicion. *C--ly* play'd, and the *Monday* following a Letter was ſent me. (See No. VIII.) He (having no manner of encouragement) left the Town before my Return, otherwiſe I would have had ſome Diverſion with him; but I effected my Deſign afterwards in *Glouceſter*. I had not been come from *Hereford* above a day or two, before *Partheniſſa* informed me of her going to her Brother's in *Monmouthſhire*, where ſhe deſigned to ſtay a Week; and in that time ſhe ſhould be able to give her Brother (who was in *London*) an Account how Mr. *J. &c.* really managed; but I prevailed upon her

to defer her Journey till the Beginning of *May* 1735.

Upon the 26th of *April*, 1735, *Eſſex Meynick*, Eſq; (a *Pembrokeſhire* Gentleman) and his new-married Lady, came to *Roſs*, in their Way home to *Wales*; and as the Gentleman and his Lady were exceedingly well dreſs'd, I was reſolved that *Partheniſſa* ſhould ſee them. I ran to her, and told her, if ſhe came to *Jenny Birch*'s, the milliner, ſhe might ſee a handſome Couple, richly dreſs'd, and a genteel Equipage with them, at the *Swan and Falcon Inn*. I then left her, and went down the Town; and in about an Hour or two, (knowing her to be at the milliner's) I went up and ſat with her mother. I ſaid ſeveral Things to her, but ſhe ſat ſmoaking her Pipe, and made me no manner of Anſwer. I could not imagine the meaning of it, ſo left her abruptly. I met the maid, and aſk'd her, in the Name of Heaven, what was the matter with her miſtreſs. "Lord "Mr. *Parry*, I am ſorry with all my heart, "that you have aſked Miſs to go out To-day; "my miſtreſs is almoſt mad about it, and is "reſolved that Miſs ſhall never play upon the "Spinnet any more; but that ſhe ſhall go to "the *Hill* to Board: And my miſtreſs ſays, "that People talk a great deal about Miſs and "you; ſo that ſhe now is reſolved to ſtop "any further Clamours." "Look ye, Mrs. "*Pen (ſaid I)* as for People's talking, no one "can prevent them; but I am ſorry, from the "bottom of my Soul, that I ever aſked her to "come out; and was it to do again, I would "not aſk her for a hundred Guineas.

I went

I went Home, almoſt diſtracted with the Thoughts of parting with my Soul's Darling. And as I knew the arrogant Temper of her mother, I deſpair'd of ever coming near her any more. I writ her a Letter, (ſee No. IX.) and directed it backwards, (a method ſhe taught me) ſo I gave it her at Mrs. *Birch*'s. I went at Twelve o' Clock that Night, and whiſtled an *Italian* Tune under her Window, but no one appear'd. This was a Signal between us; for when I wanted to ſpeak with her, that was the Method I uſed, to let her know who was near. The next Day, (being *Sunday*) whilſt Mrs. *P.* and Miſs were at Church, I went to ſpeak with the Maid; ſhe told me, that her Miſtreſs had been very angry with me the Day before, but that ſhe was pretty well come to her Temper again: *But I adviſe you* (ſaid ſhe) *to keep off a Day or two, and all will be well; but for God's ſake, don't ask Miſs to go any where again; neither let her know when any Strangers of Note are at any of the Inns.* I aſſured *Pen* I would not. So (after leaving a Scrape of Paper in the Spinnit, wherein I had begg'd of Miſs to be at her Chamber Window, at Twelve o' Clock that Night) parted with the Servant, ſeemingly ſatisfied; but was really very much diſſatisfied. At Twelve, I whiſtled the Tune under her Window, but to no purpoſe. I then flung up ſome ſoft Dirt againſt the Window; but, alas, that availed me little, for ſhe lay out of hearing. I went to Bed, curſing the Hour I had ſeen the Gentleman and Lady, whoſe coming thro' the Town had occaſion'd this. Next Day, (at Church-Time) I went

to

to the Houſe, and the Maid adviſed me to come and dine there; and aſſured me, that her Miſtreſs had forgot all that had paſs'd. I told her, I would come in a Day or two, &c. and went into the Parlour, and found a Letter in the Spinnet. (See Numb. X.) My drooping Spirits were now reanimated, and the next Day I watch'd the old Lady's going to Church; then ran to her lovely Daughter, and Caught her in my Arms (with the Extaſy of an *Anthony* and a *Cleopatra*) ſaying;

My Life! my Soul! my All that Heav'n can give!
Death's Life with thee; without thee, Death to live.

FARQUHAR.

Which two Lines we have alternately repeated together a Thouſand Times. But the Joy that we had in coming together again, was inexpreſſible. "As we are once more "bleſs'd (ſaid ſhe) with each other's Compa- "ny, I inſiſt upon your coming here to "Dinner this very Day. My lovely Angel, "(ſaid I) I do not think it proper, as yet, to "Dine with your Mamma. Indeed, my "Dear, (ſaid ſhe) you muſt, and ſhall Dine; "and I am ſure Mamma will be pleaſed with "your comming, for we have a Breaſt of "Veal for Dinner. Mamma knowing you "to be an Admirer of that Diſh, was wiſh- "ing this Morning you would come and Dine "with us; therefore if you love me, you'll "not fail coming." I promiſed her I would, and accordingly did; where I found the old Lady

Lady as affable as ever; and we both (I mean Miſs and myſelf) bleſs'd our Stars for ſo eaſy a Reconciliation.

Partheniſſa ſet out for *Monmouthſhire*, upon the ſecond of *May*; and *Roſs* (when ſhe was out of it) ſeem'd to me as a deteſtable Place; inſomuch that I was determin'd not to be any conſiderable Time from her. I went over to her in about Eight Days after ſhe had left *Roſs*; and after ſome endearing Expreſſions on both Sides, ſhe gave me to underſtand, that if I was inclinable to live well whilſt there, I muſt ingratiate myſelf into the Good-wills of Mr. *J.* and Mrs. *C-n*; For (ſaid ſhe) 'tis "not in my Power to give thee "either Victuals or Drink, and they will "hardly allow me any." I was really touch'd to the Heart, to ſee her Uſage there, but what could I do? I was obliged, by her Directions, to hold with the Hare, and run with the Hounds. I own, ſhe (as well as myſelf) deſerved not any Thing, but the worſt of Uſages from him, by reaſon of the Letter I had ſent to her Brother, concerning him, *&c.* However, I behaved very reſerved, leaſt any Thing between Miſs and myſelf ſhould have been diſcover'd.

Mr. *J-* was a Lover of Muſick, and ſung very agreeably; ſo that he and I, almoſt at firſt Sight, became as great as two Inckle Weavers: And before my Return to *Roſs*, he begg'd that I would ſubſcribe to a Cock-match, which was to be fought at the *Oſtrey*, a Publick-Houſe in the Neighbourhood. *Partheniſſa* aſſur'd me of her being at Home in two Days after me: ſo, for that Time, I left *Monmouth-*

ſhire;

ſhire; and when I came to *Roſs*, I waited upon Mrs. *P*-, and told her I had ſeen Miſs in good Health: "Where?" (ſays ſhe) "In "*Abergavenny*, Madam, (ſaid I; for ſhe knew nothing of my being at her Son-in-Law's) and I call'd upon her in my Way Home. 'Pray "God ſend her well Home,' ſays the old La-"dy; and I added, With all my Soul.' Miſs came Home, according to her Promiſe, and begg'd that I would not fail being at the Cock-Match, which was upon the 21ſt of *May*.

From the Time that I had received my money from the Pariſh, Miſs (at her mother's deſire) became my Caſh-keeper; ſo that I only ſpent what ſhe thought proper: And when I was going to *Monmouthſhire*, ſhe gave me a Guinea, telling me, 'twas enough in Conſcience, as long as I was to lye at her Brother's Houſe; and withall charged me, not to ſtay above a Week, during which Time ſhe would make a Viſit to the Miſs *Clarkes*. After Vows of conſtancy between us, as uſual, I went to *Monmouthſhire*; where, by this Time, Mr. *Richard J*-'s marriage was declar'd for the following Reaſon. The Letter that, by Miſs's Orders, I had written to her Brother in *London*, did not come to his Hands till ſome conſiderable Time after 'twas dated. When he had perus'd it, he fell into a violent Paſſion, ſometimes bleſſing, but often curſing himſelf. He ſent down a Copy of the Letter to his Siſter, laying his Commands upon her, to inquire into the Truth of it; likewiſe to ſhew the Copy to Mr. *T. J.* of *Penroſe*. But the Cloſe of his Letter to *Partheniſſa* was, *If 'tis true the Lord look, and the Lord have Mercy upon me.* When

I came

I came to *Lantillio*, the Place was in an Uproar concerning this Letter, and then 'twas high time for Mr. *J.* and Mrs. *C.* to own their Marriage. He tax'd one, and then another with writing to *London*. Then there was one taken up by a Warrant, and another bound over to the Aſſizes for it. Indeed there was an old Juſtice in the next Pariſh, who would ſtick at nothing to get a Penny; by whoſe means Mr. *J.* plagued ſome of the Friends that live in the Neighbourhood. But I never ſaw in the whole Courſe of my Life, ſo much Confuſion in ſo ſmall a Place; and, as I was the Perſon that had written the Letter, 'tis to be imagin'd, I wiſh'd myſelf with *Partheniſſa*; but ſince I was in the midſt of the Hurly-burly, I put on the moſt inoffenſive Looks that I was capable of, by which means I was not in the leaſt ſuſpected. But before my going there, Miſs had anſwer'd her Brother's Letter, wherein ſhe aſſur'd him of her Belief in every Article mention'd in the Letter copied, which he had ſent down.

During my ſtay at *Monmouthſhire*, I went with Mr. *R- J-* to his Brother's at *Penroſe*, and moſt of the Talk there likewiſe was about the Letter ſent to *London*. The Wife of Mr. *Thomas J-* (hitting the Nail upon the Head) ſaid, *She was poſitive it could be no Body elſe, but* Partheniſſa, *that old poiſon'd Carrion* Pen, *and that old Raſcal* John J-, *who had contrived the Letter ſent to* London. I joined with them ſo far, as to ſay, 'twas a ſcandalous Piece of Work (at the ſame time wiſhing myſelf a hundred Miles off) and told Mr. *J-*, the only way

to

to prove who writ it, would be to get the original Letter from Mr. *P-*. " By G-d, says " Mr. *Thomas J-*, there's a great deal of Rea- " ſon in what *Parry* ſays, and I would have " you try, Brother, and get the original one " from Couſin *M- P-*." Then Mrs. *J-*, of *Penroſe*, flew into a violent Paſſion (indeed 'tis but few of our ſecond-handed, ſober Gentlewomen, can contain or govern themſelves at all times) ſaying, " I am ſure Siſter *P-* has a " Hand in't too; and I am ſorry that ſhe and " her Daughter has no more Senſe, then to be " guided by ſuch an old naſty Huſſy as *Pen* is. " All the Reaſon, or the Occaſion of Miſs's, " and, I ſuppoſe, her Mother's malice to us, " is, becauſe we live in this Farm, and they " want to come here, becauſe they imagine " we are getting an Eſtate; ſo, dear Huſband, " let us go and live in our own Houſe, *&c.* in " *Brecnockſhire*, and let my Siſter *P-*, come " here, and then ſhe'll be pleas'd, 'tis to be " hop'd." Mrs. *P-*, indeed, is no Woman of any Taſte, but yet I do not think ſhe could have liv'd in ſuch a dirty Stye, as Mrs. *J-* did. Mr. *J-* would have pacify'd his Wife, by ſaying, " My Dear, be eaſy about the matter; " you know, I cannot help it. I will not be " eaſy, ſaid ſhe, I know my Siſter *P-*'s De- " ſign, and I don't value her of a Farthing."

If I had not known Mrs. *J-* before, I could have ſworn, by her manner of Expreſſion to've ſeen her ſell Flat Fiſh and Whitings, before the *Three Tuns* Door, at *Billinſgate*.

The *Monday*, following, being *Whitſun Monday*, there was a dancing-match at the *Onen*, a Publick-Houſe in the Neighbourhood.

Among

Among the reſt of the Company invited, I was one; and, about Five o'Clock in the Evening, I obſerv'd *Pen* to come in; and, as I was going to ſpeak to her, I ſaw *Partheniſſa*, to my no ſmall Surprize, ſtand by a Style in the Garden; 'Good God, *ſaid I to her*, what brought 'my fair One here.' 'I will tell you, *ſaid* 'ſhe, another Time; but go in, and I will 'immediately come after you; and, altho' 'you are but a clumſy dancer, I inſiſt upon't 'that you'll not dance with any Body, for I 'cannot bear to ſee you handle any Woman 'beſides myſelf; and I will dance with no o-'ther Perſon than *Pen*, leſt I ſhould make my 'dear Boy uneaſy, by dancing with any man.' They had not danc'd an Hour, before I heard the Pariſh Bells ring, and at *Pen*'s whiſpering to her Siſters, I aſk'd her, what could occaſion ſo ſudden a Joy, by the Bells ringing, the Company's laughing, *&c.* *Pen* aſſur'd me, 'twas upon Miſs's coming to mortify Mr. *J*--. For my Part, I could come at no Speech with *Partheniſſa*, becauſe ſhe was crouded with a Set of young Women; but about Ten o'Clock, the Company left off dancing, and *Pen* came to me, deſiring I would not lye at Mr. *P*--'s that Night. "I have, added ſhe, aſk'd Mr. "*T*.. *C*.., to Spare you a Bed in his Houſe, "and you another Time ſhall know the Rea-"ſon, why you are deſired not to lye at the "*Great Houſe*.' Mr. *C*-- came to me, and begg'd I would take a Bed with him. I thank'd him for his Compliment, and told him I would firſt go to Mr. *P*-'s (call'd the *Great Houſe*) and that I would immediately return, and go Home, with him. The Bells all this while rang, and the Minute I enter'd Mr. *P*.'s Houſe,

Houſe, he (by me) unexpectedly came in after me, and with him one Mr. *J. L*, an Attorney. During the Courſe of my Life, I never was more ſurpriz'd, than to ſee him in the Country, and was now ſenſible that the only Reaſon Miſs had for deſiring me to lye out of the Houſe, was, becauſe of his coming Home. He went directly into the little Parlour, where Miſs was, and as he paſs'd by me, I made his Worſhip a low Bow, and with that left his Houſe.

The next Morning, *Pen* came to me, and gave Miſs's Service to me, begging, for God's ſake, that I would either go to *Dingeſtow*, the Seat of *R- J-*, Eſq; or *Roſs*; for that Mr. *R- J-* did teiſe Mr. *P-* for the Letter that had been ſent to him, concerning him and his Wife. I was as uneaſy as Miſs was concerning the Letter, but told *Pen* I would not go away; and that I neither cared whether Mr. *J-* had the Letter of my writing or not: And farthermore (made *Pen* believe) that I did not care, nay, even that I would own to Mr. *P-* and Mr. *J-*, that I was the Perſon who had writ the Letter. *Pen* went and inform'd Miſs with the Reſult of our Diſcourſe. She, believing me to be in earneſt, was affrighted, and call'd Mr. *J. L.* aſide, begging, he would get the Letter from her Brother; "For *ſaid ſhe*, if he gives "Mr. *J.* the Letter, he would certainly "know who writ it:" "And you may be "aſſur'd, *added ſhe*, if my Brother ſhould "give Mr. *J.* the Letter, he will not ſtick "at any thing to do the Perſon an Injury who "writ it: And you know *continued ſhe*, the

Letter

" Letter conſequently muſt have been writ-
" ten by a Friend, and deſign'd as a Piece
" of Service to my Brother; therefore, 'twould
" be barbarous in him to give Mr. *J.* the
" Letter." Mr. *J. L.* join'd in Opinion with her, and by perſwaſive Arguments got the Letter from Mr. *P.* and gave it Miſs, who immediately Communicated it to the Flames.

I left that Part of the Country, and return'd to *Roſs* upon the 27th, then waited upon Mrs. *P.* and inform'd her of all that, to my Knowledge, happen'd in *Monmouthſhire*; but particularly, what Mrs. *J.* had ſuggeſted concerning Miſs and her. " Good
" God! *ſays the old Lady*, I cannot imagine
" what ſhould make Mrs. *J.* think, that I
" have an inclination to live in her place of
" Abode; I always ſaid it was a lucky houſe
" and Farm; but, God knows, 'tis but a
" dirty Drab of a Hole: And as for the Let-
" ter ſent to Mr. P. I'll take my Oath that
" I never knew any thing of it." " Nothing
" can perſuade her, madam, *ſaid I*, but that
" you have had a Hand in it." " Really,
" Mr. *Parry*, *ſaid ſhe*, I think Mrs. *J.* gives
" herſelf a great many unneceſſary Airs. Who
" is ſhe, for God's Sake? Her mother was
" but a poor Servant-wench, that came to
" live with my Huſband's Father. He was
" often fuddled, ſo made Love to her: And
" God knows, that 'twas my maid *Pen*'s mo-
" ther, that (by telling him ſhe was careful,
" honeſt, *&c.*) perſuaded him to marry her,
" and my Huſband never could endure *Pen*'s
" mother for it, as long as he afterwards liv'd.

" I am, Mr. *Parry*, really ſurprized that my " Siſter *J.* ſhould take upon her ſo much; I " fancy ſhe imagines People do not know her, " but in that ſhe is miſtaken; her mother was " as great an Hypocrite as any breathing; and " I remember, that after my Huſband died, " ſhe ſaid, in Mr. P.'s hearing, that when his " Father came to the Eſtate, ſhe took nothing " from the Houſe but her wearing Apparel; " and that it was not handſome in me to take " my own Goods away, when I was going " to keep Houſe myſelf. But Mrs. *J.*'s mo- " ther did not conſider, that I brought my " Huſband a handſome Fortune, beſides Houſ- " hold Goods; and that ſhe brought nothing, " except Rags: And in ſhort, Mr. *Parry*, " added ſhe, they are a Parcel of falſe Crea- " tures, and I pray God ſend my poor Girl " from among them." So far I join'd in fer- vent Prayer with the old Lady. " I will tell " you one thing more, *continued ſhe*, of the " Behaviour of Mrs. *J.*'s mother. She gave " out that I was a good-for-nothing Creature, " becauſe I did not ſend my Son-in-law a man " in Livery, when he was High Sheriff of " *Monmouthſhire*; and, God knows, I offer'd " him a man, or a Couple of Silver Salvers, " and he accepted of the latter; therefore, I " think, that this hectoring woman has no " reaſon for uſing my Child and me as ſhe " does; but it may come home to her unex- " pectedly.

Partheniſſa came home the 2d of *June*, and I was ſoon informed of all the Proceedings in her Brother's Family; particularly that Mr. *J.* and his Wife had been diſcharged from any

Truſt

Truſt repoſed in them, by her Brother: *Nay*, ſaid ſhe, *the very firſt Night that my Brother came Home, Mr.* J. *and his Wife being in the Bed he uſed to lie in, he made them riſe out of Bed, becauſe he was reſolved to diſturb them; by which they might ſee, they were to expect no Favour from him.*

Miſs and I paſs'd away our time as uſual, having all our Souls wiſh'd for, till ſhe was to go to *Monmouthſhire*, upon her Brother's Return to *London*, to take the whole management of his Houſe, *&c.* at his Requeſt, upon herſelf.

In the mean time I preſſed her to fulfill the Promiſe ſhe had made me in *December* 1734, which was, to marry me the Summer following. "Is there no waving of it for a Year "longer, *ſaid ſhe.* "My Angel, *ſays I*, if "you have any Affection for me, you will not "defer any longer; for I am poſitive we ne-"ver can have a fairer Opportunity than this "time, by your being in *Monmouthſhire.* If "you will leave it to me, I will have it per-"formed in the moſt ſecret manner imagina-"ble.' "But my Dear, *ſaid ſhe*, what ſhall "we do for a Licence and Ring?' "I re-"ply'd, Leave that to me, only give me one "of your Rings, to have one made by; and "the Day that you ſet out for *Monmouth*, I "will go to *Glouceſter*, and have it made: I "will order it ſo, that your mamma ſhall be-"lieve I am gone to enquire for a Place vacant "of an Organiſt, *&c.*

On *Sunday* the 8th of *June* ſhe went to *Monmouthſhire*, and I to *Glouceſter*; but before our Parting ſhe left with me (excepting a Dia-

mond and a mourning one) all her Rings, eleven in number, and told me, *I muſt have the Wedding Ring made by the Ring that we married each other with in* 1733. I had the Ring made, and mark'd J. P. M. by Mr. *Price*, a Goldſmith in *Glouceſter*; and, when I return'd to *Roſs*, ſent *Partheniſſa* a Letter, (ſee Letter, No. XI.) but receiving no Anſwer, I writ her another, (ſee Letter, No. XII.) and had but juſt finiſhed it, when *Pen* came from *Monmouthſhire*, and gave me a Scrap of Paper from Miſs, in which was written as follows: *Mr.* Parry, *pray write* Tweed Side, *and* Si Caro ſi, *for the Flute, and ſend it the firſt Opportunity, without Charge to me.* And upon the Back of the Paper ſhe writ, *hctaw yadnom tſop*, i. e. *Watch* Monday's *poſt.*

I went upon the Receipt of this, to Mr. *W. P.* an Attorney, who upon all occaſions ſhew'd himſelf my ſincere Friend, and told him, that I had ſomething to impart to him, which was a Thing of great Conſequence to me, and hoped he would continue my Friend, by aſſiſting me in what I was going upon. He aſſur'd me, that if he could do me any Service, without doing himſelf a Prejudice, he would with Pleaſure ſerve me: "But, *added he*, if I "cannot ſerve you, I will do you no Prejudice, "ſo you may explain yourſelf to me, without "any manner of Danger.' "Why then, "*ſays I*, you muſt know, that I am going to "be married to *Partheniſſa*:' "I wonder'd, "*ſaid he*, what the Devil you've been doing "all this while; and ſeveral People are ſurprized at your ſtaying here, ever ſince you "gave up the Keys of the Organ: But for

"my

" my part I have imagined for ſome time paſt,
" that thou hadſt ſomething more extraordina-
" ry in view. I will be plain with you, *added*
" *he*, you muſt excuſe my not going with
" you, leaſt you ſhould miſcarry, by which
" means I ſhall be reflected on hereafter: But
" this I aſſure you, you ſhall be heartily wel-
" come to what money I have by me, and to
" my Horſe, and hope you'll excuſe me from
" any thing elſe.

I thanked him, and accepted of his Horſe. I am to receive a Letter from her, *ſaid I*, the 23d of this month, which I will ſhew you; and, to confirm what I ſay, here is eleven of her Rings (ſhewing them to him) and the Wedding Ring, which I have had made at *Glouceſter*.

Upon *Monday* the 23d I waited for the Poſt-Boy at the Upper-end of the Town, who gave me a Letter (ſee Letter, No. XIII.) which I anſwered by the ſame Poſt (ſee Letter, No. XIV.) I ſhewed Mr. *L.* the Letter that Evening, who was fully convinced of what I had before aſſerted to him.

Upon the *Wedneſday* following the Poſt-Boy brought me another Letter, (ſee Letter, No. XV.) and being now, as I thought, ſure of a Wife, took Mr. *L*--'s Horſe, and rode to *Dingeſtow*, the Seat of *R. J.* Eſq; which lies near *Monmouth*, and within three miles of *Lantilio*, where *Partheniſſa* was.

Having had the Honour to wait upon that Gentleman, in order to tune his Lady's Harpſicord, I flattered myſelf, that if I made my intentions known to him, he would do me any Service, provided 'twould not be inconveni-

ent to him. After Supper, in Preſence of his Lady, I told him, I had ſomething to communicate to him, which was of as great a Concern to me as my Life; and that if the Thing ſhould be known publickly, before it came to maturity, I ſhould be inevitably ruin'd; therefore hoped, as it lay in his power, he would befriend me, *You may*, ſays the worthy Gentleman, *explain yourſelf freely, let the Secret be what it will; and, if it does not lie in my power to ſerve you, the Thing ſhall go no farther from me upon my Honour. You muſt underſtand then, Sir*, ſaid I, *I am come over from* Roſs, *in order to be married to* Partheniſſa, *and want not any thing but a blank Licence, and a Clergyman to marry us. Tell me really*, ſaid he, *have you got the Lady's Conſent. I have, Sir*, ſaid I, *and we've agreed to be married in this Pariſh.* I then related to him the manner of her coming, as I've made mention of in my Letter to her (Numb. XI.) Mr. *J.* ask'd me, upon what Day I intended to be married. I told him, upon the *Saturday* following. "I'll go over to a Cler-"gyman, *ſaid he*, To-morrow, and he ſhall "get a Licence: In the mean time, you "muſt go to *Partheniſſa*, and ſettle every "thing between yourſelves." On the morrow, being *Friday* 27th, he was ſo good as to go to the Rev. Mr. *D*--, Vicar of *B*--, and in the mean time I went to *Partheniſſa*, and found her in Company with one Mrs. *M-P*-, a young Gentlewoman that for ſome time was with her as a Companion. After I had paid my Compliments to them both, Mrs. *P.* left the Room. *Partheniſſa* ſigh'd,

and

and look'd very penſive, before I had hardly time to ſpeak to her. " My lovely Angel, *ſaid I*, " what's the matter with you?" O Lord, " *ſaid ſhe*, I am afraid of ſomewhat:" Of " what, Child, *ſaid I*, Oh! good God, " *ſaid ſhe*, of that laſt Word thou haſt men- " tion'd (meaning, her being apprehenſive of " being with Child) indeed, my Angel, *ſays* " *I, embracing her*, I cannot ſay I am ſorry " for it; but to prevent any Cenſure from " the World, let us be married immediate- " ly. I have a Clergyman and Licence rea- " dy for that Purpoſe. I ſhall perſuade him " to give us a Certificate, dated as three " months laſt paſt, by telling him, I have " been before married to thee, but that the " Ceremony was performed by a Woman; " that would have been good in Law, but I " have thy Honour more at Heart than thou " canſt imagine, and if thou ſhouldſt bring this " Child to Life, the Birth of it can't be " accounted ſpurious; therefore, my lovely " Girl, *continued I*, do not pretend to wave " our marriage, leſt, as you are with Child, " or fearful of it, you bring Diſgrace upon " yourſelf." " Good God, *ſaid ſhe weeping*, " what ſhall I do?" " Do, *ſaid I*, make " me your Huſband; you are thoroughly ac- " quainted with my Temper, and no Stran- " ger to my Failings." " Well, *ſaid ſhe*, " *ſighing*, ſince it muſt be ſo, I will comply; " but who is the Clergyman, for I muſt " know that?" " Dear Angel, *ſaid I*, ſince " he's a Clergyman, 'tis no great matter who " 'tis: But to anſwer you his Name is *D*--." " Oh, Heavens, *ſaid ſhe, in a violent paſſion*, he's

" he's the greateſt R-- upon Earth, and will " make the thing known to every Body." " Thou Soul of my Soul, *ſaid I*, don't be " in a Paſſion, for I have taken care he " ſhall not divulge it; beſides, you ſhall be " married in a maſque, and as he does not " know me, he is not to know our Sur- " names until ſome time hence: But then, " my fair One, I'm poſitive that Mr. *J*-- has " ſuch an influence over the Parſon, that he " will moſt certainly injoin him to Silence; " tho' to a great many People this may " ſeem highly impracticable." " my deareſt " *Jemmy*, *ſaid ſhe*, thou doſt know thyſelf to " be maſter both of my Soul and Body, " and that I cannot deny thee any thing. " When muſt I come to *Dingeſtow*?" I anſwered her, " To-morrow." " my Deareſt, " *ſaid ſhe*, I would not be married upon a " *Saturday* for the World, becauſe 'tis a " Croſs Day, therefore don't inſiſt upon't. " Upon *Sunday*, you know 'twill be impoſſi- " ble for me to come, becauſe my Brother's " Houſe, being the only one remarkable in " the Pariſh for a good one, ſeveral Tenants, " Farmers, *&c.* will be here, as uſual; ſo " that I muſt be at Home. But on *Mon-* " *day* I will certainly come; and don't you " fail of getting ſome Body or other to ask " me to come into Mr. *J*--'s Houſe, and I " will ride but gently by the Door." After retiring, and poſſeſſing what Lovers wiſh for, I took my Leave of her, and begg'd that ſhe would not diſappoint me, in not coming; and, as for the reſt, 'twould be my Care. She aſſured me, that ſhe would moſt certainly come;

come; upon which I return'd to *Dingeſtow*, and inform'd Mr. J. with what had paſt, and what was to be done.

Upon the *Monday* Morning Mr. J. was pleas'd to walk ſome conſiderable time with me up and down the Fields, by the Road Side, where ſhe was to come; but, to my great Diſappointment, we could not ſee nor hear any thing of her. I immediately took Horſe, and went to her; and as ſoon as we had the Room to ourſelves, I ask'd her what ſhe meant, by making the Fool of me, in the manner ſhe had done? "For God's ſake, my Dear, "*ſaid ſhe*, don't put yourſelf in a Paſſion, "before you hear what I've to ſay for myſelf: "The greateſt Part of our Hounds were "bit by a mad Dog and Bitch; *James* and "*Coone*, the Huntſman, with *Jacob George*, "the Gardener, agreed laſt Night (unknown "to me) to take the Pack this morning, and "dip them in the Salt Water. They will be "at Home to Night: and I do aſſure you "if there had been any Body at Home to "ride out with me, nothing ſhould have pre-"vented my coming; ſo that, I hope, you "will not be angry with me. I am ſatisfied "you know very well, that I never did, nor "could ride out alone.' "When will you "come then, my Deareſt?' *ſaid I*, She re-"plied, "To-morrow, if I am alive.' If "you do not come, *ſaid I*, by G-d I will "ſet out for *London* directly.' "For Hea-"ven's ſake, don't talk of leaving me, *ſaid* "*ſhe*, unleſs you have a mind to kill me: "But if I don't come To-morrow, I'll give "thee leave to ſpend this money.' With that

"ſhe

ſhe open'd an Eſcrutore, took out a Leather Purſe, in which was a 5 moidore Piece, 2 three Pound Twelves, moidores, &c. and laid it upon the Table before me, I took the Purſe and put it into my Pocket, proteſting I would ſet out with it, if ſhe neglected coming betimes. " If I don't come, *ſaid ſhe*, " I tell thee once more, diſpoſe of it as thou " haſt a mind, but do not talk of leaving me, " But be not angry with thy fond One, if I " ſhould not come till the middle of the " Day.' I promiſed her I would not. I returned back to *Dingeſtow* that Night, and inform'd Mr. J. and his Lady, of my Succeſs. That worthy Gentleman next morning (after I had deferred his Journey upon the Hills for four Days, to take the Diveſion of ſhooting Red and Black Game) ſet out towards the fartheſt Part of the Country; but before he went, left inſtructions in the Family, to take *Partheniſſa* down to the Houſe of *T--s A-y*, joining to *Dingeſtow* Church. I waited at the Court before Mr. J--'s Houſe, till 'twas paſt Eleven o'Clock, and ſeeing not any thing of her, I rid ſpeedily to her Brother's. As ſoon as I entered the Houſe, Mrs. *M-y P-ps* ask'd me, if I had met with *Partheniſſa* upon the Road. I anſwered her in the Negative; and asked her, where ſhe was gone to. She's gone towards *Dingeſtow*, *ſaid ſhe*, and is thereabouts by this Time, 'Tis to be imagined, I did not care for ſtaying where I was, ſo asked Mrs. *Philips* to give me a Glaſs of *Lisbon* Wine, telling her, I was in a great Hurry, being obliged to be at *Cardiff* that Evening, upon earneſt Buſineſs. She brought me the Wine,

Wine, and would have perſuaded me to have ſtayed and dine upon a Roaſted Pig. I excuſed myſelf, and in haſte rid back to *Dingeſtow*. The moment I alighted, I ran into the Parlour, where I found *Partheniſſa* fitting with Mr. *J*--'s Lady. After two or three minutes Talk, the Lady withdrew. I claſped her in my Arms, ſaying, " My lovely Angel, I now " have got every Thing ready; and I hope " you'll' not ſcruple making me your lawful " Huſband." She inſtead of ſaying yes, as I reaſonably might have expected, Thunderſtruck me in an Inſtant, by telling me, ſhe would not marry me at that Time. " Good " God, *ſaid I*, what is't you mean, and " what will this good Family, and every one " elſe think of us?" my Dear, *ſays ſhe*, don't " be angry; and if you have any Love or " Regard for me, now is the Time to ſhew " it, by not inſiſting upon my marrying you " at this Time." I was ſo much confounded with Surprize, that I was incapable of making her any anſwer. " Should I, *continued ſhe*, " marry you, my Brother would ſhoot us " both." Juſt as ſhe had finiſh'd ſpeaking, Mrs. *J*-- entered the Room. " Madam, " *ſaid I*, *Partheniſſa* is afraid to marry me, " becauſe ſhe is certain that her Brother would " ſhoot me, *&c.* thro' the Head. " I think " that is reaſon enough, *ſays Miſs*. Madam, " *ſays I*, I do not think there is, neither am " I apprehenſive of any manner of Danger: " But let that be as it will, I am certain, that " upon this Occaſion, or any thing like it, I " could draw the Trigger of a Piſtol, as " well as your Brother, if there ſhould be a

Neceſſity

" Neceſſity for my behaving in ſuch a man-
" ner.

" You know, Mr. *Parry*, *ſays Mrs.* J.
" that *Partheniſſa* and you are Strangers both
" to Mr. J. and myſelf; and whether you are
" married or not, 'twill be no manner of
" Odds to us; and as you aſked Mr. J. nay,
" begg'd of us to be ſilent in your Affair, I
" do aſſure you, that let what will happen,
" the Secret ſhall not go from this Family.'
Miſs and myſelf returned the Lady Thanks, *&c.* I begg'd of Miſs to walk up Stairs to the Chamber where the inſtrument lay, and favour her with a Leſſon. We both play'd, and in a ſhort Space of Time the Lady was called out.

Having the Room to ourſelves, I ſaid,
" What can be the meaning of this ſudden
" Change in your Temper? You told me in
" your laſt Letter, likewiſe on *Friday* laſt,
" that you was afraid of your being ſome time
" gone with Child; and now abſolutely to
" refuſe marrying me, after all that's paſt be-
" tween us, I own, ſurprizes me.' " Pray,
" Mr. *Parry*, *ſaid ſhe*, do not aſk me to
" marry you, for I will not at this Time.'
" Will you ever, *ſaid I?* To that ſhe an-
" ſwered nothing. Well, madam, *ſaid I*,
" ſince I find you are ſhuffling with me, I
" will ſet out of this Country whilſt I have
" money in both Pockets.' " Pray, ſaid ſhe,
" give me back the 5 Mcidore Piece, and the
" two Three Pound Twelves, *&c.* for they
" are my Brother's, which he left me to pay
" his Workmen with.' " The Devil a Half-
" penny ſhall you ſee of it, *ſaid I*, for as I

" had

" had it by your Conſent, I am reſolved to " keep it, for it will ſerve me very well in " my *London* Journey.

Upon this we were called down to Dinner: The Company were Mrs. *J.* Mr. *T. S.* a *Warwickſhire* Gentleman, *Partheniſſa*, and myſelf. I ſat at Miſs's Right-hand; and, during Dinner time, ſhe put her Right Foot upon my Left, and often ſpoke (but ſoftly) in *Welch*, *ſm Callon*, *ſi Enaed*; which in *Engliſh* is, *my Heart*, *my Soul*. Thoſe Words gave me new Life; inſomuch, that I flattered myſelf that her Reſolutions would alter before we parted; and as Mrs. *J.* and Mr. *S.* (who paid a long Viſit in the Family, being very intimate) were no Strangers to our Buſineſs there, I was determined to put the Queſtion to her before them. After I had dined, I addreſs'd myſelf to her, telling her, that I had acquainted Mrs. *J.* and that Gentleman (pointing at Mr. *S.*) with the intent of our meeting there. I have the Clergyman, added I, at hand, and beg you will let me know your real intentions. *I will not marry you now*, ſaid ſhe. *Not now*, ſaid I, *why could you not have told me ſo laſt Week, and not to have let me given my Friends this Trouble, and to keep the Parſon theſe three Days waiting for us. If you won't marry me*, added I, *why did you order me to buy the Ring? Not to be married with*, ſaid ſhe. *No*, ſaid I, ſurpriz'd, *what did you bid me buy it for then?* She again (confuſedly) told me, *Not to be married. Why don't you*, ſays I haſtily, *tell Mrs.* J. *what was my Intent in buying it?* To that Queſtion ſhe did not (neither could ſhe indeed) make me any Anſwer, well knowing that Mr. J. ſaw

very plain that the Thing was undeniable. For my part, beginning to ſuſpect her inconſtancy, I was reſolved to trifle no longer with her: I turn'd towards her, and ſaid, "Madam, you "have deny'd me the Pleaſures of Life." "What Pleaſures of Life? ſaid ſhe briſkly. "You, *ſaid I*, never would let me go any "where; eſpecially to the muſick-meetings at "*Hereford* and *Worceſter*, where I might "have been in Company, and have improv'd "myſelf by converſing with good maſters, "Then again, 'tis Treaſon to ſpeak to any "one, eſpecially young Women, leaſt by my "doing ſo I ſhould incur your diſpleaſure: "Nay, I could name a thouſand things more, "but I am ſure it would be needleſs." "Well "Mr. *Parry*, *ſaid ſhe*, I will never marry "any one without my mamma's Conſent. "Really, Miſs, *ſaid Mrs.* J. I think you are "very much to be commended, and you are "certainly in the right." By this time I was almoſt raving mad. "What do you mean, "*ſays I to* Partheniſſa, by fooling me in this "manner: The World may well imagine I "ſhall never have your mother's Conſent: "Your baſe uſage to me is inſufferable; you, "and only you, *continued I*, have been my "Ruin, and that you know too, too well. "You have kept me theſe three Years in "*Roſs*, where I have ſpent the Flower of my "Youth to pleaſe you: I might have had "two very good Places by applying for, but "you would not let me go from you, telling "me from time to time, you would moſt "certainly marry me, and that I ſhould have "no Occaſion to make a Livelihood of muſick,

" ſick, for that you had enough for both of " us without it. Then again, at *Chriſtmas* " laſt, when I had faithfully paid my Debts, " had money enough, good Cloaths, Linnen, " *&c.* to have carried me any where; then " you would not let me go, when (tho 'twas " worſe than Death to me) I willingly would " have gone; but your ſwearing to me you " would marry me this Summer, prevented " my leaving the Country. I ſtay'd, believ- " ing fondly every Thing you ſaid was ſacred; " but now I ſee my error; and ſince you are " bent upon fooling me, I here ſolemnly de- " clare before the Almighty, and in the pre- " ſence of Mrs. *J.* and Mr. *S.* that if you " will not marry immediately, I will inſtantly " give you all the Letters you have writ to " me, which I now have in my Pocket, pro- " vided you promiſe to return me thoſe I " have written to you: And I further de- " clare, that for your Sake I never will " make Love to another Woman as long as " you live.

I brought all her Letters with me, with a Reſolution to commit them to the Flames the minute we were married; for I thought them fit for no one's Peruſal, excepting ourſelves. To my Propoſals of Parting, or marrying, ſhe made me no manner of Anſwer, and the tears guſhed in her Eyes.

After having ſat mute ſome time, ſhe aſk'd me if I would give her the money. *Madam, ſaid I, why won't you anſwer the Queſtion I have propos'd to you? Why then, ſaid ſhe, I will never marry without the Conſent of my Mamma.*

" Madam, *ſaid I*, you may do as you " pleaſe, for I am reſolved not to give my- " ſelf any farther Trouble about you. As " for the money, you ſhall never handle a " Doit of it; I will keep it towards the mo- " ney I have profuſely ſpent in your Service, " and in part of Satisfaction for my loſt time; " and ſince, *ſaid I*, you have uſed me ſo un- " genteelly, by G-d, I'll make your Letters " publick.

I left the Room, and ſhe burſt into Tears, and ask'd Mrs. *J*--, if ſhe had heard my laſt Words. Mrs. *J*. ſaid no, " Lord, Ma- " dam, *ſays ſhe*, he ſays, he'll expoſe my " Letters. " I do not think he will do that, " *ſays* Mrs. *J*. tho' he is now in a Paſſion; " People in Love ſay a great many Things in " Heat, which they never intend performing." *Partheniſſa* begged of her to perſuade me to return her the money. Mrs. J. came out of the Parlour, and deſired me to give *Partheniſſa* (if I had any of hers) the Money. " Ma- " dam, *ſaid I*, I am really concerned to think " that I cannot comply with your Requeſt; " therefore hope you will not preſs me to " give it her, becauſe I am reſolved to make " ſure of ſome Pocket money for my Jour- " ney; and if you knew all, you'd ſay I " have acted too honeſt a Part by her." Mrs. J. hearing that, importuned me no more, ſo went and informed *Partheniſſa* with the Reſult of our Diſcourſe. She returned to her Brothers about Five o'Clock, without any Ceremony from me, but a look full of Indignation.

The

The disappointment gave me a great deal of Uneasiness, and flung me into such Passions, which made me behave with greater Arrogancy towards her, then became me; but yet, after she was gone (so strongly was I infatuated) my Heart relented, and I would, had it been in my Power, have given millions to have had her in my Arms.

After I had composed myself, I begg'd the Favour of Mrs. J. to inform me, how Miss came there, for I had missed her upon the Road. Mrs. J. said, that Mr. *S*--- was walking with her about Eleven o'Clock in the Fields, and going over a Stile near the High Road, they saw a young Lady and a Servant coming very slowly along. Mrs. J. immediately imagined her to be *Partheniſſa*, but on her making her a Bow, and seeming to incline to stop her Horse, almost confirmed Mrs. J. in her Opinion; so she desired Mr. *S*--- to step and ask the Servant who the young Lady was; the Sevant answered, Mr. *P*--'s Sister. By this Time Mrs. J. came up with *Partheniſſa*, asked her, where she was going, and why she did not call at *Dingestow* House. *Partheniſſa* told her, she was going to *J*-- *E*--'s, at the *Parloo*. Mrs. J. told her, the Roads were impassable for a Woman; so desired her to return back to her House, and said, that Miss might send the Servant forward to the Tenants, and wait till she came there the Footway, that being a fine Walk. *Partheniſſa* told (for once the Truth) Mrs. J. she had no great Business there, and immediately jump'd off her Mare, and walked with Mrs. J. to her House. Mrs. J. asked her, if she had me-

me. Miſs ſaid, no; for ſhe had been ſome Time at *C--l G--*, a Tenant of her Brother's.

Mrs. J. and Mr. *S--* talked ſome conſiderable time, thinking to bring *Partheniſſa* into Diſcourſe with them, but to no purpoſe. Mr. *S--* called Mrs. J. out of the Parlour, and ſaid, he believed the young Lady to be very baſhful, and naturally reſerved.

He adviſed Mrs. J. to talk with *Partheniſſa* concerning me; for ſurely, *ſays he*, ſhe is come to be married, and 'twill be neceſſary (I ſuppoſe) to ſend for Mr. *D--* the Clergyman. Mrs. J. told him, ſhe would ſpeak to *Partheniſſa*; accordingly ſhe did, and told her, that two or three Days before I had informed them of the Affair between her and myſelf; and farther, that ſhe imagined, it was with Miſs's Approbation. Mrs. J. ſtill added, ſhe thought herſelf obliged to aſſure *Partheniſſa* of her Endeavours to ſerve her in any thing that lay in her Power, and likewiſe to keep the Affair a Secret. *Partheniſſa* (in a great Confuſion) told Mrs. J--, that ſhe did not intend to do any thing. Mrs. J. immediately begged her Pardon, for mentioning any thing to her (particularly being an utter Stranger) that was diſagreeable; but that, by what ſhe had been informed by me (ſome ſhort time before) ſhe imagined it to be quite contrary. And juſt as they ended the Diſcourſe I came in. What paſt afterwards, I have mentioned in the foregoing Page.

I could not be at reſt till I writ her a Letter (ſee Letter, Numb. XVI.) I went to *Monmouth* and ſent it her from thence, by the Wife of *Dicky Creed*, and returned that Evening

Evening to *Dingeſtow*; but before my Return, the old Woman brought a Letter (ſee Letter, Numb. XVII.) for me, from Miſs; but directed it to Mrs. J--, in order to prevent our being ſuſpected. The next Day I went to *Partheniſſa*, taking with me a Letter that Mrs. J. was pleas'd to write to her at my Requeſt, wherein ſhe thanked her for her Viſit (tho' deſigned for Miſs's Ends) and that ſhe would pay Miſs one very ſoon. Mrs. *M- P* was with her in the Parlour when I came there, but *Partheniſſa* ſoon found means to ſend her to another Part of the Houſe. This was upon the 4th of *July* 1735. " my Dear, " *ſaid I*, I am now come to take my laſt " farewel of you; in the firſt place, here " are the Pieces of Gold, which you ſay be- " long to your Brother" She took them from me, ſeemingly reluctant. " I now, *added I*, " bid you an eternal Adieu, and wiſh you " all the Happineſs imaginable; and if you " ever do marry, it ſhall be always my earneſt " Prayer to Heaven, that you may meet with " a loving Husband, and one that will make " you happy. Here is a Letter from Mrs. " J- to you *(delivering it to her)* and becauſe " you ſhall hereafter have no Reaſon to ſay, " that I have not behaved towards you like a " Man of Honour or Common Senſe woul " do to the Woman who has captivated him, " I have brought you all your Letters. Here " they are (*offering them into her Hands*) do " what you pleaſe with them." At thoſe Words ſhe ſtruck the Bundle of Letters out of my Hands, and ran into my Arms, and clung about my Neck; crying; then begging

of

of me, not to ſtab her with my Words. " if " you muſt go from me *ſaid ſhe, fondly ga z-* " *ing in my Eyes* kill me, then I ſhall not be miſerable."

Here ſhe fell a crying: (Methought that Womens Tears were like *April* Showers &c. but yet, being fondly credulous, and forgetting her Proteſtations in *March*, 1734 and in *December*, ditto, I was willing to mitigate her ſeeming Sorrow.) " Madam, *ſaid I*, what " would you have me do? I have acted with " as much Honour as any man could do " by you; I love you to Diſtraction, and " you have been at a great Expence to no Pur- " poſe. You came to the Place appointed, " and refuſed me marriage. Many Hundreds " of your Sex would, I am ſure be glad to be " thought an honeſt Wife eſpecially in ſuch a " Caſe as ours; therefore I muſt tell you " freely, your Uſage to me has been baſe, " and undeſerved. If I may take the Free- " dom, (continu ed I) Pray what was the " Reaſon you would not be married, when " Time and Place offer'd ſo opportunely?" " Won't you, my deareſt Dear, (ſaid ſhe, " hanging round my Neck) be angry with " me, if I tell you ſincerely?" " By my " Soul, and all that's ſacred. (ſaid I) I will " not." " I was really afraid, (ſaid ſhe) that " I was with Child by you, when I went for " *Dingeſtow*; but before I alighted at *C-- G-'s* " I found the F-s coming upon me, and " then I was ſure of not being with Child. " That, and the Thought of Parſon *D--'s* " marrying us, (for he would have blabb'd " around the Country) made me reſolve to

" put

" put it off. And what I ſaid concerning " Mamma's Conſent, was with no View, " but to hinder thee from preſſing me. But " I was afraid (continued ſhe,) that thou " wouldſt tell Mrs. J. and Mr. *Sh--d* all that " paſs'd between us: If thou had'ſt, thou ne- " ver would'ſt have ſeen me living again; for " I was reſolved to poiſon myſelf." " My " lovely Angel! (ſaid I, claſping and em- " bracing her) I would ſooner die than be " falſe to thee: But tell me ſincerely what " I am to depend upon." Well, my Deareſt, " (ſaid ſhe) I will actually marry thee; ſo " ſend for a Licenſe any where, for I will " not be married without one; and if a Blank " one can be had, 'twill be ſo much the " ſnugger. Get any Parſon, but *D--s*, and " I will be thine in a legal manner, and " make thee as happy as I poſſibly can." We were then interrupted, ſo retired to her Chamber, where we embraced, *&c.* each o- ther, to my thinking, with more Tenderneſs than ever. Whilſt I was with her, ſhe writ a Letter to Mrs. J. (ſee Numb. 18.) I took my Leave of *Partheniſſa*, promiſing to return to her next Day; ſo went to *Dingeſtow*. I was as good as my Word, and ſtaid with her three or four Days. During that Time 'tis to be imagined, we contrived all methods to be by ourſelves; and I propoſed going either to *Llandaff*, *Hereford*, *Worceſter*,, *Glouceſter*, or *Briſtol*, to buy a Licence. ' my dear Boy, ' (ſaid ſhe) you ſhall not go to either of thoſe ' Places, becauſe you are known there.' 'Why ' then, my Dear, (ſaid I) let me go to *Lon-*

' *don*,

'*don*, and I ſhall be ſure of one at *Doctors Commons*.' 'No, (ſaid ſhe, reclining her 'Head upon my Shoulder) thou ſhalt not go 'there for the World; then I never ſhould ſee 'thee again indeed, but I muſt always be in 'Solitude and Miſery. But hah! (ſaid ſhe 'overjoy'd) I have a Thought come into my 'Head, that will do; and my Boy will allow 'a Woman's Projection to be the quickeſt in 'Affairs of this Nature.' Out with it, my 'Angel, (ſaid I in an Ecſtaſy) this very 'moment!' 'Mr. *P*--- the Merchant (ſays 'ſhe) is a Well-wiſher a Friend of yours; 'write to him, and beg of him to get a Blank 'Licenſe, if poſſible; but if not, any o-'ther from the *Commons*. You can, my 'Deareſt, return him the money he lays out, 'by *Tudor* the Waggoner.'

I kiſs'd her for the lucky Thought, and aſſured her I would not fail writing to *London*, the minute I returned to *Roſs*. 'I intend, 'my Dear, *ſaid I*, to have a Paragraph writ-'ten by a Friend, and inſerted in the *Glouce-'ſter Journal*, that I intend to teach in *Aber-'gavenny*, *Monmouth*, &c. by which means 'your Mamma will not miſtruſt my being with 'you when I'm out of *Roſs*.' 'That will do 'purely, ſaid ſhe; and as thou loveſt me, do 'not neglect it.

I returned to *Roſs* upon the 9th, and had the Paragraph (dated the 14th of *July* 1735) inſerted in the Journal, which had my deſired Effect; for when Mrs. *P*. thought I was at *Monmouth* or *Abergavenny*, I moſt certainly was in her Daughter's Arms, at her Son-in-law's Houſe,

Houſe. And whenever I returned to *Roſs*, Mrs. *P*--- highly commended me, for ſtirring (as ſhe called it) a little about to get money.

But during this time it was whiſpered about ſeveral Pariſhes that there had been a Wedding at *Dingeſtow*: Some ſaid, it was between *Partheniſſa* and Mr. *J. J.* Brother to *R. J.* Eſq; of *Dingeſtow*; others ſaid it was a *Roman Catholick* Couple; and I was inform'd that one *E. R.* Daughter to a Tenant of Mrs. *P.* imagined it to be Miſs and myſelf. She came to *Dingeſtow*, and aſk'd Mr. *J.*'s Houſekeeper, whether *Partheniſſa* had been there upon ſuch a Time or not. The Houſekeeper anſwered in the affirmative. *Why then*, ſaid ſhe, *poor* Partheniſſa *is married to Mr.* Parry, *and Madam* P. *will break her Heart.* The Houſekeeper, I was inform'd, aſſured her, there was no ſuch Thing as a Wedding there. However *B. R.* railed againſt me bitterly; and as I never had any miſunderſtanding with the Girl, but, on the contrary, have lent her money, when her Father has refuſed it her, I was nettled at this Behaviour, and made myſelf ſo ridiculous as to ſend her a reprimanding Letter, which the Girl anſwered, proteſting her innocency of what I fooliſhly had laid to her Charge.

J. Clarke of *the Hill*, near *Roſs*, who was ſomething related to Mrs. *P.* came and informed her of a Report that he had heard, which was current, and 'twas aſſerted for Truth, that her Daughter was either married, or to be married, to Mr. *John J.* or me; *But*, ſays he, *take*

care

care of Mr. Parry, *Sir*, ſaid Mrs. P. *I thank you, I will take care of my Daughter; and if I do not, my Daughter is able enough to take care of herſelf.* (There's the Thanks he had.) *Partheniſſa* came to *Roſs* in Five or Six Days after I had left *Monmouthſhire.*

Neither of us were Strangers to what Mr. *Clarke* had hinted to Mrs. *P--*; *Pen* inform'd Miſs of it, and Miſs of courſe told me; and both of us wiſh'd him at the Devil for his Trouble.

It was at this Time, that by her Directions I writ to a worthy Gentleman in *London*, begging the Favour of him to get ſome Acquaintance of his to go to *Doctors Commons*, and buy a Licenſe, *&c.*

The 28th of *July* being Fair-Day at *Roſs*, ſeveral of Mrs. *P.*'s Tenants, and their neighbours came to ſee her and Miſs. When they had an Opportunity of ſpeaking to Mrs. P. unobſerved by Miſs, (for *Monmouthſhire* is one of the moſt goſſipping Counties in the Kingdom) they told her the Country News, *viz.* that Miſs was married to Mr. *John J. Well, well*, ſays Mrs. P. *I am obliged to you for your Intelligence; but to me it is indeed no News at all.*

I came in whilſt they were at Dinner, and Mrs. *P--* made me ſit down by her, in particular, "that Day. "Mr. *Parry*, (ſaid ſhe) have "you heard the mighty News? What mighty "News, Madam? *ſaid I*, "Why, *ſaid ſhe*, "my Daughter is married" "Are you ſeri-"ous, Madam? *ſaid I, half dead.* I am told "ſo, *ſays ſhe*; and that ſhe was married at "*Dingeſtow.*"

'*Dingeſtow.*' (All this while, Miſs and myſelf did not dare to look at each other in the Face.) 'Really, Madam, *ſaid I*, Miſs did not 'behave genteely, in not letting her Acquaintance into the Secret.' (*Then turning to Miſs.*) 'Indeed Miſs if I had known any thing of the 'matter, the Bells ſhould have rung here inceſſantly for three days together.' 'Some 'People ſay, *ſaid Mrs. P.*, that my Daughter 'is going to be married to Mr. *Doomſday*; and 'others mentiontion Mr. *J- J-*. I wonder 'who will be the next Huſband they will pitch 'upon for my Daughter.' 'I think, Madam, 'ſaid I, the Devil's in the People; they in'vent Lies, meerly for the ſake of telling 'them. Mr. *Parry*, (*ſaid ſhe*) I am really of 'your Way of thinking; but there is one com'fort, ſay what they will, I ſhall not mind 'them; neither do I believe any one elſe will.' I aſſur'd her, with all my Soul, that 'twas my Opinion, ſhe was very much in the right of it.

I came to *Partheniſſa* the next Day, when we both expreſs'd ourſelves very well pleaſed at Mrs. *P.*'s taking no manner of Notice of the Country's Buzzing. 'Have you (*ſaid ſhe*) ſent 'to *London* for a Licenſe? *I replied*, Yes, my 'Jewel, and do expect an Anſwer by the Poſt.' 'If you ſhould make a bad Huſband, after all 'your Vows of Love, (*ſaid ſhe*) I ſhall be 'wretched.' 'I have, my deareſt Girl, (*ſaid I*) challenged my Thoughts, and examined 'myſelf thoroughly, knowing Matrimony to 'be too ſolemn a Thing to jeſt with; and if I 'thought that I could not make both you and 'myſelf happy, by proving the beſt of Huſ'bands, I never would preſs you to it. You

'are no ſtranger to my Vices, nor *(if I have any)* my Virtues. You very well know I 'have hid nothing from you, but on the con-'trary have fully expoſed my ill Qualities to 'you. Therefore, my lovely Angel, 'tis in 'your Power to make me the moſt reform'd of 'Men.' 'I don't *(ſaid ſhe)* in the leaſt diſ-'pute your making a good Huſband; if I e-'ver had thought you would not, you never 'ſhould have done what you have done. But, 'my deareſt *Jemmy* muſt give me the Liberty 'of telling him ſomething concerning Pappa 'and Mamma. He was a Perſon that was re-'ſpected by moſt People; but when he was 'in Liquor, he would quarrel with any one, 'and would often beat Mamma. Upon one 'Time, he wanted her to break her Settle-'ment; telling her there would be enough left 'for me, when my Aunt *H*-- died; but he 'could not prevail upon her to do it, upon 'which he beat her unmercifully, and gave 'her a violent Blow upon her Breaſt, which 'occaſions her ſmoaking ſo much Tobacco; 'inſomuch, that if ſhe left it off, ſhe would 'be no long liver.' 'My dear Angel, *(ſaid I)* you ſeem, by telling me this, that you are 'apprehenſive of my uſing you in that vile 'manner which your Pappa did your Mamma.' 'No indeed, *(ſaid ſhe)* not in the leaſt; far be 'it from me, to harbour any ſuch Thought of 'thee. And 'twas but t'other Day, that 'Mamma told me the Reaſon of her ſmoak-'ing.' But to what Intent, *(ſaid I)* my dear, 'do you tell me this?' 'No intent at all, *(ſaid ſhe)* excepting that, that I would have 'thee believe I can keep nothing a Secret from

'thee,

'thee. And if thou wilt love me dearly, I 'will tell thee how mamma came to live in *Roſs*; 'but if you ſhould be ſo ſilly as to ſpeak a 'Word of it in *Pen*'s hearing, you'll knock 'all on the Head.' (*I ſwore I'd obey her in every thing.*) 'My Deareſt muſt know then, '(*ſaid ſhe*) that after my Pappa died, my 'Mamma was not half a Yard (or at leaſt not 'much more) round the Waiſte; and was 'counted, in her younger Years, a great 'Beauty. She lived with an Aunt in *Mon-'mouthſhire*, and had the character of a very 'charitable young Gentlewoman, round the 'Country. Mr. *C-ke*, of the Hill, courted 'her formerly, but ſhe wou'd not have him, 'becauſe his elder Brother was living. Soon 'afterwards, Mr. *C-ke*'s Brother died, then he 'would not have my Mamma. Soon after my 'Pappa's Wife died, and he wanting Money, 'borrow'd Seven Hundered Pounds of mamma. 'and not being conveniently able to pay her, 'he courted her, and offer'd to ſettle a larger 'Jointure upon her, than her Fortune could 'command. She conſented to be married to 'him: by which marriage I was born, I hope, 'to make thee and myſelf happy. My Pappa 'prov'd a bad huſband, as I have told you be-'fore. He died before I was nine Years old; 'and in about a Year afterwards Mr. *J-*, 'who formerly taught me to read, courted 'Mamma; and I believe Mamma loved him, 'becauſe he was thought to be a good Chri-'ſtian; yet, notwithſtanding his Religion, 'Love overcame him. I have often ſeen him 'lean his Head upon her Shoulder (*here ſhe 'ſhew'd me*) juſt ſo; and very often he would

'ſit upon my mamma's Lap, and ſometimes 'ſhe would upon his. Some of the Family 'ſeeing them ſit ſo by chance, acquainted my 'Brother of it, who immediately forbid Mr. '*J-n's* the Houſe; threatning to ſhoot him, 'if ever he came near it. He afterwards came 'to mamma, and upbraided her for beneathing 'herſelf, and for forgetting my Pappa's memo-'ry ſo ſoon; upon which they quarrel'd, and 'mamma took all her own Goods from his 'Houſe; and ſo we came to live here in *Roſs*. 'My Brother would have kept me with him, 'if he could have done it; but mamma would 'not leave me behind her, you may be ſure. 'Thus, my dear, dear Mr. *Parry*, (*continued 'ſhe*) have I given you an account how Heaven 'has flung me in your Way.' 'My lovely 'Angel! *ſaid I, claſping her*, this Frankneſs 'of yours makes me (if poſſible) love you 'more and more, *&c.*

Upon the 27th of *July*, I receiv'd an anſwer to that Letter which I had ſent to *London*, (ſee Numb. XIX.) and the minute I had read it, I ſhew'd it her; who was under as great a Concern at the Peruſal of it, as I was, *Pray, deareſt*, ſaid ſhe, *run to Mr.* L---- *with it, and take his advice in the Affair.* I went and ſhew'd him the Letter, and he adviſed to write to my Friend in *London*, deſiring him to take any Clergyman with him to *Doctors Commons*, by which means he could not fail of getting a Licenſe. I went back to *Partheniſſa*, and acquainted her with the Reſult of what had paſs'd between Mr. *L-* and me, and that Poſt I writ again to *London*, according to his Inſtructions; and moreover, told my Friend who was to be

my

my Spouſe We were both of us very impatient for the Anſwer to my *London* Letter, and upon the Second of *Auguſt*, I received it (ſee No. XX.) my being diſappointed, in not having the Licenſe grieved me. I communicated it to her. She ſighing, ſaid, *Good God, my dear Boy, what ſhall we do? My dear Girl,* (ſaid I) *you ſee what my dear Friend* Will. L- *ſays in his Letter; in my opinion, what he has intimated to me, carrys a heavy Weight. I may, my dear Angel, and will, if you give me leave, whip away to* London, *and there I ſhall be ſure of a Licenſe; and ſince you've no Inclination to let me go to* Llandaff, *&c. &c. &c. for one, I really think it the moſt ſecret and ſafeſt method to ſet out this night to* London. *No, no,* (ſaid ſhe) *thou ſhouldſt ſooner take thy Cutteau, and kill me, than go to* London. *Why ſo, my Heart's Darling?* ſaid I. *You know me,* ſaid ſhe, *to be too jealous of you here in the Country, and what muſt I be if you go to* London? *Therefore you ſhall not go there, above all places in the World, unleſs you've a Mind to bereave me of Life; but I'm ſure you have more Love for me, than to ſhorten my Days. I am raviſhed,* ſaid I, *to think my Fair One has ſo good an Opinion of me: But what ſhall we do? I am reſolved to be thy lawful Huſband in a very ſhort Time. My dear deareſt,* ſaid ſhe, embracing me, *I will marry thee before the winter comes in, let what will come of it.*

Towards the Seventh of *Auguſt*, ſhe was to return to *Monmouthſhire*; and (unknown to me) out of a Compliment, aſk'd her Mother to come there for a month, *&c.* Her mother accepted of the Invitation; I believe partly to ave the expence of Houſekeeping. Miſs ac-

quainted me with it, and I could not keep my Temper, but ſwore, that her Mother's being in *Monmouthſhire*, would ruin our Amour; ſhe aſſur'd me to the contrary, and proteſted, that ſhe would not ſtay above a Fortnight there. 'My Dear, ſaid ſhe, if mamma ſhould ſtay 'there any Time, I can come as often as I 'pleaſe to you, here in *Roſs*; and we can eaſi-'ly be married, becauſe of her being ſo far 'diſtant from us. My Dear, *ſaid I*, you have 'bound me ſo firmly yours, that your Will 'ſhall be my Law; but if any Thing happens 'contrary to our Expectations, by which 'means our Hopes ſhould be fruſtrated, I hope 'you'll not attribute any miſcarriage to me. 'my Dear, *ſaid ſhe*, be eaſy, I will not do any 'Thing that ſhall be diſagreeable to you; and 'if my Deareſt will prove conſtant, and keep 'no lewd Women Company, I will make the 'beſt of Wives to you; but if you ſhould prove 'an ill Huſband, (but I am ſatisfied, that one 'that loves me as you do cannot) you would 'bring me with Sorrow to the Grave.'

The Day before ſhe went to *Monmouthſhire*, we agreed to write to each other in the manner following; when I writ to her, 'twas to be with Lemon-Juice, upon muſick-paper; for after that I had prick'd the muſick, I writ my Thoughts upon the Blank Part, with Juice, which ſeem'd inviſible, 'till ſhe ſcorch'd it, then the Words would appear very viſible. When I had ſo done, I would take it to the maid *Pen*, who carefully would incloſe it in her Letter to Miſs; imagining what I ſent, to be written for the Flute; ſo that my Letters were not ſuſpected. Her Way of writing to me

was

was as follows. She writ to *Pen*, and no more that what would fill the fourth Part of a Half (ſometimes) a Sheet: then, on the Blank Side, ſhe would deſire *Pen* to aſk me for a Tune for the Flute, and would put Eight or Nine Conſonants together for the Name of the Tune. Pen could hardly read writing, and when (as I always expected a Letter) I came to the houſe, ſhe would ſay, Mr. *Parry*, *Miſs has ſent me a Letter, and you muſt write her out a Tune, but I can't think of the Tune*; with that ſhe would pull out the Letter, and I making her believe I could not remember the Name of it, would tear off the other Part of the Letter, and take it with me, then ſcorch it, *&c.*

Auguſt the 7th, they ſet out for *Monmouthſhire*. In the morning, Miſs and I ſwore conſtancy to each other; ſhe, at the ſame Time, promiſing, that it ſhould not be long before we met again. About an Hour before they ſet out ſhe gave me her Caſket of Rings to keep, and bid me go before them, to the End of the Town, where they were to get on Horſeback. I took the Servants, that came to fetch them to the *Ship*, (which was next Door to the Houſe that I had been at, when ſhe was jealous of the Jerſey-Spinner, in *December*, 1734.) and gave them a Tankard or two of Cyder, and, in the Interim, Mrs. P- and Miſs came, with a Train of Women with them, to ſee them ſafe on Horſeback.

The moment Miſs ſaw me at the *Ship* door, ſhe bluſh'd as red as Vermilion. Her mother walk'd foremoſt, and I walk'd cloſe to Miſs. She hemm'd as if ſomething had been in her Throat, (but I knew it to be a Sign of diſ-

content)

content) and eagerly look'd towards the *Anchor* Ale-houſe, and afterwards turn'd her Face to me, and, to my no ſmall Surprize, ſaid *G-d d-n that Houſe. God bleſs me*, ſaid I ſoftly, *What's the matter? You know what's the matter*, ſaid ſhe; *and if you love me, ſwear to me you will never go there. G-d d-n me if I do*, ſaid I. *Then*, ſaid ſhe, *take your Leave of mamma immediately, and let me inſtantly ſee you run up the Proſpect-Hill, and not go into Town the Way we came here, which is the Cauſeway, and you ſhall hear from me this Week.* I took Leave of 'em, and run up the Hill, (which is almoſt perpendicular) ſhe viewing me all the Way from the Road. I was ſo expeditious, that when I climb'd over the Proſpect-Wall, I was forced to lie flat, to draw Breath; and that Hour, I went and inform'd Mr. *L-s* with the manner of our parting, her curſing, &c. He laugh'd heartily, and ſaid, *James, this Girl moſt certainly loves you.* I received a Letter from her, by the Hands of *Pen*, in the manner I have beforemention'd, (ſee No. XXI.) I anſwer'd it, (ſee No. XXII.) and the Day following, I writ her another in the ſame manner, (ſee No. XXIII.) She anſwer'd it the ſame Week, and in it, ſent a Copy of Verſes out of the *Spectators*, which (to keep her mother in Ignorance) I was to ſet a tune to, [ſee No. XXIV.] Upon the 16th of *Auguſt*, I went down to *Newport* in *Monmouthſhire*; but before I ſet out, I writ her a Letter, [ſee No. XXV.] and at my return, receiv'd one from her, [ſee No. XXVI.] I anſwer'd it, [ſee No. XXVII.] I receiv'd another, [ſee No. XXVIII.] I anſwer'd her Letter, [ſee No. XXIX.] and not hearing

hearing from her as I expected, I ſent her another Letter, [ſee No. XXX.] *Auguſt* the 25th, I receiv'd one from her, [ſee No. XXXI.] The 28th Day, I went to *Newport* in *Monmouthſhire*; but whilſt I was at *Monmouth*, I writ a Letter to *J- G--* Gardener to Mr. P., [ſee No. XXXII.] *Partheniſſa* writ me Word, in Juice, that I muſt not be out of *Roſs*; for that ſhe would be with me in a Day or two. She afterwards gave the Paper to the Gardener, directing him what Part to write on; wherein he aſſured me (which I very well knew) he had no Violin to diſpoſe of, and directed his Letter to the *King's Head* in *Monmouth*. Upon the 30th, I return'd to *Roſs*, and ſhe came after me, upon the Firſt of *September*. Our Joy in meeting was unſpeakable, and I was incapable of going out of her Sight, excepting Bed-Time, *&c.* for ſeven Days ſucceſſively. During her Stay in *Roſs*, we were often obſtructed in our Pleaſures, by Mr. *Eliz. Dew*, an intimate Acquaintance of *Partheniſſa*'s. This young Woman would often peep thro' the Window before ſhe ſpake, to ſee if Miſs was, or was not in the Parlour: and upon one particular Time, ſhe had like to have ſeen us (and 'tis my Opinion ſhe did) in the midſt of our Embraces, for which I have often curſed her, and Miſs has wiſh'd her blind, or in the Bottom of the River *Wye*.

Monmouth Races, that Year, were to begin upon the 12th of *September*. Two or Three Days before they began, I aſk'd *Partheniſſa* if ſhe would let me go there. *My dear*, ſaid ſhe, *don't aſk me; for by my conſent, you ſhall not go. My Angel*, ſaid I, *you went there laſt*

laſt Year, and promiſed me that (provided I ſtay'd at Home then) I ſhould go this Year. My deareſt, ſaid ſhe, *if you'll ſtay no longer than the Horſe-Race Time, you ſhall go.* Upon *Tueſday* the 12th, I came Booted, *&c.* in order to take my Leave of her. After we had Dined, I went into the Parlour with her; there, for the Space of Fifteen minutes, ſwearing Conſtancy, *&c.* I ſaluted her, and was going out of the Room. She ran at me as quick as Thought, and took me round the Neck, hugg'd me to her Breaſt, then guſhing into a Flood of Tears, looked languidly at me, ſaying, *Dear, dear, Mr.* Parry, *will you leave me?* I was never ſo ſurpriz'd in my Life. *In the Name of Heaven*, ſaid I, *what has troubled my Angel? Nothing*, ſaid ſhe: at which ſhe ſunk into my Arms.

'Tell me, thou ſacred Treaſure of my 'Soul, *ſaid I*, what has cauſed this ſudden 'Change in thee; ſure, it muſt be ſome-'thing uncommon, that could move you thus, 'and as I never hid any Thing from my Fair 'One, I inſiſt upon your telling me the un-'lucky Occaſion of your Tears, which affect 'me moſt ſurprizingly.' 'You know, *ſaid 'ſhe faintly*, I never could bear the thoughts of 'your going to any publick Place, therefore 'I durſt not aſk you to ſtay with me; but I 'really am afraid you have appointed ſome 'miſtreſs or other to give you the meeting 'there; and had I a thouſand Pounds by me, 'I would give it you to ſtay with me.' 'My 'deareſt Girl, *ſaid I*, you ſurmiſe very ſtrange 'Notions of me: As I hope for mercy I have 'no thought of any Woman beſides yourſelf; neither

'neither do I ever intend having any in-
'trigue with any other. You are often jealous
'of me without a juſt Suſpicion; and I tell
'you now, as I have often done before, that I
'have, and will be as conſtant to you, as the
'flowing Tides are to the Moon. But ſince
'I find you averſe to my going to *Monmouth*,
'let the Horſe-Race be damn'd; for I prefer
'thy dear Converſation above all worldly
'Pleaſures; therefore by Choice I will ſtay
'with thee.' At that, ſhe ran to the Parlour
'Door, and button'd it; then taking hold of
'my Hand, ſhe look'd wiſhfully at me, and
'ſaid, Will my deareſt Boy ſtay with me?'
"I will ſtay with thee, *ſaid I*, my fond one.'
Good God, ſaid ſhe, claſping me in her Arms,
and bedewing my Cheeks with her Tears, *how
dear thou art to me! Come and ſit upon my Lap,
and talk fondly to me.* I ſat acroſs her Knees,
and with an Handkerchief wiped the Tears
from her Eyes. The Servant *Pen* ſuddenly
came into the Room, but not without a little
Difficulty, becauſe Miſs had not buttoned the
door as it ſhould have been: I ſprang from
Miſs's Lap into the middle of the Room, and
the maid ſeeing her Eyes red with Tears, *&c.*
ask'd, *What, in the Name of God, was the
Matter?* 'Nothing, *ſays I, confuſed*, but I
'have got ſome Books of Miſs's, and ſhe wants
'me to deliver them, before ſhe gives me thoſe
'that are mine in her Cuſtody.' *I do not
know, ſays* Pen, *what is between you, neither do
I care.* With that ſhe left the Room, and
went down into the Town. 'My Dear, *ſaid*
'*I to Miſs*, if your crying, *&c.* and *Pen's*
'ſeeing both of us thunder-ſtruck when ſhe
'came

'came into the Room, does not ſpoil our in-
'trigue, nay, inevitably ruin us, I'll be
'hang'd.' *For God's ſake*, ſaid ſhe, *don't let my* Jemmy *be angry with me, and whatever happens from* Pen, *or any one elſe, ſhall be of no Signification to me. Pen* returned in about an Hour, and ſeeing me with Miſs at the door, told me, ſhe thought that I was upon the Road to *Monmouth. I would have been there by this time*, ſaid I, *but that the Farrier has prick'd my Horſe in his ſhoeing him. I think*, ſaid Miſs, *you are in the wrong to take a Horſe to* Monmouth, *'tis but Six little Miles to it; and as you have ſent your Cloaths, I would adviſe you to walk there.* Both of us thinking my going to *Monmouth* highly neceſſary, becauſe *Pen* ſhould have no room to miſtruſt us, I went there upon the *Wedneſday* morning.

Miſs, being my Caſh-keeper from the Time I was paid my Salary, gave me a Guinea to bear my Expences, and wanting money, upon the following *Saturday*, I writ her a Letter, and ſent it by the truſty Poſt-Boy, (ſee Numb. 33.) he delivered it into her Hand, and that ſame Hour brought me an Anſwer, (ſee Numb. 34.) I returned to *Roſs* upon the following Day; and ſpent moſt of my Time with her, 'till her Return to *Monmouthſhire*, which was upon the 29th of *Semptember*. During the Time of her being at *Roſs*, I often propoſed going for a Licenſe, *&c.* but ſhe would no way conſent to it; aſſuring me, that her Brother was expected down daily from *London*; and that his Stay in the Country would not be above three or four Days; but the moment he return'd, ſhe proteſted ſhe would make me her

lawful

lawful Husband. 'But (ſaid ſhe) I have a 'Thing to tell my ancient *Briton*, that will 'make him jealous. Thou doſt know that I 'have often wiſh'd it in my power to make 'thee ſo, but to no Purpoſe. However, '*(continued ſhe)* I will really tell thee what is 'intended in *Monmouthſhire*, to thy Deſtruc-'tion and mine.' 'For the Almighty's Sake, '*(ſaid I)* let me know it, in order to prevent 'it, if poſſible.' 'I believe, *(ſaid ſhe)* nay, 'I am poſitive, that my Aunt *J*--- intends (if 'ſhe can) to have me married to her Son *D-k*; 'he has been kept from going to *Hereford* on 'purpoſe, and comes every Day to my Bro-'ther's Houſe; and whenever he found me 'ſitting alone, he would draw a Chair, and 'ſit cloſe by me; then he'd lay his Hand upon 'my Neck, and look wiſhfully at me, and 'fetch a deep Sigh; (the very way that you 'did uſe, when you were about Eighteen.) 'But one Day, in particular, he took me 'round the Neck with one Hand, and by 'main Force thruſt the other Hand down my 'Breaſt; and as he kiſs'd me, the impudent 'Puppy put his Tongue in my mouth. The 'moment *(continued ſhe)* I got looſe from 'him, I did ſpit in his Face; call'd him an 'impudent Raſcal, and ask'd him what he 'meant by uſing me in that manner? *Dick* '*J*-- took me up ſhort, and repeated the Word '*Raſcal*: *Then* (ſaid he) *do you know what a* '*Raſcal is, Miſs? If you don't, by G-d I'll* '*ſhew you.* Whilſt *Partheniſſa*, related this to 'me, ſhe obſerved my Colour go and come 'Don't be uneaſy, *(ſaid ſhe)* my Deareſt, a-'bout it.' I cannot, my Dear, *(ſaid I)* help

'ſaying, I am uneaſy; and had I been near, 'when he took that Freedom with you, by 'G-d I would have daſh'd his Brains out.' 'Don't be angry with me (ſaid ſhe) for tel- 'ling thee this; for you know I can keep 'nothing hid from thee. I ſincerely promiſe 'thee, that he ſhall never kiſs me again; no, 'nor no one elſe, unleſs 'tis a Relation, *&c.* 'at coming to, or going from our Houſe.' 'I 'ſhall think myſelf very happy, *ſaid I* if my 'Angel will make her words good.' 'Why 'then, *ſaid ſhe* to convince thee of my Sincе- 'rity, I wiſh the D--l may be maſter of my 'Soul, and may it never ſee Eternity, if ever '*D-- J--* ſhall touch my Lips, or any one 'elſe, beſides thyſelf; unleſs 'tis a Relation, '*&c.* as I have told thee before. And now '*added ſhe* I do inſiſt upon your ſwearing the 'ſame Oath, to be true and conſtant to me, 'as long as I am to you.' *(I ſwore the ſame 'Oath, with ſome Addition, to be conſtant,* &c.) 'my Dear, *ſaid I*, your being at your Brother's 'will be the greateſt of ill Conſequences to 'me: There I have no Friend beſides your- 'ſelf; and as there is ſome private Talk of us 'already, every one will, I am afraid, be 'putting wrong Notions in your Head againſt 'me, (particularly your Mamma, your Aunt, 'that Devil, and *Pen*, who I am ſure ſaw me 'in your Lap) and, by their vile Inſinuations, 'may turn thy Love into Hatred. 'my Dear, '*ſaid ſhe* be under no manner of Concern a- 'bout that; and if you have any Regard for 'me you'll not queſtion what I am going to 'ſay. [*Before ſhe proceeded, ſhe ſat in my Lap, and laid her Arms round my Neck.*] 'Believe 'me,

'me, my deareſt Boy, that if any one) eſpe-
'cially thoſe you mention) ſpeaks diſreſpect-
'fully of you, and ſhould ſtrive to make me
'do an impoſſibility, that is, to hate you, I'll
'ſpurn at them, and love my deareſt *Jemmy*
'more and more: Therefore *(continued ſhe)*
'give yourſelf no manner of Uneaſineſs, and
'be entirely paſſive; for as ſoon as my Bro-
'ther returns to *London*, (for by his Letters
'he'll be down in a Fortnight, and his Stay
'will not be above three Days) let the Conſe-
'quence be what it will, I will make thee my
'lawful Huſband, in the Sight of the World;
'we are Man and Wife in the Sight of Hea-
'ven; Mamma cannot live for ever; there-
'fore, my Deareſt, reſt ſatisfied; I am abſo-
'lutely reſolved to contribute all that ſhall
'lie in my Power to make you an happy
'man.'

At this Time Captain *Lemon*'s Troop of Dragoons, belonging to Lord *Mark Kerr*'s regiment, was quartered in *Roſs*. One *Thompſon*, a Riding-maſter, and Serjeant of the Troop, diſcovered ſomething more than common betwixt Miſs and me. He was my friend, and never diſcloſed what he had obſerved between us.

The 27th of *September* was the Day fix'd for her Return into *Monmouthſhire*. Upon the 23d, *Herbert Rudhall Weſtfaling*, Junior, Eſq; came and invited her to a private Ball, which was to be at *R-- H--*, (an ancient Seat of that Family's, lying N. E. about a Mile from *Roſs*) the next Day. Miſs thanked him for the Favour conferred upon her, and promiſed to come with the Miſs *C--kes*. She informed

me of her unexpected Visit from Mr. *Westfaling*, and that the Ladies would take her up in their Coach that Evening, to go to *R*-- *H*--. 'My Dear, *said I*, I wish you good Diversion, 'and am sure you cannot fail of good Compa-'ny at Mr. *Westfaling*'s. Whilst you are there 'I will go down to *Newport*, and teach Miss 'G--*n*, and as 'tis but two and twenty miles 'there, I can easily meet you at your Bro-'ther's upon *Saturday* Night, where I will 'stay a Day or two with you.'

She was averse to my going, till her Return from *R*-- *H*--, but I over-persuaded her, by telling her (as the Servants were coming with Horses to fetch her) that my coming from the remotest Part of the County, would look as if I came there merely by Chance, by which means there could be no manner of Foundation for any Suspicion of our being frequently together in *Ross*.

She joined in Opinion with me, and readily consented to my going to *Newport*; and that Evening whilst I took a Walk in the Town, Mr. *C.*'s Coach came and took her to *R*-- *H*-- before I had the Pleasure of taking Leave of her.

Next morning I set out for *Newport*; and upon *Saturday* the 27th I came to her Brother's, in Expectation of seeing her there, according to our Appointment.

Mrs. *P.* express'd herself glad to see me; and after some little Chat, I ask'd her where Miss was. *My Daughter* (said she) *will not be at Home till To-morrow Night: I have sent* Jacob *this morning with Horses to fetch her.* I stay'd there that night, and next morning (tho' impor-

importuned by the old Lady to ſtay that day) I ſet out towards *Roſs*, hoping to meet Miſs in *Monmouth*, or at leaſt upon the Road. I waited impatiently at *Monmouth* till Sun-ſet, in Expectation of ſeeing her, but to no Purpoſe; ſo went to *Roſs* that night.

I went to Mrs. *P.*'s Houſe, and aſked the maid where Miſs was: She told me Miſs had been gone to *Lantilio*, ever ſince Eight o' clock in the morning; and that ſhe went a different Road to that of *Monmouth*.

I came there next morning, and went into the Parlour to look for a Letter, which I imagined Miſs might have left for me in the inſide of the Spinnet, and, as I expected, found one, (ſee No. 35.) I communicated it to Mr. *L.* and told him, that at her Requeſt two or three Days before I went to *Newport*, I return'd her all her Rings, likewiſe her Gold medal: *My Opinion*, ſaid he, *is, that this Girl will moſt certainly jilt you one time or other, and by G-d I am afraid you'll find my Words prove too true.* But I was too much infatuated at that Time, to believe any ſuch Thing, or to harbour an ill thought of her.

From the Time I had left playing the Organ, ſeveral People wonder'd at my Stay in *Roſs*. Every one knew I got no money in the Town; but on the contrary, was always upon the ſpending hand; inſomuch that they were ſurpriz'd how my Purſe held out; but to that they were as ignorant as they were to my moſt private Affairs: For I got money conſiderably, by teaching in the Country. Some of the Inhabitants imagin'd that I was actually married to *Partheniſſa*. Others were of Opinion that

we were to be married; but none of them declared their Sentiments freely, leſt they ſhould diſoblige Mrs. P--, and Mr. C--'s Family.

Roſs, without *Partheniſſa*, ſeem'd to me as a deſolate Place, and I never was eaſy in my Temper, unleſs I was near her. I went down to *Newport* upon the 4th, and came to her Brother's upon the 7th of *October*. I obſerv'd Mrs. *P.* look cool upon me, and my Fears juſtly told me that my Happineſs, in enjoying *Partheniſſa*'s Company, *&c.* was near its Period; and that Night, whilſt we were at Supper, there were not twenty Words ſaid. Mrs. *P.* left the Parlour to Miſs and myſelf. I aſk'd Miſs, what was the matter with her mamma? 'I do not know, *ſaid ſhe*, neither can I 'imagine what's come to her, unleſs ſhe is 'miſtruſtful of us.' 'If ſo, *ſaid I*, I will re-'frain coming here; and provided I can hear 'from you now and then, ſhall reſt ſatisfied; 'eſpecially if you'll come to me once a month 'in *Roſs*. If you'll not approve of that me-'thod, I will get out of the Way for two or 'three months.' 'For God's ſake, *ſaid ſhe*, 'don't drive me mad, by talking of going to 'any ſtrange Place, for mamma won't be out 'of temper long; therefore let us talk of 'ſomething elſe. Who do you think was, 'continued *ſhe*, at Mr. *Weſtfaling*'s?' 'My 'Dear, *ſaid I*, how ſhould I know.' 'There 'was, *ſaid ſhe*, Mr. *J--y C--ke*, and Mr. 'Doomſday.' They both told me they would 'be here next *Friday* to celebrate my Birth-'Day.

'Nay,

'Nay, then, *ſaid I*, if Mr. *Doomſday* will 'be here, I will ſtay here.'

Hearing Mrs. *P.* come down Stairs, Miſs bid me be ſilent, and aſſured me I ſhould know her mind next morning, written upon a Piece of Paper. I was very impatient till I got her by herſelf, and next morning ſhe ſlipp'd a paper into my Hand, wherein ſhe begg'd I would go to *Roſs* that Day, and not appear upon her Birth-day, leſt her mamma ſhould take freſh Grounds for Jealouſy; for that *Pen* and *Jenny Birch*, the milliner, were to come there from *Roſs*; and, added ſhe, if you ſtay here we ſhall be diſcovered, for our Love cannot be hid.

I anſwer'd her, upon the ſame Paper, that I would punctually obey her Commands, but that I thought myſelf more entitled to be there than Mr. *Doomſday* or any one elſe; and further added, that *Jenny Birch*'s coming there, and eſpecially *Pen*'s, would not be of any Advantage to either of us, but quite the Reverſe; and, *added I*, if our Affair is ruin'd, lay not the Blame upon me.

I writ a great deal more upon that Paper, than I can now well remember; but in particular, that ſhe muſt meet me in a private Part of the Houſe, for that I was reſolved to enjoy her before I went to *Roſs*.

I muſt give her her due, by ſaying, ſhe was always as willing as myſelf to partake of the Pleaſure of Enjoyment.

About an Hour before ſhe had fix'd the place for private meeting, ſhe deſired her mother to give me a hunted Hare, and I, in lieu of it,

it, after my Return to *Roſs*, ſent her ſome Oyſters.

Wedneſday the 8th of *October*, 1735, (a Day that I have juſt Reaſon to remember) was the laſt Day of my being bleſs'd in her Arms: She appointed me to meet her at the Bottom of the great Staircaſe.

Her Brother's Steward, one *C. M.* was then under an Arreſt, or at leaſt (to my Knowledge) the Sheriff's Officer was in the Houſe, waiting to have the matter compromiſed. Mr. *T. W.* of *L.* was ſent for, and performed the Part of an Arbitrator, and whilſt he was up Stairs with the Steward, Miſs and I met at the Place appointed. I put the doors of the Hall cloſe, and the Reader is to gueſs what paſs'd between us. But Mrs. *P.* coming from a little Parlour into the Hall, ſurprized us. The Door which was next to the Staircaſe was not ſhut quite cloſe, by which means I ſaw her coming towards us. I puſhed Miſs up the great Stairs, and ſhe was at the top in an inſtant. I ſlipt down the Garden Stairs with my Trowzers * at my Heels. I could not imagine what to do, or how to behave, knowing (or at leaſt believing) that Mrs. *P.* ſaw me in an indecent Poſture with her Daughter. She ſtood at the Bottom of the Steps, and (wanting a better come-off) I pull'd ſome money out of my Pocket, under pretence of telling it over. I afterwards turn'd about, ſaw her

* Trowzers are commonly wore by thoſe that ride poſt down into the North, and are very warm; at the ſame time they keep the Coat, Breeches, &c. very clean, by being wore over them.

look

look pale, confus'd, and out of Temper. So, thinks I, I have done my Jobb here, and I would that the Devil had had the Trowzers before I had ſeen them: For I was certain that my Trowzers were the ſtrongeſt Evidence againſt me.

Juſt before I went to get on Horſeback, I aſk'd Mrs. *P.* if ſhe had any Commands to *Roſs*. *Mr.* Parry, ſaid ſhe, *I thank you, I've only my Service to my Acquaintance.* I then flattered myſelf that my Fears were needleſs, and that ſhe had not ſeen Miſs and me too familiar.

Miſs ran after me into the Court, begging of me to give her Service to Mrs. *Morſe*, *&c.* on purpoſe to have me in View as much as in her Power, and bid me adieu; and unhappily it was the laſt verbal one that paſs'd between us. I return'd to *Roſs* that Night, and the next morning I met Mr. *Doomſday* and Mr. *J. C.* in the Street, on Horſeback. They told me that they were going to *Monmouthſhire*, to keep *Partheniſſa*'s Birth-day, and aſked me if I would go with them. I thanked them, and wiſh'd them good diverſion, but that I could not go again ſo ſoon, becauſe I had but juſt come from thence.

Mrs. *Birch* and *Pen* went likewiſe the ſame Day.

Mr. *Doomſday* and Mr. *C.* returned in two Days; the other two about ſeven. At Mrs. *Birch*'s Return, I expected to have heard from Miſs, by *Jacob G--ge*, who came with her, but was diſappointed, which made me very uneaſy.

Upon

Upon the 21ſt Mr. *L.* came to my Lodgings, and after ſome Talk, he aſked me, if I had drank any thing that morning: I told him I had not. *Are you ſure*, ſays he again, *you have not? Yes, very ſure*, ſaid I. *But pray why do you aſk me?* At that he took two Letters out of his Pocket: *My Spouſe*, ſaid he, *gave me theſe, and ſaid they were brought to my Houſe by a tall Man, whom, by her Deſcription, I take to be Mr. P.'s Gardener.*

I took the Letters (ſee Letter Numb. 36.) and peruſed them. I'll leave the Reader to judge the greatneſs of my Surprize. I ſtood ſpeechleſs for ſome time, and was ſcarcely capable of drawing my Breath. I would freely have forgiven any Perſon that would have run me thro', or ſhot me dead upon the Spot. Mr. *L--s*, ſeeing my concern, begg'd that I would not be caſt down; telling me, that Time might bring every thing about according to my wiſhes. I peruſed her Letter over and over and the more I reflected upon't, the more I ſunk under my misfortune. My good Friend, Mr. *L--s*, did all that lay in his Power to divert me from Deſpair; but, at that time, 'twas no more than holding a Candle to the Sun.

Pen, Mrs. P-'s Servant, came from *Monmouthſhire* the Day after Mr. L's had given me the Letters. I went to Mrs. P-'s Houſe ſeemingly unconcern'd, as if I had heard not any thing from Miſs. 'Mr. *Parry*, *ſays the maid*, I 'have mended your Stocks, and now I'm ſure 'they'll fit your Stock-Buckle; and I'm ſure its 'the laſt Jobb I ever ſhall do for you.' 'Why 'ſo, *ſaid I*, Mrs. Pen; I hope I have not diſ-

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'oblig'd you?' 'No not in the leaſt, ſaid ſhe, 'Mr. *Parry*; but I ſhan't be in *Roſs*, for my 'miſtreſs is going to Leave off Houſe-'keeping.' 'Pray, ſaid I, how long has 'Madam taken that Reſolution?' 'Ever 'ſince, ſaid ſhe, that you was at *L--nt--o* laſt. 'And my miſtreſs gives her humble Service to 'you, deſiring you'll take away your Spinnet 'and Books. If I had not ſeen you I was or-'dered by my miſtreſs to ſend your Spinnet, '*&c.* to your Lodgings.', 'Well, Mrs. *Pen*, 'ſaid I, I ſhall ſpare you that Trouble, but 'I'm reſolv'd to call upon your miſtreſs To-'morrow, in order to acquaint myſelf with the 'Cauſe of ſo ſudden an Alteration.' I har-bour'd no ſuch Thought, but was only willing to hear what *Pen* would ſay. 'I would not 'adviſe you to call there, ſaid ſhe, for I really 'think you'll not be ſo welcome as uſual.' 'I ſhould think myſelf ungrateful, ſaid I, to 'paſs by your miſtreſs and miſs, and not call 'to ſee them.' You may call when you pleaſe, 'ſaid *Pen*, but I'm ſure my miſtreſs will not 'ſpeak to you; and you will never have Miſs 'in company with you again as long as you 'live. 'Pray, Mrs. *Pen*, ſaid I, what crime 'have I been guilty of, or how have I offend-'ed to that Degree, that the one will not ſpeak 'to me, neither ſhall I ever be in company 'with the other?' Mr. *Parry* ſaid *Pen*, I have 'no way been private to what has paſt 'twixt 'Miſs and you: But I do aſſure you once 'more, you'll never be alone with Miſs, nei-'ther will ſhe ever lie another Night in *Roſs*.

I had my Spinnet and Books taken away that Day. *Pen P--*, (thinking I really intend-

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ed going to *Monmouthſhire* immediately made all the haſte ſhe poſſibly could, to get there before me. But whilſt ſhe was in *Roſs*, I ſent Miſs a Letter [ſee Letter, No. 37.] incloſed in one to *J-*, the Gardener. He gave it her privately, according to my Directions; and in three Days after, ſhe ſent me a Letter [ſee Letter, No. 38.] by one *Jemmy Preece*, a Plough-boy, in the Family. This Letter indeed re-animated my Spirits. But a little before I received the laſt Letter from Miſs, I went to Mrs. *B-'s*, the milliner, and aſk'd her ſeveral Queſtions relating to *L-nt-o*. *Mr.* Parry, ſaid ſhe, *do not give yourſelf the trouble of aſking me any thing concerning what happen'd in* Monmouthſhire, *during my Stay there, becauſe I will not give you a ſatisfactory Anſwer.* 'It's true added ſhe, 'I know as much of what happen'd there, as 'any Body; but be it as 'twill, it ſhall go no 'further from me.' 'There has been, ſaid I, 'a villainous Letter ſent to Mrs. *P-*, concern-'ing Miſs and me. I wiſh I knew the Au-'thor; but I ſuſpect three, which are Mrs. '*M-*, *N-F-'s* Wife, and yourſelf.' 'To 'ſatisfy you (*ſaid ſhe*) of my Innocence, I will 'freely take the Sacrament before your Face, 'that never writ it, neither do I know who 'did. By what I can underſtand, there was a 'Letter ſent to Mrs. P-r-, but by who God 'knows, I don't: However, there's the devil 'to pay about it. All the while I was there; 'Mrs. *P-* was as ill-natur'd as could be, and 'Miſs would, never let me go out of the room 'whilſt her Mamma was there; and what the 'reaſon of this Hurly-burly is I believe no one 'knows better than yourſelf.' There's nothing,

'and

'ſaid I, that could cauſe ſo great Diſturbance, 'excepting that Letter ſent, and I would with 'pleaſure forfeit a Leg or an Arm, to know 'the vile Authors; for by Heaven, I ſhould 'not value ſetting their Houſes on fire about 'their Ears.' Before I parted with Mrs. *B-h*, I was thoroughly ſatisfied of her Innocence, and frequented her Houſe as often as uſual.

I wrote *Partheniſſa* a Letter [ſee Letter No. 39.] which was deliver'd to her by *J-b G--ge*. What added to my misfortune, was, that I could not get my Letters anſwer'd as I wiſh'd for, becauſe ſhe was narrowly watch'd and debar'd Pen, Ink and Paper, out of her mother's Sight.

In the Beginning of *November*, I went to *Abergavenny*; and in my way, ſtop'd at a Publick houſe adjoining to her Brother's; and from thence I ſent her a Letter (which I had prepar'd at *Roſs*) by *A--ſe G--od* [ſee Letter No. 40.] who was Groom to her Brother, and Inmate of the Publick Houſe. He gave it her immediately, and ſhe eagerly open'd it, but to her Diſappointment it was written with Juice, ſo that ſhe could not read it, neither did ſhe think proper to ſcorch it before him, becauſe he was a *Yorkſhire* Groom: However, ſhe bid him tell me not to come in Sight of any of the Family, and to come back the ſame Road, for that ſhe would get a Letter ready for me at my return. After he had deliver'd the meſſage to me, ſays he, *What a comical Letter you ſent to Miſs; when ſhe open'd your Letter, the Devil a Word was in it.* I could not forbear laughing at him; ſo took my Leave, aſſuring him, I would be back again in two Days; and begg'd of him,

to watch the Opportunity of ſeeing Miſs alone, whereby ſhe might conveniently ſlip a Letter into his hand for me. He aſſur'd me of his Fidelity and I went directly to *Abergavenny*. There I ſaw Mrs. P.'s Servant. I aſk'd her, how the good Family did. She drop'd a walking Curt'ſy, and made all the haſte ſhe could from me, not caring to be ſeen talking with me in the Street.

I return'd to the Publick Houſe in a Day or two, and *A-ſe* gave me an open Letter from *Partheniſſa* [ſee Letter, No. 41.] which was wrote backwards with a Pencil, ſo that he could not read a Word of it. That Fellow made me believe the Lord knows what. He ſwore that he would do me all the Service that lay in his Power; *And d-n me*, ſaid he, *if I don't wiſh that you were between a Pair of Sheets with* Partheniſſa. In ſhort (being eaſily impoſed upon) I believ'd all he ſaid, and 'twas ſome time before I found him what he prov'd to be, *i. e.* a treacherous Villian.

Some Weeks e'er this Time, I had written to my beſt of Friends in *London*, acquainting him of my Unhappineſs in being ſeparated, and in no likelihood of coming near the Perſon who had captivated my Soul. That worthy Gentleman pleas'd to anſwer my Letter, which I receiv'd [ſee Letter. No. 42.] at my return to *Roſs*.

A Week afterwards, I met *Ambroſe* in *Monmouth*; *Well*, ſays I, *what News from your Quarter of the World. Bad*, ſaid he, *for you, I do aſſure you. How ſo?* ſaid I, *impatiently. Mr.* D- J--, ſaid he, *is a courting of* Partheniſſa, *and his mother puſhes the match on; and Madam*

Madam P- *by what I can hear, is not againſt it.* I was ſo Thunder-ſtruck at what he told me, that a Perſon might have blown me down; but took all imaginary Caution to hinder him from ſeeing me concern'd. 'Well, *ſaid I*, 'let Miſs marry whom ſhe pleaſes, I ſhall al-'ways wiſh her happy.' We drank together, then parted.

The Thoughts of *D. J.*'s courting her, almoſt diſtracted me, and no Pen can deſcribe the racking Pains the Name of a Rival gave me, eſpecially, as I knew that I had none, excepting Miſs, but Enemies where ſhe was. I could not help thinking, but that they might prevail upon her to give her Hand, if not her Heart, to *D. J.* notwithſtanding what had paſs'd between her and myſelf. Theſe and ſuch like Thoughts bereft me for ſome time of my Senſes.

I had ſome Thoughts of ſending her a Letter, written with Lemon Juice; but conſidering it was with the utmoſt difficulty that ſhe could ſcorch it, I wrote one with ink, and took it to *Lantilio*, and gave it to *Ambroſe*, begging of him to give it to *Nanny T.* Mr. *P.*'s Dairy-maid. He ſerved me ſo far faithfully, and the Girl (one who *Partheniſſa* confided in, becauſe ſhe was ſincere in what ſhe undertook) gave the Letter (ſee Letter, No. 43.) that Night to her.

Nanny T. came to me, and deſired me to be there in three or four days, and ſhe would bring me a Letter from *Partheniſſa*. I went to *Newport*, and returned at the time appointed; and the Girl was as good as her Word, by bringing me a Letter, (ſee Letter, No. 44.)

ſhe gave me an hearty Kiſs, aſſuring me, that *Partheniſſa* had ſent it me upon her Lips: The Copy was agreeable, and what the Original muſt have been, I'll leave the Reader to judge.

They may be falſe, who languiſh and complain,
But they who part with money never feign.

The Girl might have repeated thoſe Lines with a ſafe Conſcience; for 'twas not to be imagined that ſuch faithful Poſtage ſhould go frank'd.

I returned Miſs's Compliment, by giving the Girl ſome ſmacking Kiſſes to carry her: I aſſured the Girl that I would come there again in a Week or nine Days time, and begg'd that ſhe would give my ſincere Love, *&c.* to Miſs, deſiring her to write to me often; and if 'twas but a Line, the Sight of her Hand-writing inſpired me. When I came to *Roſs*, Mrs. *Jenny Birch* aſked me if I had any Books of *Partheniſſa*'s in my Cuſtody: I ſaid, yes. Partheniſſa, ſaid ſhe, *has wrote to me, deſiring me to aſk you for them. Did ſhe ſend my Books*, ſays I, *to you? I never heard her mention any Books*, ſays ſhe, *of yours in my Life. Really*, ſaid I, *they never ſhall be delivered out of my Keeping, until I have an Order from* Partheniſſa, *written with her own Hand. Well*, ſaid ſhe ſmartly, *here it is*; and with that gave me the Paper, (ſee Letter, No. 45.) which I took with great Pleaſure. She often aſked me for the Books (as I had promiſed them upon Sight of the Order) but my Anſwer always was,

was, No; not till I have my Books from her.

Soon after I went down to *Newport*, and took *Lantilio* in my Way, expecting to have heard ſomething from *Partheniſſa*, but could not, by reaſon of *Ambroſe*'s being abſent from Home, ſo that I reſolved upon coming back the ſame Road.

I wrote a Letter whilſt at *Newport* (ſee Letter, No. 46.) and when I came to *Lantilio*, gave it *Ambroſe* to give *Nanny T.* This Letter was unſealed, having neither Wax nor Wafer in the Neighbourhood; and after I left the Place, *Ambroſe*, more like a Scoundrel than any thing elſe, ſhewed the Letter to a Clergyman, and ſeveral others; but none of them could read it, being written backwards. At laſt he vouchſafed to give it truſty *Nanny*, who gave it *Partheniſſa*, and not without difficulty, for ſhe had like to have had it ſnatch'd from her Boſom by a coxcomical Cuſhion-thumper in the Neighbourhood, who ought to have had a Horſe Diſcipline for his uncommon impudence.

Whilſt I was there, I bid *Nanny T.* tell *Pen P.* that I ſhould be glad to ſpeak with her in the Church Porch. She came to me trembling, upon which I aſk'd her what was the matter. *I don't know*, ſays ſhe, *but I am all of a ſudden taken with a ſhivering. Pray, Mrs.* Pen, ſaid I, *how does Madam, Miſs, and all the Family do? Never worſe*, ſays *Pen*, *no never worſe in this World. What's the matter with them*, ſaid I, *I hope they are all well? I need not tell you*, ſays *Pen*, *what's the matter, for Miſs and you know better than I can tell you.*

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I believe, said I, *Miss knows no more of me than I do of her*. 'I am afraid, *said* Pen, you are 'too well acquainted with each other. But 'this, *continued she*, I can tell you, whatever 'has pass'd between you cannot be help'd; but 'you'll never see her for the future. She re-'pents of what she has done, and curses the 'very Day that she was born upon. She 'wishes that she had died in her Childhood, 'and that her Tongue was out for speaking 'what she has done; nay, she curses her very 'Hands for learning to write.' 'Really Mrs. '*Pen*, *said I*, I cannot see any manner of Oc-'casion for Miss's giving herself so much Un-'easiness.' Yes, yes, *said* Pen, she has Oc-'casion enough: She has own'd now what 'brought her to *Dingestow*; the Report was, 'that she went to be married to Mr. *J. J.* and 'that you was the Person who brought them 'together; but that Flam is found out: She 'came to *Dingestow* 'tis true, and for no o-'ther Business but to fetch the Gold that you 'with your nonsensical Whim took from her.' 'Who I, *said I surprized*, me take Gold from 'her!' Yes, you did, *said she*, and that was 'her Business after you to *Dingestow*; and 'this she has own'd to my mistress and me: 'I lead a weary Life about you, and if you 'have any Honour in you, you will clear 'me.'

What *Pen* had informed me concerning the Gold, indeed surpriz'd me; and what Mr. *L.* told me in *August*, 1735, came fresh into my Memory, *viz. It is my Opinion this Girl will jilt you, therefore look to yourself.*

I as-

I assured *Pen* that I would justify her so far, that to my Knowledge she never knew any thing of what had pass'd between Miss and myself. 'Have you ever a letter, *said* Pen, 'to send Miss; if you have one, I'll carry it 'as safe as any Body to her, and the Postage 'shall cost you nothing.' I thank'd her, and assured her that I had not any thing to send, excepting my Compliments, and them to Miss only; begging of her to give herself no manner of Uneasiness upon my Account, for that I was to go in a few Days towards a Town in the middle of the Kingdom. 'You wish, 'says Pen, my mistress at the Devil, so you 'send no Service to her.' 'You know I can-'not flatter, *said I*, but I wish her in Heaven, 'and so your humble Servant.' *Pen* took her Leave of me, assuring me, if I at any time would send a Letter by her to Miss, she'd safely deliver it, and bring me an Answer. I thanked her for her Civility, but never troubled her with one.

When she left me, I could not help reflecting upon what had past between us.

First, I thought that Miss had an inclination to jilt me, because she mentioned the Gold; and I was positive no one could mention it to Mrs. P.

Secondly, I was apprehensive of her telling her mother that I took the money from her, was with no view but that of concealing her Design to marry me, and that the Country Talk was only a false Report.

The last Thought got the better of me; for do what I would, I could not think ill of her, notwithstanding I had been informed, before I

wrote

wrote her the laſt Letter dated from *Newport*, that young *J.* often laid his Head in her Boſom, *&c.* I was credibly informed by ſeveral in the Neighbourhood, that he was very buſy about her, and that they were frequently ſeen together, and his Lips were hardly aſunder from her's; and ſhe ſeem'd well pleaſed with his pretty whining Way of making Love. I could not be bleſt with a Sight of her: and the Thoughts of a Rival gave me no ſmall Uneaſineſs; but flung me into that damn'd Diſtemper Jealouſy.

Oh! where (thinks I) are all the bitter Oaths, Vows, Proteſtations, *&c.* which ſhe made to me when laſt at *Roſs*, that neither *D. J.* nor any one elſe, ſhould kiſs her, except it was at coming or going from the Family, as a Viſitor; and if ſhe's perjured, Heaven blaſt her with infamy; and it is my Opinion, that any Perſon that loved to ſo great a Degree of madneſs as I did, could not hear the Name of a Rival mentioned, but with Horror.

When I came to *Roſs* I received a Letter from the beſt of Friends; wherein he aſſured me that he believed my intereſt would be the ſtrongeſt at *Birmingham*; and whether I accepted the Place or not, he told me, it could not be to my Diſadvantage to be prepared, and to try myſelf in Practice as much as might be, if the Place ſhould be offered me, as he believed it would.

This Letter I dropt deſignedly at *Lantilio*, which was pick'd up and ſhewed Mrs. P.

This unparallel'd Friendſhip of a Gentleman that I had never ſeen, and at ſuch a Criſis, gave

gave me ſome flattering Hopes of being in a Condition to face the World with a light Heart one time or another, whether I was to be ſo happy as to have *Partheniſſa* once more in my Arms or not.

Upon the 19th of *January* I went to *Monmouth*, where I met *A-ſe G-d*, who immediatly inform'd me, that *Partheniſſa* was well, and had ſent him with money to pay off the Intereſt of a Bond which her Brother had given to one Mrs. *P-ot*, and that Mr. *Geo. R-ts* was to receive it, *But*, added he, *Miſs is going to be married to* Dicky J-. *Are you ſure of this?* ſaid I. *I am ſure of it* ſaid he; *'tis certainly ſo*; *for he does nothing but kiſs and ſlobber her*; *and ſhe is very fond of him, and they are to be married ſpeedily.* I could not make him any anſwer, ſo great was my Concern. I left him abruptly, and went that Night to *Dingeſtow*. I wrote a Letter there to her, ready to deliver it to the truſty Dairy maid. I borrow'd a caſe of Piſtols for my ſafety, and ſet out from *Dingeſtow* the ſame Night to *Lant-o*, becauſe if I had gone in the day time half the Pariſh would run and tell Mrs. *P-* of my being there. I came there about Nine o'Clock, and near a Publick Houſe, a Woman aſk'd me in *Welch*, who was there. Knowing 'twas *Nanny T-*'s Voice, I rid up cloſe to her, and gave her the Letter [ſee Letter, No. 47.] and ſhe ran with it to *Partheniſſa*, who received it before any one elſe knew of my being there.

Next morning the Girl brought a Piece of Paper, and beckoned me to come to her at the Publick Houſe (ſhe did not at that time ſpeak to me, becauſe ſhe ſaw Mrs. *J-* coming up a Field

Field, in her way to Mrs. *P-*'s) and put the Paper under an Earthen mug, upon the Chimney-piece in the Kitchen [ſee Letter, No. 48.] after ſome little Pauſe, ſhe told me that *Pen* knew of my being there, and that ſhe wanted to ſpeak with me. I told her, I ſhould be back in two Days, *&c.* The Girl made all the haſte ſhe could to get Home before Mrs. *J-* could reach there, and I immediately rode down to *Newport.*

I return'd to *Lant-o* upon *Wedneſday*, ſome time in the Night. The moment I came into the Houſe, I gave my Piſtols and Cutteau to *Ambroſe* (as I had done two or three days before) who lock'd them up in a Drawer, till I went away. Next morning, the poor Girl (that carried the Letters between Miſs and myſelf) came and told me, that Mrs. *J-* had abuſed her in a very groſs manner. 'When ſhe came to 'our Houſe, *ſays the Girl with Tears*, ſhe told 'Madam *P*, that ſhe was ſure that I had a 'Letter from you to Miſs. I ſwore I had no 'ſuch Thing, neither did I ever carry a Let-'ter from you to *Partheniſſa*. Mrs. *J-* ſaid, 'ſhe was ſure I did, and call'd me a ſorry Car-'rion; telling me, I deſerv'd to be burnt. 'She call'd me a great many ſcandalous names. 'In ſhort, I was ready to run crazy.' 'Nan-'ny, *ſaid I*, I would not have you give your-'ſelf any uneaſineſs concerning what ſhe ſays 'to you, for her Tongue is no ſlander; and 'tis not imagin'd that a Horſe ſhould -- Oats 'that never eat any.' 'I am ſorry, *Nanny*, 'with all my Soul, that you ſhould be ill uſed 'upon my Account; and if it ever lies in my 'Power to be of any Service to you, I ſhall

'always

'always be glad to oblige you in any thing.' 'But what, *says the Girl*, do you think ſhe did 'beſides abuſing me? Why, ſhe broke open 'my Box, tore off the Lock of it to Pieces, 'and rumag'd all the Houſe over, thinking to 'find ſome of your Letters. *Jane* of the *Oſtrey*, or ſome of them, ſay, you have got 'Piſtols.' 'I have ſo, *ſaid I*, I brought 'them with me to Shoot a Couple of Currs, 'that bark after me upon the Road, and frighten 'my Horſe. I gave them to *Ambroſe* to lock 'up, and my Sword along with them: So 'that, if I had an ill deſign againſt any Body 'here, I ſhould hardly have delivered my 'Weapons into the hands of an Enemy.' 'That's true too, *ſays the Girl*, but Mrs. 'J- is mad to have her Son marry *Partheniſſa*. 'Does he kiſs her, *ſays I*, before People?' 'Kiſs her, (*ſaid* Nanny) why he does nothing 'elſe all Day long; and when they are by 'themſelves, he puts his Hand in her Breaſt, 'as far as we can, between her Shift and her 'Skin.' I ſhall never give thee any farther 'Trouble, *ſays I*, about her. Heaven be with 'thee; but, for her Part, may a Legion of 'Devils attend her, for a ſanctified, perfi-'dious Jilt. Has ſhe receiv'd the Sacrament 'for this Purpoſe? The Devil muſt certainly 'have her, for her Perjuries.' 'She has *ſays* 'the *Girl*, got Devils about her as 'tis; God 'deliver me from them: I have given Warn-'ing to provide themſelves with another Dairy-'maid. *Peggy J-s*, is a ſly Bitch, and you are 'in the Wrong if you don't kick her. She 'has been as buſy as the beſt in contriving to 'ſtop your Letters, &c,' The Girl parted from

from me crying, and I never ſaw her but once ſince.

Mrs. *J-* having heard, that the Girl and I were together ſome conſiderable Time, came to the *Oſtrey* (where I was ſitting by the Fire-ſide) and aſk'd for the Woman of the Houſe.

When the Woman came to her, *Jane* (ſaid ſhe, with a fiercer Look than any of the Tan-coloured Devils which are painted upon the Church Windows of *Fairford* in *Glouceſter-ſhire*) *what do you mean by harbouring a High-wayman in your Houſe?* As ſhe ſpoke, ſhe nodded her Head at me. 'Pray Madam, *ſaid I*, 'who is it you mean by Highwayman? If 'you mean me, I ſhall be very apt to make 'your Ladyſhip repent the Language.' 'Oh, 'dear Sir (*ſaid ſhe, with a Cut-throat Smile*) 'I do not mention your Name, Sir, or any 'Body's Name, Sir.' Then turning herſelf to the Woman of the Houſe, '*Jane*, pray take 'care of my Son, for I ſuppoſe this Villain 'has a mind to murther him.' Happy it had been for me, if I could have governed my Paſſion afterwards, as I had done this time. 'Madam, *ſays I*, I find no Fault in your Son, 'I've always wiſh'd him well, and have given 'him evident Proofs of it whilſt he was at '*Hereford*, by giving him money, and treating him, ſince you force me to cancel Obligations, which I did entirely for *Partheniſſa*'s ſake, knowing him to be ſomething related to her.' 'You treat my Son, *ſaid ſhe* '*ſcornfully*, you poor Blockhead, you ſorry 'Scoundrel, Organ playing Piper.' I really could not forbear laughing at her Impudence. Away ſhe went, uſing me with ſuch, nay worſe than

than I've ſince heard at *Billinſgate*, where I have often heard them abuſe each other.

As I have before hinted, your half-ſtrain'd Gentlewomen are by much the moſt ridiculous, that a man can converſe with: And Mrs. *J.* having no Right to be thought agreeable (by any one but her Huſband) by the diſadvantage of a very ruff Face and carrotty Hair, made me, in my Surprize, think of ſome monſter, who Sir *Richard Blackmore*, in his *Eliza*, deſcribes as follows.

Scylla, *and all the Monſters of the Main,*
Were the Deſcriptions true the Poets feign,
Wou'd inoffenſive comely Figures be,
Compar'd with this compleat Deformity:
Her fiery Eyes a red malignant glare,
Shot forth their bloody Orbits thro' the Air.
The fiery Breath that from her Noſtrils came,
With Plagues and Fevers did the Air inflame:
She ſeem'd all Teeth and Jaws, prepar'd for Spoil,
Like the arm'd Tyrant that infeſts the Nile.

In about half an Hour after Mrs. *J.* had diſgorged her foul Stomach at me, in comes maſter *Dicky*, her Son and Heir: I told him his mother had uſed me in a very unbecoming manner, and undeſervedly; for to the beſt of my Knowledge, I never deſerved the Title of Highwayman: 'And for your Part, Sir, *ſays* 'I, you are ſenſible that I have always be-'haved towards you with a great deal of Re-'ſpect, and was always civil to you, and I 'have readily obliged you to the utmoſt of my 'Power.' 'By G-d, *ſays Mr.* Dick, I don't 'mind any Body's Quarrels, let them be of

'what Sort they will.' 'The Devil fetch 'me, *ſaid I*, if I do, were they to be begun 'by any Perſon whatſoever.' So after he and I had drank part of two or three Quarts of Ale, he was ſent for to Mrs. *P.*'s, by Order of his precious mamma; and before he reach'd the Houſe, he called to *Ambroſe*, and ſhewed him a Brace of loaded Piſtols, which he brought with him to have ſhot me through the Head, provided I had ſpoken diſreſpectfully of *Partheniſſa*. My poor little Piſtols were ſafe in *Ambroſe*'s Drawer; and if both of us had had the Reſolution to have drawn a Trigger againſt each other, I ſhould have ſtood but an indifferent Chance, being a ſtrong-ſet man of five Feet nine, and he a thin youth of about five Feet ſix; for I might as well aim at the Edge of a Penknife, as at him. But I had given over all Hopes of *Partheniſſa*, from the minute *Nanny T.* our truſty Confident, declared her to be handled, kiſs'd, *&c.* by young *J.* However, I was reſolved to ſtay a Day longer than at firſt I really intended at *Lantilio*, only to fret Mrs. *J.*

Upon the *Friday*, after I had walk'd ſeveral times in the Church-yard, *Pen* came to me. Our Talk at firſt ran upon Mrs. *J.*'s abuſing me: At laſt ſhe changed her Tone, by ſaying, 'Mr. *Parry*, I do aſſure you that whatever 'has paſs'd between Miſs and you is at an end: 'She never will write to you any more, 'therefore it will be needleſs for you to give 'yourſelf any farther Trouble about her: She 'is ſure to be turned out of Doors the mo-'ment ſhe marries again my miſtreſs's Con-'ſent: I am ſure you do not believe what I 'ſay;

'ſay; but here's ſomething, written with her 'own Hand, that will convince you.' At that *Pen* took an unſeal'd Paper out of her Pocket, and gave it me, (ſee Letter, No. 49.) 'My 'miſtreſs, *added* Pen, has but at preſent a 'ſmall income; and 'twould go but a little 'Way in maintaining miſs and you, and per-'haps half a Dozen little Brats: 'Tis my O-'pinion, indeed Mr. *Parry*, that as you have 'Friends a working for you to get you a 'good Place, your beſt Way would be to 'ſtrive and get it, and never think of *Par-'theniſſa* any more.' 'Mrs. *Pen*, *ſaid I*, I 'beg you'll give my Reſpects to miſs, and aſ-'ſure her from me, that I wiſh her all Happi-'neſs imaginable.' I will certainly deliver the 'meſſage, ſays *Pen*, but muſt beg you'll do 'me the Juſtice you promiſed me; which was, 'to convince my miſtreſs and the Family, by 'Letters, that I am innocent of your whole 'Affairs: I cannot ſay, *continued ſhe*, but this 'is a Judgment upon miſs, for her ill uſage to 'me: I could not imagine what was the Rea-'ſon that I could have no civil Anſwer from 'her, to any thing I ſaid; but now 'tis come 'home to her: However I pity her, and am 'ſorry for you; and if you have any Letter to 'ſend her, I'll carry it.' 'I have no ſuch thing 'to ſend her, *ſaid I*, , and you may be ſatiſ-'fy'd that I ſhall write to Mrs. *P.* to aſſure 'her, that you have been no Way aſſiſting in 'my Amour with Miſs.

Pen left me trembling, and incapable of ſpeaking, myſelf at the ſame time wiſhing for the Death of *Korah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*: I peruſed the Paper that *Pen* gave me a hundred

times over, curſing the Subject, and my ill Fate. I left the Place with greater Reluctancy than a Widow could part with a S-- P--. Had Heaven been ſo propitious, as to've directed my Thoughts, in taking her Advice, I had been happy; but Fate decreed it otherwiſe.

I went to *Dingeſtow* from thence, and did not reach *Roſs* in five Days; during which time there was a current Report there, that I was married to *Partheniſſa*, and that I was in *Monmouthſhire*, demanding my Wife at her Mother's Hands. In Mr. *D--es*, of *Wilton*'s, Family (whom I ſhall ſpeak more of hereafter) 'twas believ'd to be Fact, becauſe a *Monmouthſhire* Juſtice had been there, and had ſaid, that he had heard ſomething like it. I was a Stranger to all this; and ſome of that Family believ'd me to've been married for ſome time paſt. But when I came to *Roſs*, I was wiſh'd Joy by ſeveral People. I ask'd them, of what. 'Of what, *ſaid they*, of an agreeable Wife, 'with a good Fortune.' I thank'd near an hundred for their good Wiſhes; and aſſur'd them, there was not any thing in the Report. The more I denied it, the more Compliments I receiv'd; at laſt I was wiſh'd Joy by ſo many, that I was reſolv'd to give my Breath no longer vent, but thank'd them, and would not ſtop to talk with them. Going (the ſame Day I came Home) to Mrs. *B--h*, the Milliner's, ſhe ask'd me, what the People meant, by talking after the rate they did. I told her, I knew of no Foundation for their ſo doing; but that ſeveral had wiſh'd me Joy, and ſaid, the reaſon of my ſtaying in *Roſs* ſo long, was come out, for there was a Wife in the Caſe. 'To be ſure,

'*ſaid*

'*ſaid Mrs.* B--h, there can be nothing in it, 'for when I was there in *October* laſt, I told 'you before, there was the Devil to pay there; 'I talk'd with Miſs a great deal, and told her, 'that it was whiſper'd by ſeveral People ſhe 'was going to be married to you. Then, ſays '*Partheniſſa* (very diſdainfully) I wiſh the 'Town's People would provide Husbands and 'Wives for each other; and I am not oblig'd 'in the leaſt to them for mentioning ſuch an 'one as *Parry* for mine. One Thing is, mam-'ma will never trouble *Roſs* any more; ſo 'that 'tis to be hop'd, they'll have Somebody 'elſe to talk of. I don't know any thing of 'the Matter, *ſaid* Mrs. *B--h* to *Partheniſſa*, 'but 'tis believed, that you're married or enga-'ged to him. Why then *ſays Partheniſſa* as I 'hope to be ſav'd, I never have had any 'Thoughts of him, and I do not care if the 'Devil had him, or if he was hang'd, or tran-'ſported, for I hate the very Name of him. 'All this *ſays Mrs.* B--h, *Partheniſſa* told me, 'I will take my Oath of it; and at the ſame 'Time, ſhe begg'd that I would not ſpeak a-'bout it, for ſhe would not have the Reaſon 'of her Mamma's leaving *Roſs* made known for 'the World. And you know *continued Mrs.* 'B--h, that I have neither made nor meddled 'with it one way or other: And 'tis you know 'beſt what has paſt between you, but I am a-'fraid, you are neither of you any better 'than you ſhould be.' This Inſtance of *Partheniſſa*'s Perfidiouſneſs (notwithſtanding ſhe had ſent me ſeveral Letters, after her Interview with Mrs. *B--h*) gave me an uncommon

Shock; inſomuch, that I had not the Power to anſwer Mrs. *B--h*, ſo left her.

Now there came a Paſſage that happen'd between my eldeſt Siſter and myſelf afreſh into my Memory. In 1733. ſhe came to *Roſs*, in her Way to *London*; and after Civilities that commonly paſs between Brothers and Siſters, who have been for ſome time ſeparated, I left her about five Minutes. I ran to *Partheniſſa*, and ask'd her, if a Sight of my Picture would pleaſe. 'Yes, my Dear, *ſaid ſhe*, that it 'would.' 'Do you run up Stairs, and open 'your Chamber Window, *ſaid I*, and you 'ſhall ſee me lead my Siſter *Nancy*, in the 'Walk joining to the Church-yard Wall. She 'is this Minute come to Town, and is oblig'd 'to be in *Glouceſter* to Night.' 'Can't you 'bring her here, *ſaid Miſs*, to drink a Diſh of 'Tea?' 'No, not for the World, *ſaid I*, 'that indeed would be giving People Cauſe to 'ſuſpect our Intrigue.' I went to the Inn, and brought up my Siſter into the Church-yard. Seeing *Partheniſſa* in the Window, I bid my Siſter take a full View of her, which ſhe accordingly did. After we had paſſed by, I ask'd my Siſter how ſhe lik'd her; ſhe ſaid, well enough. I then told her all the Affair, and how Miſs had given me undeniable Proofs of her Love, before I had preſum'd to kiſs her. My Siſter heard me very attentively; and when I had told her all I could think of, ſhe ſaid, 'Heaven avert the Deſtruction that, I am a-'fraid, this Girl will bring upon you. My 'dear Brother, you are young, and unacquaint-'ed with the Ways of Women, therefore ſet 'not your Heart upon her, for by what you've

'told

« told me, ſhe is ſlippery, and there is no-
« thing certain this Side of the Grave but
« Death, and that very uncertain; therefore,
« drop your Amour with this *Partheniſſa*, for
« ſomething tells me, ſhe will ruin you inevi-
« tably, *&c.*' Had my Siſter been an *Iſaiah*, or a *Jeremy*, ſhe could not have propheſy'd more to the purpoſe; for as ſhe ſaid, ſo it fell out, as you'll find hereafter.

When I left Mrs. *Birch*, I reflected very much upon what ſhe had informed me, and ſtrove with all my might to eraſe *Partheniſſa* quite out of my memory; but do all I could, my Endeavours proved abortive.

I went to the Poſt-Office, and received an agreeable Letter from my dear Friend, (ſee Letter, No. 50.) which made me ſomewhat eaſier in my Temper than I had been for ſome time before.

Mr. *C--ke*'s Family hearing the Report of my marriage with *Partheniſſa*, ſent to Mrs. *P.* to know whether there was any thing in it or not, *Partheniſſa* ſent a Letter, directed to Miſs *Jenny C--ke*, wherein ſhe called the Almighty God (who had inſpired her with the Senſe of writing) to witneſs, that ſhe never was married to me, nor ever would be; neither had ſhe any Affection for me, or ever thought of me as a Huſband or Lover; and added, I am afraid the Villain will counterfeit my Hand-writing.

Hell could not produce ſo perfidious a Whore, ſo incarnate a Devil, nor ſo falſe and damn'd a Fiend. Was not this Uſage enough to have made any mortal run mad? Eſpecially one that had been ſo very familiar with her,

and

and one that had never ſpoke ſlightingly of her, nor gave the leaſt intimation to his Boſom Friends of what had paſs'd between them.

I ſtifled my reſentment, till ſuch time that I could not poſſibly bear my ill Uſage any longer. Miſs *Jenny C--ke* ſhew'd *Partheniſſa*'s Letter publickly; and Mrs. *Birch* ſwore to me, that ſhe had ſeen it. Mrs. P-- ſent to Mr. *C--ke*, begging, that he would think of ſome Way or other to have me taken up, for ſhe thought herſelf in Danger; and inſinuated that I intended coming with Arms, *&c.* to deprive her of Life, Daughter, or ſomething or other. Mr. *C--ke*, being one of *Partheniſſa*'s Guardians, (and had, I have great Reaſon to believe, Thoughts of having her for a Daughter-in-law) was reſolved to have me taken into Cuſtody; ſo ſent a Letter to Mr. *A--y* of *Worceſter*, begging he would inform himſelf by Counſellor *Trevor*, for Reaſons inſerted in his Letter. The Anſwer was, That no man could be troubled for endeavouring to make his Fortune, nor for carrying on an intrigue, eſpecially with a Girl of three or four and twenty Years of Age: But he may be taken up for riding with a Gun or Piſtols, being unqualified. I was not informed of this Proceeding till ſome time afterwards, and then *James* S..*e*, Eſq; told me of it, as he had it Verbatim from Mrs. *P.*

Mr. *Clarke* ſent ſeveral Letters to *Herbert Rudhall Weſtfaling*, Eſq; deſiring that he would give Mr. *S--rd* and him the meeting at *Roſs*, upon the 23d of *February*, 1735-6. in order for the iſſuing out a ſpecial Warrant for ſecuring me, to anſwer to the aforementioned Crimes.

Crimes. Mr. *Weſtfaling* (gueſſing foul Play to be upon the Carpet) declined coming for ſome time; but at laſt, being overperſuaded by Mr. *Clarke*, who went to viſit him purpoſely, he agreed to meet the other two at *Roſs*, upon the Day fix'd. I was informed by one of the Juſtice's Relations, of the intended meeting. Thinks I, let them meet and be damn'd, I ſhall not neglect my Buſineſs to ſee the Event of their Proceeding. I am conſcious of my own innocence, in not having offended any one, unleſs 'tis Mrs. *P.* and her I value not.

The Juſtices met upon *Monday* the 23d at *Roſs*, and granted out a Warrant againſt me; Mr. *Clarke* gave it into my Landlord's Hands, in order to ſpeak with me the ſooner: For my Part I went to *Monmouthſhire*, where I met with greater Difficulties than would have happened to me, provided I had remain'd in *Roſs*.

The Day that I ſet out was upon *Sunday* the 22d, intending to go to *Newport* to teach Miſs *G--n*. I ſtopt at *Monmouth*, and drank more Negus than I could well bear, with a Clergyman, and two more of my Acquaintance. They informed me, that I certainly ſhould loſe *Partheniſſa*, for that ſhe was going to be married to young *J.* and they did nothing but Tee and Toy, Kiſs and Slobber, all the live-long Day. 'What is it to me, *ſaid I*, '*diſſembling my Agony*, who ſhe marries? I was 'her muſick-maſter, and have now nothing 'to ſay to the Family, any more than a De-'mand of money due to me from her mother, 'for inſtructing the Daughter in muſick.'

Does

Does ſhe not, ſaid the Clergyman, *play the Flute? Yes, Sir*, ſaid I. He reply'd, *Did you teach her that inſtrument?* I anſwered him in the Negative. *Why then*, ſays he, *you have taught her the Silent Flute, or elſe you're damnably bely'd.* 'Pray, Sir, *ſaid I*, do not talk too idly of her.' *Pho, pho*, ſaid he, *hold thy Tongue, ſay what thou wilt, here's none here will believe any thing to the contrary: So here's to thee, my Boy*, &c. I parted with my Company, and rid to *Rockfield*; and in going thro' the Village, one *Price*, who kept the *Unicorn*, call'd after me, and aſk'd me whither I was going. 'I am, *ſaid I*, going to *Abergavenny*, 'and from thence down to *Newport*.' 'By 'G-d, ſays *Price*, you are never the nearer 'to go to *Lantilio*.' 'I ask'd him what Rea-'ſon he had for ſaying ſo, and was not the 'Road as free for me as another.' 'I tell 'you what, Maſter, *ſaid he*, we know how the 'market goes, by the market-people: One 'of Mrs. *P.*'s Tenants told me, that you 'were to be married to Miſs, and that he 'believ'd it, becauſe he has ſeen you very 'familiar together: But now you're blown, 'Sir, and ſhe is actually going to be married 'to Mr. *J.*'s Son: He does nothing but kiſs 'her; and one would think that ſhe's in 'damnable want of a ——, to let ſuch an 'unlick'd Whelp as that mouth her.' 'He 'is, *ſaid I*, a very pretty young Gentleman.' 'Pretty or not, *ſaid* Price, he tumbled and 'mumbled her laſt *Sunday* in the Church-'yard, and as he flung her down, forty 'People might have ſeen her Arſe, and her '—— too.' I had not Patience to hear the Man

Man expreſs himſelf ſo bluntly; however I alighted, and call'd for a Pint of Brandy, wherewith I got mad and drunk, and rode to *Lantilio*. 'Twas Ten Thouſand to One I had not broke my Neck; but Heaven reſerved me for future Troubles. When I came to the Publick Houſe, I whiſtled at the Door; and as I alighted off my Horſe, *Ambroſe G...d* came to the Door, and ſtopt my going into the Houſe, telling me, I ſhould not have any Entertainment there. What's the meaning of this Uſage to me, *Ambroſe*, ſays I, is all your promis'd Friendſhip come to this? Pray, do I owe you any thing? 'I don't ſay you do, 'ſaid he, but your Horſe ſhall not have a Feed 'of Corn here, neither will I draw you a drop 'of Ale, or any thing elſe.' I am ſure you 'cannot lawfully refuſe me Entertainment, 'ſaid I, as long as I pay for what I call, and 'by G-d, I will have a Feed for my Horſe, 'and Eatable for my ſelf, before I go hence.' 'By God, ſays he, you ſhall not.' With that he puſh'd me out of Doors, down two or three Steps; and told me, 'That Madam P- had 'given him Orders for ſo doing.' 'Madam 'P-, ſaid I raving; God damn her, for a 'ſmoaking, dirty, old Bitch.' I inſtantly tied my Horſe to the Church-yard Gate, and (unhappily for me) from thence I went to Mrs. P., with no other Intent but that of aſking her, what ſhe meant by uſing me in the vile manner ſhe had done.

I knock'd at the Door, which was open'd by *J G-d*, who had run there acroſs the Garden, to inform Mrs. P. of my being in the Pariſh, and aſk'd, where Mrs. *P.* was. The Servants

Servants ſaid, that ſhe was not to be ſpoken with. 'I want to know, *ſaid I*, what ſhe 'means by hindering me from being entertain'd 'as a common Traveller upon the Road, and 'by G-d I will ſpeak with her before I leave 'the Place, or elſe I'll die upon the Spot.' Mrs. *P*-- and her Daughter were in a little Parlour, guarded by old and young *J*--, and ſome Men, armed with Swords and Piſtols. I was going towards the Room they were in, when three or four Women, and ſome Ploughmen, puſh'd me back; and the more they diſſwaded me from going there, the more I was bent upon it. The Parlour Door was barricado'd, and the three ſtout men that guarded the Ladies were in great Eagerneſs for coming out to cut me in Pieces. But Mrs. *P.* kept them in by mere Strength, notwithſtanding the Strugglings of theſe Dunghill Heroes to the contrary. I own myſelf to be far from what People call a fighting man, but if they had come out, I ſhould have ſold my Life at a dear rate in that mad Paſſion; for equal Terms was no more to be expected there, than Conſtancy from a common Whore, Honeſty from a Lawyer, or Friendſhip from *F--k V--t.*

In the mean Time, the People in the Kitchen were ſtirring to puſh me out of the Houſe. "Hold d-n ye, ſaid I, I have a "Wife or ſomething worſe here, where is "ſhe" If you have a Wife here, ſays the Houſe-keeper, come in a peaceable manner for her, *&c.* The Champions in the Parlour cried, turn him out, turn the Raſcal out. Hearing Mr. *J-s*'s Voice, put me if poſſible, into a greater Paſſion then ever. I d-d them for a

Pack

Pack of W-; and thought I was ill uſed, conſidering that I had enjoy'd the beſt of the Family with an intent to have begotten an Heir, *&c.* to the Eſtate. However I was forc'd to march out of the Houſe, where I flatter'd myſelf to have ſpent ſome Part of my Life in, one Time or other.

I went back to the Publick Houſe, and Mrs. *P-*, by the Advice of her Privy-Counſellor Mr. *J-s*, ſent word to *A--ſe*, that he might let me have any thing I call'd for, without diſpleaſing her; reſolving, in the mean Time, to ſend for a warrant, to take me up. I found afterwards, that *J-s S-* had granted one before to Mrs. *P.*, for riding with Piſtols, *&c.* ſo that I was to have been taken up in *Monmouthſhire*, as well as *Herefordſhire*, (if this unhappy Accident had not happen'd) thro' the Management of good Mr. *C-ke*, and the ſanctified Mrs. *P-*.

At my Return to the *Oſtrey*, I drank a Mug of Ale; and as the Moon ſhin'd bright, I was for going that Night to *Uſk*, a Town about Seven Miles diſtant; but *H- P-*, A. M. (one who was a Scandal to the Cloth, and had been in the Spiritual Court for Fornication) perſwaded me to ſtay there that Night; well knowing that there was a warrant out againſt me, and that they could not take me upon the Sabbath Day. Being importuned by *P-*, (alias *C--er*) I order'd my Horſe to be put up; ſo ſat and drank with the Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing, 'till Twelve. (He died ſince, and 'tis beneath me to revile the Dead; but if he had lived, I would have given the Biſhop of the Dioceſs,

whom I had the Honour to be known to, an Account of his Life and Morals.)

About Half an Hour after Twelve o'Clock, he bid the Woman warm his Bed; 'For, 'says he, 'tis time for me to be gone, having 'done my Duty; and I beg, *says he to the 'Conſtable*, that you will do yours.' The moment the Parſon left the Room, the Conſtable, whoſe Name was *M-w M-n*, jump'd acroſs my Thighs, and puſh'd me backwards, with my Head againſt the Wall. After that piece of Ceremony, he was ſo civil as to tell me, that he had a Warrant againſt me. 'I muſt ſearch 'your Pockets, *ſaid he*, for Piſtols.' I aſſur'd him he was welcome. Accordingly he did, upon finding none, he took my Cutteau from my Side. 'I never, *ſaid I*, will diſown a 'Conſtable's Authority, but I never ſaw any 'Man ſerve a Warrant in ſuch a facetious 'Manner before. Pray Mr. *M-n*, is it the 'Cuſtom of the Place, to knock a man down, 'and afterwards bid him ſtand?' He made me no Anſwer, and I fell aſleep by the Fire-ſide 'till Eight o' Clock in the Morning, having a Guard of Tatterdemallions to attend me. When I awaken'd, I was ſurpriz'd to ſee myſelf ſurrounded by ſuch ſort of Gentry. Some of the Tennants ask'd me if the Devil was not in me, by going to the great Houſe, calling Madam and *Partheniſſa* all the Whores in *England?* 'God forbid, *ſaid I*;' (for I knew no more than the Child unborn, of what I had ſaid and done the Night before; and the foregoing Particulars, were told me the Day following, by one of the Family.) 'Tis true 'indeed,' ſays one, then another, *&c.* Then

in

in comes Mr. *T- J-s* with a ſtern Look, ſaying, ‘ *Jemmy Parry*, was the Devil in thee to ‘ abuſe my Siſter *P-* and Miſs laſt Night, ‘ calling them vile Names, and committing ſuch ‘ an outrage? My Siſter was never ſo ill uſed ‘ in her Life, and is reſolved to proſecute you ‘ with the utmoſt rigour of the Law.’ I was ‘ very much in Liquor, *ſaid I*, and am heartily ſorry for what I have done; and I will ‘ willingly give Mrs. *P.* any Satisfaction ſhe ‘ requires, in the moſt publick manner. I wiſh ‘ it had pleaſed God that I had broke a Leg or ‘ an Arm; nay, even that I had been ſtruck ‘ dead, before I came near her Houſe laſt ‘ Night; and if that Blockhead *Am..ſe* had not ‘ puſh'd me, drunk as I was, I never ſhould ‘ have gone near her.’ ‘ By G-d, *ſaid Mr.* ‘ J-s, *Jemmy*, I am ſorry for thee; but my ‘ Siſter *P.* will ruin thee, if thou wert worth ‘ Ten Thouſand Pounds. She does not value ‘ what you've ſaid of her, 'tis her Daughter's ‘ Honour that ſhe ſtands by. A young Gentlewoman of Five or Six Thouſand Pounds ‘ Fortune, to be degraded by your inſolent ‘ Talk, will not be made up on eaſy Terms; ‘ and by G-d, I tell you, Mrs. P. will ſpend ‘ Five hundred Pounds, but that ſhe will be ‘ revenged of you.’ Seeing myſelf in Huckſter's Hands, I Swore in a great Paſſion, that Mrs. P. might do what ſhe ſhould, I did not value her of a Farthing. ‘ I have, *continued I*, in a ‘ manner, marry'd her Daughter, who is a ‘ vile Jilt, and I have had Carnal Knowledge ‘ of her Body Hundred of Times; all this I'll ‘ prove, when put to the Teſt: ‘ So that by ‘ what I ſay, you may ſee I deſpiſe Mrs. P.

'and all her Adherents.' Mr. *J.* ſtared, as much ſurprized at me, as if I had been a Calf with ſix Legs and a Top-knot, I begg'd the Favour of the Conſtable, as he had a Warrant againſt me, to take me to the Juſtice's. 'You 'need not be in a hurry, ſays he, for Madam 'P. has ſent for Mr. *S.* and he will be here in 'an inſtant.' Mr. *S.* came to Mrs. *P.* about Two o' Clock, when ſhe and her Fiends told their Tale, you may be ſure no Way to my Advantage. Mr. *S.* was one (if I may uſe the Expreſſion) that could ſee as far as another into a mill-ſtone, and was ſure that if he ſhould be obliged to commit me, it would be very much to the Diſadvantage of *Partheniſſa*'s Character. 'Madam, *ſaid he to Mrs* P. give 'me Leave to go to Mr. *Parry*, and I will 'engage to perſuade him to go out of the 'Country, and he never ſhall come near you, 'nor your Houſe, any more.' *She reply'd*, 'Mr. *S.* ſay what you will, he ſhall go to 'Gaol.' 'If I do commit him, *ſays Mr.* S. 'I am really afraid it will be flinging dirt in 'miſs's face; therefore, madam, let me beg 'of you to give me leave to ſpeak with Mr. '*Parry*.' 'You ſhall not, *ſays ſhe*; and if 'you have any Friendſhip for me and my Fa-'mily, you will take the People's Affidavits, 'and commit him.' 'But madam, *replies 'the Juſtice*, if he gives Bail, I cannot commit 'him.' 'If any Body, *ſaid ſhe*, in this 'Neighbourhood is Bail for him, I ſhall look 'upon them as my greateſt Enemies: And let 'People think what they will of my Daugh-'ter, I had rather ſhe ſhould be *Parry*'s

'Whore

'Whore than his Wife.' 'In ſhort, ſo ſhould 'not I, *replied the Juſtice.*

Dinner being ſet upon the Table, the old Gentleman fed heartily, and Mrs. *P.* plied him plentifully with Liquor; ſo at laſt, by Virtue of a daub in the Hand from Mrs. P. he made my *Mittimus*, and gave it to the Conſtable's Hand.

Having ſo done, he immediately came to me at the Publick Houſe, and took me with him into the Garden: He there informed me of what had been ſaid and done. 'Do all I 'could, *ſaid he*, Mrs. P. would have you 'committed.' 'I thank you for your Civility, 'Sir, *ſaid I*, but mark what I ſay; Mrs. P. will 'repent her not letting me go about my Buſi- 'neſs, for ſhe'll expoſe her Daughter by it as 'long as ſhe lives: I do not queſtion but ſhe'll 'plague me for ſome months; but in requital 'thereof I ſhall plague them as long as they 'live.'

'I told madam P. ſo, *replied he*, but ſhe 'would not hearken to me.' 'I hope, Sir, 'ſaid I, you'll give me time to ſend for Bail. 'Yes, with all my Heart, *ſaid he*, and I'll 'tell thee what I'll do, (becauſe I believe thou 'haſt been in the Body of *Partheniſſa*) the 'Conſtable ſhall go along with you to *Dinge- 'ſtow*, (you ſatisfying him for his Trouble) if 'you think that Mr. J. will be bound for your 'Appearance; nay, if he ſends me but a 'Line that you ſhall appear: And if he will 'not do that, you muſt go to Gaol till you 'give Security: But do not offer to give the 'Conſtable the ſlip.' 'G-d damn me, *ſaid 'I*, if I would not rot in Gaol, before I

'would

would do it, or give them the advantage of 'an inch of Ground.'

'Mr. *S*-- went home, and I thought the Conſtable was to have taken me to *Dingeſtow*, as he had been order'd, but in that I was ſadly miſtaken: The Conſtable acquainted Mr. *J.* that he had Orders to go with me to *Dingeſtow*, whereupon he goes, and tells Mrs. P.. thinking that that would be a means to prevent my being impriſoned; they join'd their Heads together, and ſent for the Conſtable, and there (between Threats and fair Promiſes, beſides money in Hand) they perſwaded the Fellow from going to *Dingeſtow*, and made him reſolve upon taking me to *Monmouth* Goal. The Fellow told me, he would not go to any Place with me, but *Monmouth*. 'Why then, *ſaid I*, 'you ſhall go with me there to Night.' He told me, 'twas too late, and that I ſhould go in the Morning. In the mean Time, I ſent a man and Horſe to *Dingeſtow*, acquainting that worthy Gentleman with my unhappy Situation, and hoping that he would be a Surety for me: 'Twas with a great deal of Difficulty that I could get a Perſon to go for me, leſt they ſhould incur Mrs. P's Diſpleaſure: At laſt a *Brecknockſhire* Fellow gave her a Curſe, and went with Speed.

I might have eſcaped from the Conſtable, I believe, without a great deal of difficulty, but I ſcorn'd the Action; and if I had done ſo, my perfidious Jilt would have been thought a modeſt and virtuous young Lady. God knows what I ſay to be true, her Virtue and Modeſty are both affected, and (to my certain Knowledge) Nature has nothing to do with either

either of them; and as ſhe had baſely jilted me, and myſelf having acted the Part of a madman, I was willing to make the beſt of a bad market: I ſent Mrs. P. a Letter, wherein I aſſured her of my hearty Concern for what had happened, and that I ſhould be glad to aſk her Forgiveneſs in the moſt publick manner, and acknowledge my indiſcretion unfeignedly; but that if ſhe ſent me to Gaol, ſhe would debar me from a very good Place, which I was in Election of, and that I ſhould of courſe loſe it, if impriſoned, together with my Livelihood; for my being in Gaol would be no Secret to the Country circumjacent: I aſſured her further, that if ſhe did ſend me to Priſon, ſhe would oblige me to vindicate myſelf, by publiſhing the Amour, and Letters, between her Daughter and me; which I would not do for a Thouſand Pounds, unleſs ſhe ſhould proceed againſt me, as beforementioned, *&c.*

The Conſtable, who was by this time become a little ſociable, took the Letter, and gave it into Mrs. P's Hands: She told him ſhe would not anſwer it; which nettled me to ſuch a degree, that I was reſolved to vex her as much as poſſible: To effect which, I wrote her another Letter; wherein I gave her an Account how Miſs and myſelf married each other; where we conſummated; and that there was, in a particular Place ſtill in Being, (if it had not been cut off, or waſh'd away) an undeniable Teſtimony of her loſt maidenhead. This Letter anſwered my Purpoſe, by its driving her almoſt raving. Mr. *J.* came once more to me, and aſk'd me how I came to

write

write ſuch a Letter to his Siſter in Law? 'I 'am a little whimſical, *ſays I*, and as it was 'the firſt Thing that came uppermoſt, I was 'reſolved to communicate my Thoughts to 'her: The Style in it is plain; and I'll ſwear 'every Syllable of it to be Fact.' *By G-d*, ſaid he, *I do not think that there ever was ſuch a Letter wrote before in* England. We talk'd together for ſome conſiderable Time; and as he was related by marriage, I acquainted him with the real Facts from firſt to laſt; proteſting, that as Mrs. P. was bent upon my Ruin, I would make the World truly ſenſible of the whole affair: 'Your Spouſe, *ſays I*, called 'me Highwayman, and other opprobrious 'Language, which is not in her, nor any 'Body's Power to prove; which is Uſage 'that a Perſon of common Honeſty ought to 'bluſh at: 'My Honeſty was never call'd in 'Queſtion; and even Mrs. P. who I am ſure 'is the greateſt Enemy I have, or ever had, 'cannot accuſe me with any baſe Action, un-'leſs it be that of enjoying her Daughter; 'that, to be ſure, ſhe thinks villainous in me; 'but 'twas ſuch a delicious morſel, that I 'would ſuffer myſelf to be call'd Ten Thou-'ſand Times worſe than your Wife can call 'me, for ſuch another.

By my Soul, replied Mr. *J. I am ſorry for you both*; *I mean* Partheniſſa *and you*.

The Man that I had ſent to *Dingeſtow* return'd, and brought me Word, that Mr. *J.* would be over with me by Nine o' Clock next morning, in order to be my Bail. I own this was a Favour that I had not the leaſt Title to expect

expect from that Gentleman; but his Good Nature over-look'd the Freedom I took in ſending to him. He came at the Time appointed, intending to do me a Piece of Service, but was prevented from it at that Time, as you'll find. Mrs. P. and Mrs. *J.* with the reſt of their infernal Crew, hearing that Mr. *J.* was to be there at Nine, in order to be my Surety, reſolved that the Conſtable ſhould take me away, before he could reach *Llantilio*.

There lay with me, beſides the Conſtable, a Villain, who was a Servant to Mr. *J.* one that, to oblige his Maſter, would ſay or ſwear any thing. And I am verily perſuaded, that if it had come into Mrs. *J-s*'s Head to have me murther'd, (I don't know how ſhe came to forget it) the Villain would have executed her commands. They had fix'd the Time for taking me to *Monmouth*, and about Seven o' Clock I was aſk'd to riſe; but not getting up as ſoon as they required me, Mrs. *J-s*'s myrmidon came into the Room, and pulled the Bed-Cloaths from off me, which obliged me to riſe; but if I had had a Sword or Piſtol in the Room, I would have made his Life a Forfeit for his uncommon Inſolence. They were for ſetting out immediately, but I ſwore I would not ſtir till Nine o' Clock. Then came my Evil Genius, (Mrs. *J-s*) and aſk'd the Conſtable why he did not go? and what he ſtay'd for? Then comes her Huſband, putting in his Oar, ſaying to me; 'Come, come, ſet out, 'Mr. *J--s* can't be of any Service to you 'here, the Conſtable muſt take you to *Mon-* '*mouth*, and Mr. *J-s* may Bail you there.

'The

'The Conſtable cannot, neither will he, take 'you to Mr. *S-*'s; for the Warant and com-'mitment are in his Hands, and the Juſtice's 'Hand-writing goes beyond his Word.' 'You may talk what you will, *ſays I*, but by 'G-d I'll not budge 'till Nine o' Clock;' and whilſt I took a turn or two in the Garden, they (who the Devil will one Day trick) put the Clock forward 50 minutes. The Conſtable importuned me all along, till the Clock ſtruck Nine; than indeed I prepared myſelf to get on Horſeback; and juſt before I mounted, *Nanny T--s*, (who had been Confident to Miſs and myſelf) came and informed me, that *Partheniſſa* cried, ready to break her Heart. That News (notwithſtanding my ill Uſage) ſhock'd me more than the Thoughts of going to a Priſon. 'Remember my Love to her, *ſaid I*, for 'thou haſt been a Witneſs of it, and tell her, 'ſhe can blame no one but herſelf, for all 'the misfortunes that inevitably will befal 'us. Had ſhe but taken her Mother aſide, 'and ſpoke but the leaſt kind word to her 'in my Behalf, I never ſhould have been ſuf-'fered to go to a Priſon, in the manner I now 'muſt.' The poor Girl ſhed Terrs, and bid me adieu.

The Guard that attended me to Goal, conſiſted of the Conſtable Mrs. *J.s*'s Villain, and young Maſter *Dicky* my Rival, who by his Mammy's Order, had put on his Pappa's Hanger, to make him look big. Mrs. *J.s*, and two or three Plough-Boys, gave three or four Huzza's, for Joy, at my ſetting out for *Monmouth*, and I ſaid no more to her at parting, than,

The

The Devil go with thee; and may all the Curſes contained in the Hundred and Ninth Pſalm, *befal thee, and attend thy Muſhroom Family.*

Upon the Road to *Monmouth* I could not help ruminating upon the old Song;

Love has been th' Occaſion of my Overthrow.

I muſt do that Juſtice to my Rival, he uſed me very civilly; and when I came into the Priſon we drank together, but I could not eat any thing with him, having my Stomach full already: And when the Gaoler's Wife heard me ſay, I could not eat any Thing, ſhe told me in a very inſolent manner, peculiar to her ſelf, That ſhe would warrant me a good Stomach, if I ſtay'd there any conſiderable Time.

I cannot deſcribe the Concern I was in the firſt Day of my impriſonment; but a Letter from Mr. *J.* revived me. He was at *Lantilio* in leſs than ten minutes after I had left it, and could not come to *Monmouth* till the *Thurſday* following; upon which Day he aſſured me he would bail me out. In the interval, I ſent a Letter to Mrs. P. (by *James Fiſh*) and one to miſs; charging him to give that of Mrs. P's into her own Hands, but that of miſs's to *Nanny T.* the Dairy-maid; and if he could not come at the Sight of her, he was to put it behind an Iron Dripping-pan; the Purport of which was. *That if ſhe had the leaſt Regard for her Honour, ſhe would call her mamma aſide, and lay, in ſome meaſure, the Affair open to her; leſt by my being detained*

in

in priſon, I ſhould be obliged, in juſtice to my ſelf, to expoſe her Letters, &c.

The Letter to the old Lady was a whole Sheet, fill'd with the circumſtantial Heads of the Narrative, as far as her Knowledge extended.

Fiſh W--s rode to Mrs. P. with all the Velocity imaginable, and met with the Girl who was to take miſs's Letter: When ſhe took it, ſhe told him, it was not the firſt Letter, by a great many, that ſhe had carried between miſs and me; and ſhew'd him a Place where he ſhould put Letters in for miſs, if at any time he miſs'd Sight of her: He afterwards went to Mrs. P. and gave her the other Letter, which ſhe look'd over whilſt he ſtood by. *You may ſtay*, ſaid ſhe, *and ſee it burnt, if you pleaſe.*

You may, ſays *Fiſh*, *burn yourſelf, and be damn'd along with it, for what I care*; ſo pull'd the Door after him, and returned to me.

I wrote miſs another Letter, expreſſing my Concern more for her than for myſelf; for that I ſhould be out the Day following, and if ſhe would write me a Line by the Bearer, I aſſured her I would be conformable to any Thing ſhe ſhould think fit to require of me.

Fiſh put the Letter behind the Pan, according to the Girl's Directions, but the Girl was ſtopp'd by ſome of the Family, and the Letter was taken from her and burnt, before *Partheniſſa* ſaw it.

This Accident flung miſs into a violent Paſſion; and the firſt Time ſhe met the poor Girl

Girl privately, ſhe fell a kicking her ſeverely, for what the faithful Servant could no Way avoid.

Mr. *J.* came to *Monmouth*, in Company with *Edward B--ry*, Eſq; (who had been newly put into a Commiſſion of the Peace) intending to bail me out; but the Gaoler had the impudence to tell them, That it was not in the Power of any Juſtice to ſuperſede a Commitment for a forcible Entry. Mr. *B.* not having been bred to the Law, nor long in Commiſſion, did not care to ſuperſede; neither would he, although Mr. *J.* offered him a Thouſand Pound Bond by way of indemnification.

When Mr. *J.* informed me of it, I was chagrin'd; but he adviſed me not to be uneaſy about it, for he would get me out the next Day, if there was any Poſſibility for his ſo doing.

He went that Night to *J. S.* Eſq; who immediately ſuperſeded my Commitment, and I was releaſed.

The moment I obtained my Liberty, I rode towards *Newport*; and at my return from thence, I made *L-o* in my Way home. The Thoughts of my being there, gave Mrs. *P.* an uncommon Uneaſineſs; but *A-ſe G-d* behaved in a quite different manner to what he had done before, being fearful (as I imagine) of a Proſecution from me, for his Inſolence the foregoing *Sunday*. Mrs. *P.* wanted to be inform'd, whether I ſtaid there all Night or not; upon which Miſs told her it was no buſineſs of her's, whether I did, or no; and that it was very hard I ſhould not travel the Road for them,

This I was told by the wife of *A-ſe*. I went to *Dingeſtow* that Night, and from thence, next Morning, to Mr. *S*-'s, in order to give my own Security for my Appearance at the next Seſſions. After ſome Talk concerning our Affair, he proteſted to me, if I would write a Couple of Letters to Miſs *P*. and Miſs, he would deliver them ſeparately. After I had inform'd him what was in my Power to prove, I wrote two letters whilſt with him; he took them, and promiſed he would tell Mrs. *P*. what ſhe was to expect, if ſhe carried on the Proſecution againſt me. I went from thence to *Roſs*, aſſuring Mr. *S*- I would return in Nine Days, to know Mrs. *P*.'s real Intentions.

When I came to *Roſs*, ſeveral were glad to ſee me, and others wonder'd how I came out of Goal ſo ſoon, knowing that I had ſuch potent Adverſaries as Mrs. *P*. and Mr. *C-ke*. I expected, indeed, that the latter would have contrived ſome unwarrantable means to come at my Papers, but I happily was miſtaken, for when I came Home, I found my Chamber-Door padlock'd which Caution my Landlord took, to prevent any one's breaking in. A Conſtable (one *W- W-*) inform'd me, That there had been a Warrant out againſt me, but that Mr. *C-ke* had taken it up upon hearing that I was confined in *Monmouth*. The minute one *Geō. R*-, a Petty-fogger, heard that I was impriſon'd, he joyfully went and told one Mr. *D-s*, who was a Friend of mine, that the Raſcal *Parry* was in *ſalvo Cuſtode*. I own, when I heard it, I was under ſome Concern; for I never uſed the Fellow ill, altho' I knew

him

him to be the moſt worthleſs, the moſt pernicious, the moſt deteſtable of all mankind; the Peſt and Bane of human Society.

Mr. *D-y*, (who now practiſes Phyſick) came to me, trembling with Paſſion, for ſome Books I had of his. 'Sir *added he*, you have a Knack 'of counterfeiting Peoples Hands.' 'That 'came Sir, *ſaid I warmly*, from my Jilt's 'Letter to *Jenny Clarke*, and ſhe'll have no 'great Occaſion to brag of her ſhewing the 'Letter, I'll give you my Word. But could 'I be ſo happy as to ſpeak with Miſs *Jenny*, I 'would inform her of ſeveral Paſſages that 'happen'd between my precious Devil and her, 'whereby Miſs *Clarke* would be aſſured that I 'know all the Secrets. Don't be uneaſy, *con-* 'tinued *I*, becauſe you've been baulk'd of a 'wife, who has been my miſtreſs.' He left me, and I pitied him, having no more to beſtow upon him. He fell ill, and left the Town for above a Year. His ſmoth-fac'd Brother wonder'd at his being ſuch a Fool as to think of *Partheniſſa*, for that he could command, at any Time, as great a Fortune. That was a damn'd Lie, (but that was not to be ſtick'd at) for Mr. *D-y*, had not Fifteen Hundred Pounds, and *Partheniſſa* would be a Fortune of ſeveral Thouſands, after her mother's Death, and other Relations.

H- R- W-ng, Eſq; having heard the Report of my being married to *Partheniſſa*; but particularly, that the Reverend Mr. *D-s*, of St. *B-ll's*, (in the Foreſt of *D-n*) was the Perſon who perform'd the Ceremony, and being one Day in Company with the Reverend Mr. *B-n*, (Rector of *W.n* under *Pennyard*, *Herefordſhire*)

he desir'd that he would inform himself, by writing to Mr. *D.* whether he had married such a Couple or not; and if he did not marry them, (says Mr. *W..ng*) I shall think it a fictitious Story.

For my Part, I cannot pretend to say, whether Mr. *B.n* wrote, or not. I am sure, if he did, 'twas needless, for I had never seen Mr. *D.*; but if he had wrote to Mr. *D--s* of *Brungwin*, he might indeed have had some account of an intended Wedding.

An accident happen'd at this Time which vex'd me more than all the Troubles that befel me heretofore. The morning that I intended to set out for *Monmouthshire*, I went to look up *Partheniſſa*'s Letters, and, to my great Confusion, miss'd two of them; forgetting (so great was my Perplexity) that I had put one into a private Drawer that was in my Chest, and the other into a musick book. I swore and rav'd, but to no purpose. The Woman that clean'd my Room said, that she had swept out some Papers from my Room, and that she saw one *Nancy Scott* take up a piece of paper, who swore by G-d that it was one of *Partheniſſa*'s Letters to me. I ran to *Nan Scott*, and ask'd her for it; she told me that *Dicky W-s* had got it. I went to him, and he refused it me; upon which, I took a Case-Knife, and swore I would rip him open, if I had it not that minute. He seeing my Resolution, immediately gave it me, which proved to be the Letter, No. 24. I took Fourteen of the Letters to *Dingestow*, and copied them out, leaving the Originals there. One *Will. W-*, Butler to *John J-s* Esq; of *Llanarith*, meeting me at *Monmouth*, he in-

form'd

torm'd me, That Mr. *Tho. J-s* had been at heir Houſe, and had talk'd a great deal to no purpoſe, concerning *Partheniſſa* and myſelf. 'He told my maſter, *ſaid* W-b, that *Partheniſſa* never wrote to you in her Life-Time, but 'that you counterfeit her Leters.' 'He is a 'Liar, *ſaid I*, and I will prove him ſo.' After having thank'd *W-* for his Information, I wrote Mr. *J-* a Letter, wherein I demanded to know, by what Authority he gave himſelf thoſe Airs, in aſperſing me ſo vilely. I ſent the Letter by one -- *P-ps*, a wet Quaker; but before he reach'd Mr. *J-*'s Houſe, I met him himſelf at *Ragland*. 'Pray, Sir, *ſaid I*, what 'do you mean by raiſing ſuch a Report, that I 'counterfeit *Partheniſſa*'s Hand-writing?' He aſk'd me, who told me ſo. '*Will. W. ſaid* 'I, and you mention'd the very Words to him 'in his Pantry, at *Llanarth*.' 'Efaith, now I 'think on it, *ſaid he*, I might ſay ſuch a 'think for *Partheniſſa* told me ſo.' '*Partheniſſa*, *ſaid I*, is a vile, perfidious Jilt, and 'does not value what ſhe ſays.' She knows too 'well, that I have Evidences to prove her 'writing them, and delivering them with her 'own Hands, in order to be given me. Is not 'there Mrs. *J-es* and Mr. *S-rd*, ready to prove 'that I offer'd to part with her, and to deliver up her Letters, if ſhe would give me 'mine? That was the Time that ſhe gave me 'a Purſe of Gold; and I like a ſilly, fond, 'doating Puppy, gave it her again, for which 'I deſerve piſtoling. Her ſaying, *continued I*, 'that I counterfeit her Hand, is the moſt bare-'fac'd Lye that ſhe could invent, which in-'deed ſurprizes me. There's Hundreds in this

" County, who know my Hand-writing to be " but very ordinary, and her's to be an exceed- " ing fine one; ſo that my counterfeiting her " Letters is a thing morally impoſſible, and " highly improbable; and if any Perſon will " make it apparent after I produce the Letters " that they are Counterfeits, I will forfeit " my Blood, which is ſo much ſought for by " Mrs. *P.* and your Wife. Beſides, had it " been in my Power to have imitated her Writ- " ing, the Characters which were invented by " Miſs *Jenny Clarke* and her, would corrobo- " rate with me, for I knew no more of them " than the unborn Infant, till *Partheniſſa* " taught them me. I tell you what, Sir, *con-* " *tinued I*, to pretend Reaſoning with Mrs. *P.* " would be like graſping of Air; But if you " will name the Time and Place, and give me " the meeting, I'll bring her Letters with me, " not in the leaſt doubting, but that I ſhall " convince you in every one of my Aſſertions." " I am ſorry *ſays Mr.* J. for you both; but I " tell thee what, *Jemmy Parry*, by G-d 'tis " my Opinion, that ſhe will neither marry thee, " nor my Son.' Miſs and your Son, *ſaid I*, may " do as they think proper; but I do aſſure you, " that I have married her, tho' in an odd way " I confeſs, and have been in the Carcaſs of " her hundreds of times; ſo that let who will " marry her, there will be no Porter's work; " and you may tell your Son from me, ſhe has " room for his Leg.' " The Devil was in you " both, *ſaid he.*' So turn'd his Horſe's Head, and rode from me.

From *Ragland* I went to *J. S.* Eſq; He aſſured me that he delivered my Letter to Mrs.

Mrs. P. and that he had begg'd the Favour of her to peruſe it, becauſe there was ſomething in it which ſhe was not appriz'd of: *Mrs.* P. ſaid he, *peruſed the Letter over and over, and told me, that you thought to frighten her Daughter into a marriage: She never will marry him, nor any one elſe, if ſhe takes my Advice; and I have told you before, that I had rather ſhe ſhould be* Parry's *Whore than his Wife. I have nothing to ſay as to that,* ſaid Mr. *S.* to her, *but pray, madam, how could you take your only Child by the Hair of her Head, holding a Penknife to her Breaſt, threatning to ſtab her inſtantly, if ſhe did not ſwear to you, that ſhe never was, nor ever would be married to Mr.* Parry?

Who told you ſo? ſaid Mrs. P. in a Surprize.

Mr. *S.* informed her, that I mentioned it publickly.

Why then, ſaid ſhe, *the Devil, and only him, muſt tell him; becauſe there was no Perſon in the Room but my Daughter and myſelf when the Thing happened!*

I would adviſe you, madam, ſaid he, *to drop the proſecution; you can do no more than impriſon him for ſome Time, which he thinks light of; but 'tis in his power to ſalve, or ruin your Daughter's Character irrevocably.*

I am reſolved, ſaid ſhe, *to ſhew him no mercy, but will ruin him, if there were no more men living: Mr.* Clarke, *of* the Hill, *has undertaken to manage the proſecution againſt him for me, and has already ſent to* Worceſter *for Advice: My Son in Law is reſolved to ſue him, and accordingly has conſulted with the moſt learned*

learned Counſellors in London, *how to manage him: I will warrant you Mr. S. we ſhall make him know himſelf.*

After Mr. *S.* had acquainted me with what had paſs'd between Mrs. P. and him, I aſk'd him, if he had delivered the Letter to *Partheniſſa? Yes, yes,* ſaid he, *but not before I had informed Mrs.* P. *that I had ſuch a Thing: She deſired to ſee it, promiſing to return it me again: I gave it to her, and ſhe pull'd out a Piece of paper, wherein was an Alphabet of Characters that ſhe had ſent for from the* Hill, *to ſee if they were the ſame Sort that Miſs* Jenny Clarke *had taught* Partheniſſa: *She pored near half an Hour in your Letter; then gave it me, and I went into the Garden, and gave it into miſs's Hands, who after ſhe had looked it over, put it into her pocket, and told me, but look'd another Way, that Mr.* Parry *was out of his Senſes, and that there was nothing at all in what he had ſaid.*

'Egad, madam, ſaid Mr. *S.* to miſs, if 'he is out of his Senſes, 'tis you that have 'cauſed it: As for my part, you young Dog, '*ſays he to me*, I believe ſincerely, that you 'have been upon her mount of *Venus*, and in 'the Valley beneath it; ſo that if you have 'ſome Trouble from the Family, you have 'had a Spring of Pleaſure in it: After ſweet 'meat comes ſour ſauce; ſo you muſt have 'Patience.

'But I ſhall never forget (*continued he*) the 'other Day, when you told me of an inſcrip-'tion that was upon the Gates of *Phillipſburgh* 'after it had been taken by the *French* in

'*Lewis*

'*Lewis* XIV's Time from the *Germans*, viz.
'*What the* Germans *ſhut*, *the* French *open*.
What of that, *Sir*, ſaid I?
'What of that, Sir, *replied Mr.* S. *ſmiling*?
'why you told me, not long ago, that you
'had opened a Fortreſs that no King could
'ſhut, excepting the King of Terrors; and
'now we have found out where this mighty
'Place lies.'

I took my Leave of Mr. *S*--, and in my Way to *Monmouth*, reflected upon what he ſaid concerning Mr. *C--ke*'s managing the Proſecution againſt me. I had ſome Thoughts of waiting upon him in Perſon; but again I conſider'd, it would be more adviſeable to ſend him a Letter. Accordingly I did, by his Houſe-keeper, Mrs. *M--y* -- (ſee Letter, No. 51.) I was with his eldeſt Son, a good-natur'd Gentleman, drinking a Cup of Ale, whilſt his Father perus'd my Letter. After I had waited near an Hour, Mrs. *M.* came, and told me (for the young Gentleman and I were in the Stable joining to the Houſe) her maſter gave his Service to me, but he was reſolved to proſecute me with the utmoſt Severity of the Law: That was ſerving me with a Vengeance you'll ſay: *Give my Service to your maſter*, ſaid I, *and tell him, I expect no mercy from him, neither will I beneath myſelf to that low Degree of begging the leaſt of Favours from him.* His Son expreſs'd himſelf concern'd, and wiſh'd it was in his Power to be of Service to *Partheniſſa* and myſelf.

Nothing nettled me ſo much, as Mr. *Clarke's* inſolent Anſwer to ſo civil a Letter: But I had greater Reaſon to be vex'd the Day following,

lowing, as you'll find, by his contriving the greateſt Scene of Villainy, (excepting that of murder) as ever enter'd into the Heart of man.

As I was ſtanding next Day at one Mrs. *H-n*'s door (who is a milliner) I ſaw one *U-d*, a Butcher, (who was Conſtable) go by, and called to him. *Damn you*, ſaid he, *for calling to me*: I was ſurpriz'd, and aſk'd him what he meant: *Mr.* C. ſaid he, *ſaw you go up this Way, upon which he called to me, and gave me a Warrant to take you; at the ſame time telling me, you was here; and if you had not called to me, I would have paſs'd by you, under pretence of not ſeeing you: He is now at the* Swan and Falcon *Window, and ſees us talking together.*

I thought myſelf innocent of any Crime that deſerv'd a Warrant, ſo without any Heſitation went with him to the Room where Mr. *C.* and Juſtice *St--d* were. Mr. *Weſtfaling* had been there, but would not ſtay to be a Witneſs to ſo great a Piece of Villainy.

I made their Worſhips a Bow, and immediately Mr. *C.* ordered the Conſtable to go and calls Mrs. *Jenny Birch*, the milliner: Mrs. *Birch*, thinks I, what in the name of Wonder have I done to her; I have no Way injured her, unleſs it was pretending Love to her, in order to carry on my Deſign with *Parthenifſa*.

Whilſt I was thus muſing, ſhe came into the Room; and after Mr. *Clarke* had complimented her, he bid her lay her Hand upon the Book: Mrs. *Birch* was (if poſſible) as much ſurpriz'd as

as I was, at her being ſent for: She knew nothing of the Warrant, having given no Orders for it, although Mr. *C.* granted, or had it granted in her Name, and adminiſter'd the Oath to her, *That ſhe was to declare the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth, and ſo help her God*, &c.

To prevent a great many *ſays I*, and *ſays ſhe*, &c. which I cannot otherwiſe avoid, I ſhall ſet the whole down in the Form of a Trial.

Mr. *C.* Pray Mrs. *Birch*, what did Mr. *Parry* ſay to you concerning burning of Houſes?

James Parry. Ha! Villain! are you there-abouts? *(aſide.)*

Mrs. *Birch.* To me, Sir!

Mr. *C.* Yes, to you: Did he never talk to you of burning Houſes? Or threatning to burn ſome Perſons Houſes? 'Twas ſome time ago.

Mrs. *Birch.* O! yes, yes, Sir, I remember ſomething of it now.

Mr. *C.* Pray, Mrs. *Birch*, as you are upon your Oath, what did Mr. *Parry* tell you at that time?

Mrs. *Birch.* Mr. *Parry* came to me, and aſk'd me, if I knew any thing of a Letter that had been ſent to Mrs. P. concerning *Partheniſſa* and him? I told him I knew nothing of the Letter, but that I was at *Lantilio* the Time that he ſaid the Letter was ſent.

Mr. *C-* Pray, Mrs. *B-* How long is it ſince Mr. *Parry* ask'd you, if you knew any thing of this Letter?

Mrs.

Mrs. *B*- 'Twas ſome time in * *October* laſt.

Mr. *C*- Pray what did Mr. *Parry* ſay he would do to the Perſons that wrote the Letter to Mrs. P. provided he knew who they were?

Mrs. *B*- He ſaid, if he knew who they were, he would not value ſetting their Houſes, or would ſet their Houſes on fire (I can't remember 'tis ſo long ſince) about their Ears.

Mr. *C*. Did Mr. *Parry* tell you, that he knew who the Perſons were that wrote the Letter?

Mrs. *B*. No, Sir; he told me, he would give the World, was it in his Power to know the Author.

Mr. *C*. But was not you afraid that he would burn your Houſe?

Mrs. *B*. Who I afraid? No, not I, I do aſſure you: Why ſhould I be afraid? He ſaid, the Houſes of thoſe that wrote the Letter; and I am ſure I never Thought of any ſuch Thing.

Mr. *C*. To be ſure you was afraid that your Houſe would have been burnt by Mr. *Parry*.

Mrs. *B*- No, Sir, I never harbour'd ſuch a Thought of him. I don't think he would do any ſuch thing.

Mr. *C*- I have one Queſtion more to ask you. Were not your Windows broke ſome Time ago?

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* I mentioned the Words about the middle of *October*, 1735. and was taken up for them in this villanous Manner, the 11th of *March* 1736, after having frequented Mrs. *B*-'s Houſe daily.

Mr.

Mrs. *B-* Yes, Sir.

Mr. *C-* Did you not think that Mr. *Parry* was the Perſon that broke them?

Mrs. *B-* I did not know what to think at firſt, becauſe I knew he was ſuddled that night; and then he's like one mad, if any thing vexes him: However I taxed him with it next morning, and he aſſured me he did not break them, but afterwards gave me a Hint who did.

James Parry. Sir, you want this Girl to ſwear a wrong Thing againſt me; but I hope ſhe'll have more Regard for her Soul. The World ſees too plainly what you would be at: All this you do upon Mrs. P.'s Account: and I know that you would with Pleaſure ſuck my Blood, was it in your Power: And any one may plainly ſee that you are barbarouſly partial.

Mr. *C.* I partial? you Puppy!

James Parry. Puppy, Sir!

Mr. *C.* Yes, Puppy: I partial! I have given money to cloath you.

James Parry. Upon my Soul, Sir, you have an uncommon Share of Aſſurance! You give money to cloath me, ſay you? I never wore Charity Cloaths in my Life; and I'll ſwear you never croſs'd my Hand with the Value of a Doit in your Life.

Mr. *C.* I ſubſcrib'd Three Guineas to the Pariſh, towards paying you your Salary, and that was Cloathing you, I think.

James Parry. You talk as if I had been a Blue-Boy: Whenever I wanted Cloaths, I had a Mercer's Shop to go to, with or without money: However, if you gave three Guineas

towards the Subſcription-money, the Pariſh is more obliged to you than I, they being to pay me ſo much *per Annum*. And I have done what no Organiſt in *England* has done before me, or perhaps will after me, *i. e.* play four years and nine months without receiving a Farthing Salary. So that if you had given the three Guineas into my Hands, I ſhould have acknowledged your Bounty publickly. And provided it had been ſo, you have cancelled all Obligations, by your ungentleman-like Behaviour, in telling me of it. But this is foreign to the matter in hand. I tell you once more, you are partial upon Mrs. P.'s Account.

Mr. *C.* Couſin *St--rd*, I beg that you will bind him over to his good Behaviour; I inſiſt upon it; tho I own *(here he ſneer'd)* 'tis hard upon Mr. *Parry*.

James Parry. Was you a Gentleman, you would ſcorn to triumph over a man's misfortunes.

Now would I, was it in my Power, give Mrs. *J.* to the Devil, for the fetching my other evil Genius. *(Aſide)*

[Here Mr. *C.* wrote about twenty Lines upon a half Sheet of Paper; and after he had done, he bid her Sign her Name at the Bottom of it. which ſhe did.]

Mr. *C.* Now, madam, you have ſigned a Bond, by which you are to proſecute Mr. *Parry* at the next Aſſize, which is to be held at *Hereford* within this Fortnight.

[Mrs. *Birch* was as much ſurpriz'd as any one could be, to hear of a Bond being ſign'd to proſecute me; for he never ſpoke to her about it, till ſhe had ſign'd it. And what I was

was to be proſecuted for, no one could tell, unleſs 'twas the Devil and himſelf.]

Mr. *C.* Have you any Body that will be bound for your Appearance at the Aſſizes?

James Parry. N--o, Sir.

Mr. *C.* Then I beg you'd draw his *Mittimus*, Couſin *St--rd?*

Mr. *St--rd.* No, I beg that you will do it, Couſin *C.*

Mr. *C.* Nay, Couſin *St--rd*, I inſiſt upon your drawing it; you will very much oblige me, you will indeed, Couſin *St--rd.*

Mr. *St--rd.* Well, if I muſt do it, I muſt.

James Parry. (To Mr. C.) You think that you are doing Mrs. P-- a Piece of Service, by harraſſing of me, but you are very much miſtaken, and that you will find before you are much older.

Mr. *C.* There is nothing in all you ſay, and I am ſure you lye.

James Parry. I have heard ſay that you was never bred up at the Univerſity.

Mr. *C.* You counterfeit *Partheniſſa*'s H--d.

James Parry. 'Tis a Sign you never ſaw me write: However, ſince you think ſo, I ſhall have Recourſe to a method, whereby I ſhall bring your Daughter to prove the Characters that ſhe taught *Partheniſſa*, and thoſe *Partheniſſa* taught me; I mean Miſs *Jenny:* All your Daughters have ſeen my Writing; and if they would be ſo free as to ſpeak, they certainly muſt allow, that I am no more capable of imitating *Partheniſſa*'s Hand, than I am of purchaſing the Duke of *Beaufort*'s Eſtate: But if you will give yourſelf the Trouble of peruſing

theſe * Papers, you may eaſily ſee I don't counterfeit. But what ſurprizes me moſt, is, that a Gentleman who is in the Commiſſion of the Peace, ſhould ſend to *Worceſter* for Advice of Council, to know if I could not be taken up for Riding with Piſtols, *&c.* likewiſe for an intent to ſteal an Heireſs, whom I had married (but I allow in no legal manner) and have had carnal Knowledge of her Body hundreds of times: This Heireſs is two and twenty Years of Age, and at preſent has not an inch of Land, nor a Farthing in money: I am ſure if you had conſulted your good Lady, ſhe would have adviſed you better.

Mr. *C.* Who told you, that I ſent to *Worceſter?*

James Parry. A Gentleman who heard Mrs. P. ſpeak it: I have an Intelligence-Office in the Neighbourhood.

Mr. *St--rd.* But pray, Mr. *Parry*, did you ever lie with *Partheniſſa?*

James Parry. I have been with her ſix or ſeven Hours in a Day, without being interrupted by any one, for Years: I look as much like a man as any one can, and ſhe knows I am no Eunuch: I do tell you once more that I have carnally known her as often as any man in the County has a ſingle Woman, for theſe two Years paſt and upwards: But Mr. *St--rd* would not be ſatisfied till I had aſſured him in the moſt obſcene Language, that I had enjoy'd her. He adviſed me to aſk Mr. *C.*'s Pardon,

* I flung the Copies of nine or ten of *Partheniſſa*'s Letters upon the Table before him.

as they were going out of the Room, but I rejected his Propoſal. Mr. *C.* gave the *Mittimus* to the Conſtable, and ordered him to take me to *Hereford* Gaol that Night, and aſſured him that he ſhould deem any Perſon his Enemy, who ſhould offer to be Bail for me: And hearing that I ſnatch'd a Letter from Mrs. *M--k*, the Poſt-maſter's Daughter, a Girl of about fourteen, which *Partheniſſa* had ſent her, begging of her to deliver a meſſage to a Neighbour; he adviſed Mr. *M--* to proſecute me for that mighty Piece of Buſineſs: But the other ſcorn'd the baſe Action. I prevailed upon the Conſtable to ſtay that Night, and next morning I gave Mr. *St--rd* an hundred Pounds Bail for my Appearance at *Hereford*, although Mr. *C.* had the Conſcience to aſk but eighty.

Mrs. P--'s Servant *Pen* came to Town the Day that I was taken, and told ſeveral, that all her miſtreſs deſired was, to have me tranſported or hang'd; ſhe wiſh'd for no more; I think that was enough: I went to *Glouceſter* to retain Council, and Mr. *K--* was the firſt that I applied myſelf to: After I had laid the Affair open to him, he aſſured me, that if *Jenny Birch* would ſwear at the Aſſize, (notwithſtanding what ſhe had ſworn before Mr. *C.* who I was perſuaded would ſtick as cloſe by me, as a Leech to my Gums) that ſhe was really afraid of having her Houſe burnt by me; nothing could ſave me from fourteen Years Tranſportation: 'Tis to be imagined his Opinion was diſagreeable to me.

From *Glouceſter* I rode to *Monmouth*, and ſent a meſſenger to *Dingeſtow* for *Partheniſſa*'s

Letters; he brought them, and alſo a Letter from Mr. *J*--'s Lady (ſee Letter, No. 52.) During the Tempeſt of my divided Thoughts, the beſt of Friends, Mr. *P*--, a merchant in *London*, (who I have made mention of before) deſired Serj. *B.* and *H. W.* Eſq; to plead for me, which they generouſly did, as you'll find hereafter. From *Monmouth* I went to *Hereford*, really expecting that *Jenny Birch* would ſwear ſomething againſt me contrary to her inclinations, through the perſwaſive arguments of my potent Adverſaries: In ſhort, I expected nothing leſs than Tranſportation; although I had no Way injured any one: Well thinks I, if I muſt go over the Herring-Pond, there is no avoiding it: I have been at Sea, and am not unacquainted with ſome Part of *America*, ſo that if I am obliged to quit my native Shore, I'll not be confined to what Province my Adverſaries pleaſe; but will reach *Carolina*, where I am acquainted: This was my Soliloquy the firſt Day that I walk'd in the Town-Hall, expecting to be call'd to diſcharge my Recognizance, but my Name was not mentioned: I often ran to the Clerk of the indictments (who was a Friend of mine) to aſk him whether Mr. *C.* and a young Woman had been to take one out againſt me: He curs'd me for a Fool, in being ſo uneaſy, and aſſured me there was no ſuch thing as an indictment for ſuch idle Words as I had ſpoke to *Jenny Birch*, provided I had ſaid them in earneſt: What he told me prov'd true enough: Mr. *C.* having by this Time conſulted men of greater Senſe than himſelf, ſaw his miſtake, eſpecially as *Jenny Birch* would not, neither could ſhe indeed

ſwear

ſwear any thing to my Diſadvantage: She fretted, and wiſh'd that Mr. *C. Partheniſſa*, and I, were at the Devil, for putting her to forty Shillings Expences, for a nonſenſical Shiddle come Shite. On the laſt Day of the Aſſize *H. W.* Eſq; moved for my Diſcharge from the Recognizances: His Lordſhip, Mr. Baron *Forteſue*, ſaid I ſhould be diſcharged before the Court roſe up: Mr. *W.* bid me wait till I was called, and upon paying the Fees I was to be diſcharged: With that he went immediately out of Town with Serjeant *Birch*. Mr. *C.* came afterwards into Court (he quickly found that my Council was gone) and called to Counſellor *E--s*, clapt a Guinea into his hand, and took him with him into the Crown Bar, where I was inſtantly called: I was ſatisfied that my appearing without a Council would make me look like a Jack-aſs; ſo ran to Mr. *K--*, and gave him a Guinea for coming to my aſſiſtance three or four minutes. He came and pleaded, as Mr. *W.* had done, for my Recognizances being diſcharged: The Judge ſaid nothing againſt it, and Mr. *K.* told me I had nothing to do but pay the Clerk of the Aſſize one Pound two Shillings, and go about my Buſineſs; with that he left the Court. Mr. *E.* having (as I imagine) the Cue given him by his Uncle *C.* ſeeing my Council gone, and no one left to ſpeak for me, ſtarted up, and mov'd that I ſhould give freſh Securities for my good Behaviour till the next Aſſize. He is a Gentleman very much admired for his Wit, and pathetic manner of expreſſing himſelf, which made me ſpeak to him ſome Days before, in *Monmouth*, about pleading for me:

He

He told me that I was an unhappy young Fellow, and that his Uncle *C.* had told him of the Affair concerning *Partheniſſa*, but that he would not be retain'd, or plead on either Side.

Thus the Reader may ſee, that even Gentlemen of the Law are ſometimes liable to falſify their Words. Mr. *C.* addreſs'd himſelf to the Judge; *My Lord, I hope you'll continue him upon his Recognizance to keep the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King towards all his Majeſty's liege Subjects, but particularly Mrs.* Jenny Birch. Here was a damn'd Piece of Villany: The Girl knew nothing of all this Proceeding, not being in Court; and was as much afraid of me, as a Cow of a Hay-ſtack: However, I was forced to give freſh Security for my good Behaviour, altho' no Complainant appeared againſt me, and I am poſitive that no Lawyer in the Kingdom ever heard of ſuch another Precedent.

I had like to have forgot mentioning that the firſt Time I was taken into Cuſtody in *Monmouthſhire*, Mrs P.'s Adherents ſent Letters to *Birmingham*, (where was ſtrong intereſt making for my being elected Organiſt) informing ſome Perſons there, that I was in *Monmouth* Gaol for a Riot, *&c.* The Report of courſe ſpread like Wild-fire, ſo that my Friends could not pretend to ſpeak any thing in my Behalf: By which Report I loſt at leaſt a Chance for the Place.

In my Way Home to *Roſs*, I often peruſed the Letter that Mr. *J.*'s Lady was pleaſed to ſend me, and had what ſhe told me concerning *Partheniſſa*'s writing to me in Characters, confirmed

firmed the firſt Day I returned to *Monmouthſhire*. I there met a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, who is a near Neighbour of Mrs. *P.* After ſome talk about my Affair, he aſſured me that I was to be indicted at *Newport* Seſſions, for ſome Gold that I had of *Partheniſſa*. What's the Devil in them, ſaid I? 'tis true I had ſome foreign Gold from *Partheniſſa* about ten Months ago, but I returned it her in two or three Days, 'Tis actually as I tell you, ſaid he, and they are reſolved to plague you as much as poſſible. But I beg you'll not mention my Name, becauſe I'm in the Commiſſion of the Peace; not that I value the Family of a Ruſh, yet I ſhould not care to have my Name mentioned in your Affair, becauſe they will make it a Party-buſineſs, and I beg you'll take no Manner of Notice of me, whilſt upon the Bench, but be aſſured I'll do you all the Service in my Power. I thank'd the Gentleman, and aſſured him that I would follow his Directions.

Upon the 16th of *April* (being then at *Dingeſtow*) I ſent *Partheniſſa* a Letter, wherein I proteſted my Sorrow, and deepeſt Concern for what had paſt, and that the ſtopping and burning her Letter, which ſhe intended for me, almoſt diſtracted me. and if ſhe would ſend me a Line by *R--ard P--ce* the Bearer (who was a Servant of Mr. *J-s*'s) what to do, or how to behave myſelf at the enſuing Seſſions, I would be conformable to any Thing ſhe would have me. I told her likewiſe what I had heard concerning the Gold, but that I was certain there could not be any Thing in it, becauſe ſhe very well knew that I had it by her Conſent upon certain Conditions,

Conditions, and that I returned it her again, tho' it was in my Power to keep it lawfully.

The Man gave her the Letter in *Lant-h* Church-yard, which ſhe put in her Boſom, and gave him a Shilling; charging him not to mention a Word of the Letter to any one, and bid him tell me ſhe had no Time to ſend an Anſwer.

E-d B. Eſq; came next Day to Mr. *J.* and after ſome Diſcourſe foreign to my Affair; he ſaid that if he had known as much of Mrs. *P.*'s Quarrel and mine, when I was firſt committed, as he did then, he would have releaſed me from Priſon without any Heſitation, But *B.* the Jailor, and ſeveral others, *ſaid he*, told me the Story in a quite different Light, and very much to your Diſadvantage. I am not in the leaſt ſurprized Sir, ſaid I, at that *R. B.*'s ſaying any Thing againſt me, becauſe 'twas his intereſt to have kept me there. As ſoon as Mrs. *P.* heard that I would not ſupercede your Commitment ſays Mr. *B.* ſhe ſent me a Letter full of Compliments, praiſing me for adminiſtring Juſtice, and that it was ſuch impartial Men that were fit to ſit on a Bench of Juſtices.

Mr. *B.* had a Regard for Mr *P.*'s Family and Party, and diſcourſing with Mr. *J.* propoſed that I ſhould give up *Partheniſſa*'s Letters for a Sum of Money: I told them that would never do, for to my Knowledge Mrs. *P.* had no Money unleſs ſhe mortgaged or borrowed; and no one knew better than myſelf what Miſs had. 'Gentlemen, *ſays I*, I beg you will hear my Propoſal, and if you ſay 'tis an unreaſonable one I will ſubmit to any thing you ſhall offer. If Mrs. *P.* will give me the Liberty of talking with Miſs

'miſs five minutes out of any one's Hearing, 'in order to part amicably with her, I will de- 'liver up her Letters into her own Hands, and 'quit my Pretenſions to her.' Mr *B-* and Mr. *J-* &c. thought my Propoſal too reaſonable; and after I had aſſur'd Mr. *B-* that I was ſincere in what I had ſaid, he was pleaſed to take the Trouble of going to Mrs. *P-* and make known to her what I had propoſed. 'Madam, *ſaid he* 'to her, Mr. *Parry* offers to deliver up all your 'Daughter's Letters, provided you withdraw 'your Proſecution, not that he values it, and 'give him the Liberty of taking Leave of your 'Daughter, where may be five or ſix to ſee 'that he offers no Violence or Indecency. But 'he inſiſts that they ſhall not be withing hear- 'ing.' 'No, No, *ſaid Mr.* T- J-ys, who 'was in the Room, that muſt never be; if ſhe 'does that, 'twill be downright ſubmitting to 'him: And if my Advice is to be taken, '*Partheniſſa* never will conſent to ſee him.' 'Tis no Buſineſs of mine, *ſays Mr. B-y*, 'but what I do is for miſs's Sake, in Order 'to prevent a great deal of Scandal, which 'undoubtedly would enſue, unleſs this Af- 'fair is nipt in the Bud.' 'Pray Sir, ſays '*Partheniſſa*, to him, how can *Parry* pretend 'to give me Letters, when he has none of 'mine.' 'Madam, *ſaid Mr.* B-ry, you muſt 'not pretend to tell me that for a Truth; I 'am ſatisfied to the contrary. Mrs. *J-* whoſe 'word I would take, offer'd me her Oath, 'that ſhe heard Mr. *Parry* offer you all your 'Letters back, and told you he would go out 'of the Country, and never moleſt or ſee you 'any more, provided you would part with him

and

'give him his Letters, to you, as he was ready to deliver at that Inſtant your Letters to him. This madam, will be proved upon oath againſt you, if requir'd, therefore you muſt not think to impoſe upon me, by your telling me, he has no Letters of yours. Notwithſtanding her ſcreen'd Impudence and Fallacy, ſhe could not make Mr. *B-ry* any Reply, but abruptly left the Room diſorder'd.'

I had informed Mr. *B-ry* before he went to *L-o*, that Mrs. *P-* was above ten Pounds indebted to me for teaching her daughter muſick, and deſired him to aſk her if ſhe intended Payment of it. When miſs left the Room, he aſk'd Mrs. *P-* as I had deſir'd him. I owe him nothing, (ſaid ſhe) and my maid *Pen* ſhall ſwear that ſhe gave him Warning, three Years ago, not to teach my Daughter any more. So that if he did teach, no one agreed with him, and I am reſolved not to pay him any thing. When Mr. *B.* returned from thence, he inform'd me of what paſſed, *&c.* and aſk'd me for ſome Copies of her Letters, believing I knew more of her than any man whatever. I gave him No. 3, 10, 14, 17, 21, 24, 31, 35, 36. which were all that I had tranſcrib'd at that Time, and were publickly read at *Ruperra*, the Seat of *T. M-n* Eſq;

Partheniſſa finding her Reputation to be upon the Brink of inevitable Ruin, was reſolved to repair it, if poſſible, by vile Falſhoods. The firſt notorious one that ſhe gave out was, that Mrs. *J.* of *Dingeſtow* begg'd and pray'd, nay, that ſhe even went upon her knees to her, deſiring that ſhe would marry me.

Whoever has the Happineſs of being acquain-

ted

ted with Mrs. *J-* will join in opinion with me, and ſay, that *Partheniſſa* was guilty of a mean-ſpirited Falſhood; for I am ſatisfied that Mrs. *J-* would not condeſcend to ſo low an Action, provided ſhe could prefer a Brother or a Siſter by it. I can make it apparent, that in that Point Mrs. *J-* was rather my Foe than Friend, by her telling *Partheniſſa* ſhe highly recommended her Reſolution in not marrying any one without her mamma's Conſent; and whilſt they were walking in the Garden after Dinner, *Partheniſſa* told Mrs. *J-s* that ſhe did not care to marry me, becauſe ſhe was afraid that I was a Rake: Upon which Mrs. *J-s* replied, you certainly muſt know what Mr. *Parry* is, after ſo long an Acquaintance; and if he is a Rake, it is in no Body's Power to reclaim him but your's; and was I to marry again, my Choice ſhould be a reformed Rake, for I am ſatisfy'd they make the beſt of Huſbands: This was all that paſs'd between Mrs. *J-s* and *Partheniſſa*, altho' ſhe could impudently aſſert that Mrs. *J-s* preſſed her to marry me.

I muſt own to you, notwithſtanding I was baſely jilted, I never think of her without the utmoſt Heart-breaking Thoughts; I have endeavoured indeed, by forcing my Temper to mirth, to bury her out of my Thoughts, and Time, with good Company, has brought me ſome ſmall aſſiſtance; yet nevertheleſs I do firmly believe no Woman's charms will ever for the future break my Reſt, for I am ſatisfied *Partheniſſa*'s Charms will never be quite erazed out of my memory.

I returned from *Dingeſtow* to *Roſs*, and being in Company with *S-et P-s*, M. D. he aſk'd

me if I was acquainted with Mr. *J-s* of *Dingeſtow*? I replied, yes, very well: He aſk'd me what make Mr. *J-s* was of? He is, replied I, ſix Feet four inches high, without Shoes, and as well ſet as any man in *Europe*: I am ſorry to hear it, replied the Doctor: Why ſo, Sir, ſaid I? He reply'd, becauſe I hear he is a Coward: By G-d, *ſaid I warmly*, whoever told you ſo is a lying Villain, and I am ſatisfy'd he would not refuſe fighting any one man in the World, provided the Quarrel was juſt. *I'll tell you then*, ſays the Doctor, *R-- F-- the Lawyer ſaid publickly on the Bowling-Green laſt* Tueſday, *that Mr.* P. *of* P. *ſent a Challenge to Mr.* J. *and he refuſed fighting him*: That Honey-comb Face Son of a Whore, *ſaid I*, is a damn'd Liar, and ſo I'd tell him if he was here, and I thank you, Sir, for this information. I ſent Mr. J. a Letter immediately, which he anſwered in an inſtant, (ſee Letter, No. 53.) and came to *Roſs* upon the *Tueſday* ſe'nnight following, in order, if the Lawyer had any Courage, to have metamorphoſed his Body into a Cribbage-board; but the trembling Quill-flogger (inſtead of ſaying as he did to Mr. *D.* the Raſcal *Parry* is in *ſalvo cuſtode*) cry'd Peccavi.

The Seſſions for *Monmouthſhire* was to be held at *Newport* upon the 5th of *May*, and reſolving to be there time enough, I ſat out to *Abergavenny* in my Way thither on the 2d: I was informed there by ſeveral, that *Partheniſſa* would be there, in order to indict me for ſome Gold that I had of hers; I was very well ſatisfy'd to the contrary, but could not imagine what ſhe was to be there for: Thought I, it will

will be more for her Credit to ſtay at Home, and ſhe will be too apt to find it ſo. From *Abergavenny* I went to *Newport*, and juſt as I alighted at the *King's Head* Door, a Woman that knew me, aſſured me that *Partheniſſa*, Mrs. *J-s*, and her Son, were in the Houſe. The moment I heard her Name mentioned at *Newport*, my Blood ran its ſwift Courſe, and the whole Frame of my Body felt violent Emotions: No Words can expreſs the Surprize I felt upon being aſſured of her being there! My Thoughts were confounded, and a Chaos of Ideas poſſeſs'd my Brain; I did all I could to ſee her, but for ſome time to no purpoſe. At laſt I ſaw her go out of the Back-Door, with a Gang of all Sorts with her. The Dove could not be a more pleaſing Sight to the Patriarch *Noah*, when he returned with the Olive Branch in his mouth, than the Sight of her was to me. But on the contrary, to ſee my Rival, and my evil Genius his mother with her, gall'd me.

I ran acroſs the Street where ſhe was to come to, and ſtood at a Door in Expectation of her. She came along the Street with her Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, and when ſhe came by me, I aſk'd her with a great deal of Extaſy how ſhe did: She turn'd her Head from me, and would not beſtow a ſingle Glance upon me. It has been otherwiſe, *ſaid I.* Mrs. *J-s*, (whom I hate worſe than a Magpye does a Toad) gave two or three Ha, Ha, Ha's, and called me poor Fool, giving me at the ſame time a Cut-throat Sneer.

They went towards the *Green Dragon*, where ſhe was going to be ſworn, or rather forſworn:

And in ſhort, during the time I beheld her, I was in ſuch an Extaſy, that all my Cares were forgot, and I followed her with my longing Eyes till ſhe was out of Sight. She was ſworn privately before two Juſtices of the Party prevalent: but if I had had Juſtice done me, ſhe muſt have been ſworn publickly in the Court. Why ſhould I talk of Juſtice in that County, when one in the Peace ſaid, he and his Brother could make any Thing but Apples and Pears.

As I was going to the *Green Dragon*, where the Juſtices were at Dinner, *Phill. M.* Mrs. *P.*'s Attorney, met me in the Paſſage, thinking (as I imagine) that I was coming to ſpeak with *Partheniſſa*, puſh'd me back and thruſt the Butt End of his Whip in my Face. I was juſt a going to give him a Return for his Inſolence; but the Preſence of a Friend of mine happily prevented my making an Orifice in his Carcaſs.

To drown Sorrow, I drank off four Half-pint Glaſſes of Port Wine; and a young Gentleman who is bred up to the Law, came and told me that *Partheniſſa* had been ſworn. I care not if ſhe has, *ſaid I*, I have not any Thing of hers, therefore ſay what you will ſhe cannot hurt me more than ſhe has done. 'That's true, *ſaid he*, for by G-d the B-h has 'ſworn that you took Gold from her, and ſhe 'would ſwear your Life away from you was it 'in her Power; and by G-d you will be o-'bliged to go to *Monmouth* Jail.' Sir, *ſaid I*, I heartily thank you for your good Wiſhes towards me; and ſince the perjur'd Jilt has made a Journey here on Purpoſe to ruin me, I

am

am resolved to Tongue-pad her before she goes Home.

When I alighted from my Horse that Day, I own that different Passions swell'd my Soul. My Heart was torn with Agonies for her I lov'd, and my Breast was fir'd with Revenge against my evil Genius and her Son. But when I was assured that the only one I valu'd had sworn wrongfully against me, my Love instantly turn'd into Hatred, and from that Time I detested the Thoughts of her.

She came out in about a Quarter of an Hour, guarded by about five men and as many women. 'G-d d-n you, *says my Friend*, give it her 'Home or not at all.' *Have I*, said I, *spent the Flower of my Youth, and the Quintescence of my Blood to satisfy your insatiable Lust? You B-, you vilest of Prostitutes, is your pretended Love come to this, and have I sacrificed my All to so bad a purpose? See here (at that I exposed, what I have been often sorry for since) the Token you gave me to have it set under a Ring; thou d-n'd vile Prostitute, I am resolved to make you infamous to Posterity.* Away she trudg'd, and made greater Haste to go out of the Town than she did to come into it. She did not imagine she would have met with such Usage, because I was not expected at *Newport* until the last Day of the Sessions. My behaviour (I own to be so bad) was such, that a Chimney-sweeper ought to have been ashamed of; but my Provocation was great, and so full of Passion, that if I was to have been murdered, I could not help giving it vent; not but that I have been sorry for it ten thousand Times since.

Soon afterwards I met with *J- H-* Esq; a

Gentleman of the beſt Family in the County. He aſk'd me what I intended to do in my troubleſome Affair? I told him, I was ſo confuſed, that I could not reſolve how to manage myſelf. Whatever you do (ſaid he) do not ſubmit to the Court, for they are all of a Party, and will lay a Fine of Fifty or an Hundred Pounds upon you. I thanked the worthy Gentlemen, and aſſur'd him I would follow his Advice; and farther, that I ſtood in no Fear of them.

The Court ſat that Afternoon, and I was called to diſcharge my Recognizance, and as ſoon as I appeared, the Clerk in Court read the Indictment. (ſee Letter No. 54.) wherein any one may ſee that the Perſon who drew it up was no way Converſant with Foreign Coin, by calling Three Pound Twelves Double Doubloons. But the Indictment, like the Author, is original. As ſoon as the Clerk had read it, he ask'd if I would traverſe or ſubmit? Traverſe to be ſure (ſaid I) have you no more againſt me? None that I know of (ſaid he.) I thought (replied I) you might have had one againſt me for a forcible Entry into the Body of *Partheniſſa*. If you had any ſuch Thing, I would have pleaded guilty to that, inſtead of traverſing, and I don't queſtion but that I ſhall convince eighteen out of twenty thro' the whole County of what I aſſert. 'There is no body 'here that ſays any thing of that, (*replied* 'P- M-) we have nothing to do with it.' I was asked by the Court, if I would give Security for my Appearance at the next Seſſions. I anſwer'd them in the Negative, upon which I was order'd into Cuſtody, till I gave Bail to one or more Juſtices. Mr. *G*-- (Mrs. *P*-'s chief Orator)

Orator) mov'd that I ſhould give two forty Pounds Seecurities, and eighty myſelf; and that the Proſecutor might have four or five Days Notice of it before I ſhould be diſcharg'd. But his unjuſt Propoſal was rejected, and the Lord Lieutenant of the County (who had heard nine or ten of the Letters read) ſaid that twenty Pounds each was ſufficient, and that I ſhould be immediately diſcharged upon giving ſuch Security. With that I withdrew with the Gaoler, who confin'd me in a Garret in the ſame Inn that I uſed to put up at when I uſed to teach Miſs *G-n.*

The young Gentleman, who I have mentioned before, came to me, and aſſured me that there was another Bill going to be preferred againſt me, for aſſaulting *Mary H-s*, who was Houſekeeper to Mr. *Powel.* If ſo, reply'd I, the thicker they come, the ſooner 'twill be over; but I am a perfect Stranger to any injury that I have done or offer'd to her.

'I was informed by one of the Jury *(reply'd my Friend)* that while the pale-faced 'Whore *Partheniſſa* was under Examination, 'that ſhe did not look once in the Jury's Faces, 'but look'd ſteadily on the Floor, and an-'ſwered very faintly to the Queſtions aſked 'her: and had there been a man of Senſe to 'examine her, the Bill undoubtedly had been 'diſmiſſed. But as ignorant as they were they 'had no good Opinion of her, and believe 'her to be, I am ſure moſt of them, what 'you have actually made her.'

The next Day I was brought into Court, where was another indictment read againſt me, for aſſaulting the Houſekeeper, and upon my not

not giving Bail (as I had traverſed) was committed a ſecond time. To ſhew that they were reſolved to take ſome Pains with me, they preſented the Jury with a third indictment, for my aſſaulting *J. G.* a Tenant of Mr. P. The Jury now began to open their Eyes, and ſaw 'twas a malicious proſecution, and an intention to harraſs me, ſo returned the Bill *Ignoramus*, and had it been in any other County, I am poſitive there would have been three *Ignoramus's*.

As ſoon as I was brought back to my Room again, I flung myſelf upon the Bed, and my Harlequin Bitch (who in *Æſop*'s Days would have been an eſpecial Evidence for me) leap'd up upon me. *Ambroſe Gr-d* coming into the Room, and ſeeing me ſtroaking her, told me, it was not the firſt time that he had ſeen a Dog and a Bitch together. The inſolence of that Villain provoked me more than Mrs. *J-s*, and if I had had a loaded Piſtol, he would have been apt to have found me a dangerous Dog, as he was pleaſed to call me. Whilſt I was in Court, I obſerved the Gaoler gave his Opinion as a Juſtice in every Caſe, but particularly mine, which ſurprized me; and aſking a Friend of mine how this Gaoler, above all others, was ſuffered to take ſo much Liberty? You muſt know, reply'd the Gentleman, that the Gaoler is a mighty Party-man, and as his Party carries the Sway here, he takes ſuch Liberty, that even ſeveral of the Juſtices are unwilling to do, leſt they ſhould diſoblige the Lord Lieutenant of the County, that honourable Gentleman and Family being the Perſons who

who brought him from the Scum of the Earth, to what he now is.

On *Friday* the 19th the Gaoler and I came to *Monmouth*, and Mrs. P. ſent a Servant to ſee if I was there, or bailed out; but I was ſafe enough, which News he carried to Mrs. P. and by hers and Mrs. *J*-'s Orders, the Bells rang all that Night, and part of the next Day; for which they were gratify'd with as much Ale and Cyder as they could ſwill down. A Gentleman in the Neighbourhood informed me of their Rejoycing the next Day, which was ſo far from giving me any Uneaſineſs, that I burſt out a laughing. I aſſure you, Sir, *ſaid I*, that I was afraid ſhe would have indicted me for having criminal Converſation with her, inſtead of money. But whenever ſhe marries it ſhall be my turn to have the Bells ring, for Joy that any Gentleman ſhould be ſo complaiſant, as to accept of my Leavings; and that I had got rid of ſo vile and perfidious a Proſtitute.

I wrote a Letter to *Partheniſſa*, (ſee Letter, No. 55.) and ſent it by the man that carried the *Glouceſter* Journal, giving him at the ſame time a ſtrict Charge to let no one ſee him give it her. When he came to Mrs. P. *Pen* ſifted the ignorant Fellow, and quickly found that he had a Letter for her young miſtreſs. She perſwaded him to give it Mrs. P, who perus'd it, and then ſent it me back by the Poſt-man opened.

Since I mentioned the Watch in my Letters, I ſhall give the Reader an Account how it came to be given me, which I would not do, had not the Perſon undermentioned advertiſed his

his Wife in the *Worceſter* Journal in the Years 1733, 1734, and I believe 1735. Mr. *M-n*, a Surgeon, went to ſettle in *Perſhors*, a Town in *Worceſterſhire*. He there got intimately acquainted with Mr. *B.* an Apothecary, and in a few months brought him over to *Roſs*, where Mr. *M.* had ſerv'd his Time.

I had been often in Mr. *B.*'s Company, and one day in particular I went out of the Town with him, to a pleaſant Summer-houſe known by the Name of *Kyrle's*. 'Sir, *ſaid he to me*, 'I like your Company very much, and ſhould 'be glad to be better acquainted with you, be-'cauſe 'tis in my Power to ſerve you, and you 'in Requital may be of Service to me.' 'Ex-'plain yourſelf, Sir, *ſaid I*, without any 'farther Apology, and depend upon my utmoſt 'Aſſiduity to oblige you.' 'You muſt know 'then *(reply'd he, laying his Hand upon my 'Shoulder)* that I am a Perſon who was born 'to a very pretty Fortune; but unhappily for 'me, I fell in Love with one very much in-'ferior to myſelf. I ſtrove all that in me 'lay to bury my Paſſion in its Birth, but to 'no Purpoſe; the oftner I ſaw her, the more 'violent my Flame grew. I diſcovered my 'Paſſion to her, and ſoon found that I was 'not diſagreeable to her, and prevailed upon 'her, as I thought her ſomething of the young-'eſt, to go for a Year or two to a Boarding-'School at *Worceſter*. She comply'd with 'my Requeſt, and I was at the Expence of 'her Board, Dancing, fine Cloaths and 'Laces, *&c.* I frequently went to ſee her, 'and after ſome Stay there, I marry'd her. 'Soon afterwards, to oblige her, I had

'her

'her Sister to live with us as her Companion. 'Instead of requiting me, as Gratitude should 'have obliged her, for bringing her from a 'mean Life to a good one, she vilely abused 'me, by defiling my Bed, with a Brother 'Gallipot, one *C.* of *Worcester*. I could 'hardly believe it at first, but her Sister's 'robbing me afterwards, confirmed me that I 'was in the ready Road to Heaven.

'But, Sir, *said I, interrupting him*, what 'Reason had you to believe that you was 'Cornuted?

'Have but Patience, Sir, *replied he*, and 'you shall hear all I have to say.

'My maid, who was a very honest Girl, 'gave me a Hint one day, that whenever I 'happened to be absent from Home a Day or 'two, *&c.* there came a Gentleman to my 'Wife; and whilst he was there, her Sister 'left them together, and kept the maid Com-'pany, which gave the Girl a Suspicion that 'he was more than a Relation, as they pre-'tended to call him. This News almost 'addled my Pericranium. I thought it ad-'visable to make the Girl my Friend, so gave 'her money, and charged her to take a par-'ticular Care in watching their motions. She 'did her Part faithfully, and gave me no 'Room to doubt my being dignified; and one 'day in particular I desired my Wife to put 'three clean Shirts in my Bags; for (as she 'believed) that I intended going for *Oxford* 'that Evening, where I should stay five or six 'Days. She was very expeditious in comply-'ing with my Request, and with a deceitful

Kiss

'Kiſs, charged me not to exceed the Time 'I had mentioned.

'Excuſe me for interrupting you, Sir, *ſaid* 'I, but I thought you ſaid you could not be-'lieve any thing ill of your Wife, until you was 'robb'd by her Siſter. 'Tis true, *replied he*, I 'could not believe what the Girl told me at 'firſt; but my Siſter-in-law's robbing me, 'gave me Room to think, that if ſhe had not 'known my Wife to be viciouſly inclined, ſhe 'would never have preſumed to have meddled 'with any thing. And I ſuppoſe that ſhe was 'ſatisfied that my Wife would prevail upon me 'to forgive her, becauſe ſhe was no Stranger to 'what was going forward. But to go on with my 'Story, I mounted my Horſe, under Pretence 'of going to *Oxford*, and no one knew 'when I was to return, but the Maid. I bid 'her not go to Bed 'till Twelve, for that I 'was reſolved to baulk her Pleaſures. The Mi-'nute my Back was turn'd, my precious wife 'ſent Word to her Gallant at *Worceſter*, who 'promiſed to be with her next morning by 'Nine o' Clock; but I ſpoil'd their Sport, 'as you ſhall hear. I returned Home about 'Eleven, and went to Bed to my Wife, who 'was very much ſurprized to ſee me ſo ſoon: 'I made ſome Excuſe for my quick Return, 'and ſhe lay very reſtleſs all Night. She 'wanted to get up betimes, but I would not 'let her ſtir by any means; ſo about Nine 'o' Clock, who ſhould run up Stairs, (for the 'maid ſaid nothing of my being there) but 'Mr. *C.* My Wife jump'd out of Bed, to 'meet and bid him be gone; but he caught 'her naked in his Arms, and flung her upon

'the

'the Bed, acroſs my Body. I happen'd to be 'reading a Quarto Book, with which I gave 'him a damnable knock, which ſtunn'd him 'ſo, that he ran down Stairs, took his Horſe, 'and away he rode for *Worceſter*; and I'gad, 'as ſoon as ſhe conveniently could rifle me of 'all that lay in her Power, ſhe went after 'him; and I have Advertiſed her in ſeveral 'Papers, and have taken care that ſhe ſhall not 'run me in Debt.' 'Revenge, to be ſure, is 'ſweet, *replied I laughing*; and undoubtedly, 'the Blow you gave him with the Book will 'not eaſily be forgot by him, nor your Wife 'neither; But what is all this to your ſerving 'of me and my obliging of you?' 'I'll tell 'you, *ſaid he*, all that I want to have done, 'is, to detect ſome Man in Bed with her; by 'which means I can have a Divorce, and not 'otherwiſe. Now you look like a hale young 'Fellow, and one that can pleaſe a Woman; 'and if you'll undertake it, I'll make you a 'Preſent of Fifty Guineas, and bear your ex-'pences, and I will furniſh you with a Brace 'of Geldings, and a Man; ſo that you ſhall 'attack her like a Perſon of Fortune.' 'Is 'ſhe handſome? *replied I*; and is ſhe a good 'Bedfellow?' 'Yes by G-d, *ſaid he*, ſhe is 'the beſt Bedfellow in the World, and is as 'fair a Woman as any in *England*; and you 'are the only Perſon I know, who is fit for 'ſuch an undertaking, becauſe you can ſing, 'and play the Spinnet, both which ſhe likes 'mightily; and if you ſay you'll undertake it, 'I don't doubt but that you'll gain your Point 'ſhortly; and the Servant who ſhall wait upon 'you, muſt, by your directions, give me Notice

'that you are in Bed together; at which No-
'tice, I will bring three or four Witneſſes
'into the Room, to her real Shame and Con-
'fuſion, and your ſham one; by which me-
'thod I ſhall be able to get her divorced from
'me, and I'll do my endeavour to marry a wor-
'thier Woman: Therefore, the ſooner we go
'about it, the ſooner we ſhall accompliſh our
'Deſign. I'll take care to be in private Lodg-
'ings as near you as poſſible; and if you doubt
'the Payment, you ſhall have Money before
'hand.' 'No, no, Sir, *ſaid I*, not in the
'leaſt; and I do not doubt but that I ſhall be-
'have to your Satisfaction.' So after we had conſulted what Dreſſes I was to apear in, *&c.* the illiterate Apothecary and I parted, promiſing to hold another Conſultation, before our Deſign was to be put in Execution.

The minute I left him, I went to *Partheniſſa*, and imparted to her the Reſult of our Diſcourſe, who heard the Beginning very attentively; but when I mention'd that I was to go over to enjoy the Woman, ſhe burſt out into Tears, and with up-caſt Eyes, look'd as diſmal as *Ananias* in one of the Seven Cartoons. *My dear, ſaid I, if I had an Inclination to have done ſuch a Thing, I never would have inform'd you of it; therefore don't be uneaſy. 'Tis a Jobb that I ſhould have been apt to undertake, if I had not been bleſt in thy Arms, but whilſt Heaven permits me that bleſſing, it ſhall be in no one's power to tempt me from thee. My dear Boy*, replied ſhe, *thou doſt know what a fond doating Fool I am, and I cannot help believing every thing thou doſt ſay to me; and to let thee ſee how much I ſhall acknowledge myſelf thy Debtor, for being*

conſtant

conſtant to me, take this Watch, and wear it as a Token that I will in a ſhort Time be thy lawful Wife. (This Watch had been her mother's, and I had it pick'd out of my Pocket, *May* 15, 1735.) But to return from my Digreſſion.

Being ſafe in Gaol, Mrs. P.'s Party immediately gave out, that if any *Roman Catholick* Gentleman ſhould take my Part, the others would go in a Body to the Lord Lieutenant of the County, and petition that he might uſe his intereſt for having the Penal Laws put into Execution. Every Perſon of common Underſtanding laugh'd at thoſe menaces; being ſatisfied that the Legiſlature would not give a Body of People Uneaſineſs, for the Sake of worthleſs Upſtarts, who, upon Occaſion, would be of the ſame Opinion as the Vicar of *Bray*.

I did not aſk any of the Gentlemen that I had the Honour to be acquainted with, to be Sureties for me, becauſe my Affair was immediately made a Party Buſineſs: And I'll take upon me to ſay, that if any Perſons ſhould happen to be involv'd with Difficulties in that County, they muſt not expect impartiality there, unleſs they are of the Party which is the moſt prevailing.

Partheniſſa now thought it high time to take a little Pleaſure in riding about; for from *October* till *May* ſhe went not much from Home; and as I was caged, ſhe was determined to go and ſee *Roſs*, being ſatisfied that no one there would publickly affront her. She went there, with two or three in Company, particularly Maſter *Dicky J--ys*, and were ſoon join'd by

ſome of Miſs's Acquaintance, who, to my Knowledge only wanted the Opportunity of being ſerviceable in the Uſe of Generation; but, poor Girls, there was not a young Fellow in the Town that was capable of ſpeaking to them. A Gentleman (the moment he ſaw her come to *Roſs*) ſaid ſhe was a vile Bitch, and had the impudence of Hell; ſome hipp'd her, and ſome young Lads call'd after her, *Where is your Huſband? Where is* Parry *the Organiſt? Who put the Man that —— her in Gaol*, &c. She being the Reverſe to *Lot*'s Wife, never look'd behind her, but trudged with her Gang towards her mother's Houſe, in order to go to *the Hill*, in her Way back to *Monmouthſhire*. One of the Church-Wardens happening to be trying his Hand upon the Organ as ſhe paſs'd by the Church, the moment ſhe heard the Organ, ſhe was ready to faint, thinking it to be me that play'd, after having been Bail'd out of Gaol. She ſent her *Duenna* immediately to the Sexton, to know who 'twas that play'd; he told her, it was Mr. *P--r* the Barber, that was diverting himſelf. *Pen P.* acquainted Miſs with it, who was ſomething revived by this Time from her Fright. They went to *the Hill* to Dinner, and after ſome ſhort Stay, returned to *Monmouthſhire*. Even her Well-wiſhers blamed her Conduct, in coming to *Roſs* at that Time in particular; and not to ſet Foot in't for two Years afterwards, plainly ſhew'd that ſhe imagined her coming there whilſt I was in Cuſtody in another Town, would have made People form a good Idea of her; but ſhe found herſelf miſtaken.

But

But to return to what concern'd me moſt. *P. M.* Mrs. P.'s Attorney, removed the two indictments, (which were found againſt me at *Newport*) by *Certiorari*, into the *King's-Bench*, and ſerv'd me with two Copies of Writs of ——. I confeſs, he ſo far very much obliged me, in doing me a Piece of Service ignorantly; for my chief intent was to have moved the indictments, if he had not; ſo that he marr'd me in pains and money. In about five Days afterwards Mr. *M*-'s Son ſerved me with two Copies of Writs, and adviſed me to put an Appearance to them; but I, at that time, rejected his Advice.

Being ſenſible of the bad Situation of my Affairs, and the illepidity of the Place, I ſent to ſeveral in the Town, thinking that ſome of them would have been bound for my Appearance in ſo trifling a Sum; but they did not care to Bail me, leſt they ſhould incur the Diſpleaſure of ſuch and ſuch Gentlemen, who were of Mr. *P.*'s Party; but added, they would do me all the Service in their Power, in any other Reſpect; and if I wanted common Neceſſaries, I ſhould be welcome to any Thing, upon my ſending to them. This, I muſt confeſs to be more than I could reaſonably expect from People whom I had no Obligations upon. I afterwards ſent to *Roſs* to ſeveral, and had the ſame Anſwer, That they would do any Thing for me, excepting being Bail; That they could not do, leſt they ſhould diſoblige Mr. *C-ke*, who they knew to be *Partheniſſa*'s Relation, *&c.* At laſt, two of my Acquaintance, who did not regard Mr. *C-ke*, *&c.* came over to me at *Menmouth*; from

thence they went to the Seat of *Edward B-ry*, Esq; and offered themselves Sureties for me. He sent to the Gaoler, advising what to do, because my Friends were inhabitants of another County; but that if the Gaoler would bring me to the *Red Hill* (half Way from *Monmouth* to Mr. *B--y*'s) he would make it up some Way or other, and the Gaoler should have his Fees, *&c.* immediately paid him. The Gaoler returned for Answer, That he could not pretend to bring me out, unless there had been a *supercædas* sent him; and that if Mr. *B.* did take it upon him to release me, he would disoblige several Gentlemen in the County, who were exasperated against me for my rude Behaviour to that virtuous young Lady *Partheniſſa*.

The impudent *Machiavel* knew well enough that 'twas his interest to detain me Prisoner as long as he could; but he ly'd like a Villain, in saying, That several Gentlemen (particularly those he meant) were exasperated, for they stood very much my Friends afterwards, without any publick Shew. However, Mr. *B.* excused himself from superceding my Commitment. *Richard J--s*, Esq; was that Day particularly engaged, so could not possibly go with my Friends, but directed them to *James S--*, Esq; that worshipful Gentleman assured them that he would not release me upon any Account whatever. My Friends returned to Mr. *J--s*'s, and informed him of what had pass'd at Mr. *S--*'s; upon which he was pleased to go to him, and offered himself as a Bail. *Sir*, said the Justice, *I'll accept of none. You cannot*, reply'd Mr. *J-s*, *justify refusing Bail*,

as

as long as you have a ſufficient Security offer'd you. We Monmouthſhire *Juſtices*, replied Mr. *S-, can do any thing but make Apples and Pears; and I do aſſure you I would not take a Thouſand Pound Bail to ſet him at Liberty, becauſe madam* P. *is too deeply concern'd in it.* Mr. *J.* was ſenſible, that, upon Occaſion, old *S.* would have abated 999 *l.* out of the Thouſand, to have diſcharg'd me; and that his puffing was owing to the many good Eatables and Drinkables that he made himſelf welcome with at Mr. P.'s and if he had taken my Part a ſecond Time, he conſequently muſt have been an unwelcome Gueſt there ever afterwards.

Mr. *J-s* came Home immediatly, (finding that I was to have no Juſtice done me in that Quarter) and wrote a Letter to *Tho. S-t*, Eſq; thither he ſent my Friends in order to Bail me. When he peruſed Mr. *J.'s* Letter, he told them, That he would have no hand in in; and added, that *Jemmy S-* was the Perſon that firſt committed me, and afterwards ſuperceded that Commitment, and that he was the propereſt Perſon to get me my Liberty. When I heard it, I was not in the leaſt ſurpriz'd, becauſe I knew Mr. *S-t* to be under very great Obligations to Mr. *P-*.

Nothing added more to my misfortunes (I mean as to ruffle my Temper) but that I daily heard, or at leaſt three times a Week from *Roſs*, of my being abuſed by a Parcel of flirting Puſſes, whom I have had in my Power to have uſed, as any young Rake would a common Woman of the Town; but notwithſtanding my baſe Uſage, and conſidering that Reproach and

and Obloquy are Female Vengeance, I was il lachrymable.

My Acquaintance advis'd me to make myſelf as eaſy as my Circumſtances would allow of, eſpecially ſince I was fallen into ſuch vile hands, and 'twould not be a great while before Seſſions began; at which time I muſt of Courſe be diſcharged, becauſe Mrs. *P.*'s Agents had moved the Court. That, and ſome other Reaſons, made me for ſome time paſſive: Not but that I moſt certainly was in the worſt Jail in the Kingdom (I mean as to myſelf) and I found it to be ſo for the following Reaſon.

The Jailor's Wife, was a perſon of a ſpurious Birth, whoſe Father was a Setter, or Bailiff's Follower. She at laſt arriv'd to the Honour of being Mr. *M- P-*'s Houſe-keeper. After ſhe liv'd there ſome time, ſhe quitted the Service of a fooliſh maſter, and a drunken miſtreſs; kept, as long as ſhe could be truſted with any thing, a Pedlar's Stall at *Uſk* (an inland Town in *Monmouthſhire*) where, being timorous of Sheriffs Warrants, *&c.* ſhe withdrew from thence, none could tell where, till ſhe was ſeen in the Capacity of a Servant at *Monmouth* Jail. The Jailor being her Kinſman, and ſhe pretty tractable (after he had ——) maried her. All this I heard from a Priſoner, at my firſt coming in.

I enter'd myſelf as a Boarder (as ſoon as I came from *Newport*) with the Jailor, thinking to ingratiate myſelf into his Wife's Favour; knowing her as well as him, to be inſolent, but not unlike their Grand Maſter, good-natur'd when pleas'd. There were three Boarders beſides myſelf, and each of us paid ten Shillings a Week

Week. The Sheets my Chum and I lay in, were as coarſe as a Nutmeg-grater, and the Colour of the Owner's Face, which I cannot compare to any thing, excepting damag'd Gingerbread. Every Boarder was oblig'd to have a Quart of Ale or Cyder at Dinner, which made Two Shillings and Four Pence *per* Week more. No Boarder was allow'd any Small Beer at Supper or Breakfaſt; ſo that they muſt either drink Water, or buy Ale, *&c.* no one being allow'd to ſend out for any Sort of Liquor. But what I thought moſt monſtrous, was the Jailor and his Wife, and very often ſeveral of his Relations, at dinner drank of our Liquor, and never offer'd to pay a Doit, nor call for any in upon their own Account: So that it is no wonder how that Villain came to get ſo much Money, ſelling every thing at an exorbitant Price, in a plentiful Country.

One day in particular we had a boil'd Mutton Pye for Dinner (I believe, and ſpeak the utmoſt, there was not two Pound of Meat in it, but Cruſt in Abundance; which is Eating that I've had an Averſion to, ever ſince my Return from *America*) I begg'd her to help me to as little of the Mutton as ſhe pleas'd, but as for Cruſt I'd have none. She flew into a Paſſion, and ſwore by G- if I would eat no cruſt, I ſhould eat no meat. I was as warm as her ſelf, and without any more ado help'd myſelf ſufficiently, which vex'd her, inſomuch that ſhe was incapable of eating her Dinner. She at that time ſtifled her Reſentment (eſpecially as her Huſband was from home) and I was determin'd to be off as a Boarder. I made a feign'd Reſolution not to eat any Fleſh, till I had

had ſeen or heard from ſome of my Friends. As ſoon as ſhe found I would no longer be a Boarder, ſhe gave me to underſtand by her haughty Behaviour (conſiſting of haughty looks, intermixt with beggarly Pride) that I was to keep my diſtance, in not coming into the Kitchen, *&c.* as uſual.

One Day ſhe obſerv'd me walking near the Door next the Street; upon that ſhe call'd to the Turnkey, and bad him ſhut the Door that parted the Apartments between the Jailor and Priſoners. *Don't* ſaid ſhe, *let that Fellow come near this Room, but let him go and write his Life, as he talks of doing it.* (I had given her a Bottle of Wine the Night before, in order to get a civil Word from her now and then; but when the Liquor was out, ſhe behav'd in the moſt grandiſonous manner imaginable, and order'd us all to our Kennels) *I will* (ſays I as loud as I could) *and by G- I'll give you your juſt Character in it.* At that ſhe took a Fleſh-fork, and ran towards me, ſaying, *G- d- you for a Son of a B-h; I'll ſlit your Skull, by G-.* Two Gentlemen who were Priſoners, prevented her coming near me; but ſhe gave (her Husband being abroad) Orders that I ſhould be confin'd to my Room immediately.

In about half an hour *Richard J-s*, Eſq: and *T. T-n*, M. D. came to ſee me. She very artfully burſt into Tears, and told them that I had (an impoſſibility) abuſed her inſufferably, and that ſhe was afraid I ſhould murther her. She then called to ſeveral in the Houſe to avouch what ſhe had ſaid; but the Perſons called were the moſt conſcientious Part of the Priſoners, and neither of them ſaid pro or con, knowing her

her addicted to Lying, which Faculty I imagine ſhe might have retained from the Time of her living with Mr. P. As ſoon as the Door was opened, with an intention to ſpeak with Mr. *J s*, *&c.* ſhe ran at me, and gave me a Left-handed Cuff. I was reſolved to ſpoil her Curt'ſing for ſome Time, by exerciſing my Toes upon her, but was prevented by Mr. *J.* As ſoon as the Gentlemen left me, I was again cubb'd up by the *Amazonian*'s Orders, till her Huſband's Return, who gave me a Reprimand for what I did not deſerve, and afterwards allowed me the common Liberty of poor Debtors.

Being ſenſible that there were ſome Weeks till Seſſions, I began to write the Memoirs of my Life, and began from the Day of my Birth, *&c.* I wrote every minute Action that I had been concern'd in, till I was 15 Years old; and if it had been finiſhed, it would have been a great deal more tedious than this Book is. By the Time that I had written 39 Sheets, the Gaoler's Wife found me to be in earneſt, and expecting to ſee herſelf in print, thought to have it prevented, by ordering one of the Priſoners (or did it herſelf) to ſteal the Manuſcript out of my Room; which accordingly was done, and immediately burnt or torn to pieces by her.

I made all the Enquiry imaginable about it, but to no purpoſe. I at laſt thought of an effectual one, which was by making *Henry M.* Eſq; (who was a Priſoner for large Sums) drunk. He aſſured me, that the Gaoler's Wife had, by the Contrivance of *W--d*) taken it out of my Room and burnt it. I acquainted

ſeve-

ſeveral Gentlemen of *Monmouth* with my Loſs. Some adviſed me to be eaſy, as long as my Hand was in the Lyon's mouth, and others blam'd me for pretending to write any ſuch Thing there, eſpecially as the Gaoler's Wife would do me all the Prejudice in her Power, upon Mr. *P.*'s Account; and beſides, what happen'd to me before my unhappy Amour with *Partheniſſa*, was of no manner of conſequence, eſpecially to the circumjacent Country, where we both were known. *And if you are bent upon printing*, added they, *publiſh no more than your Intrigue with her, and let People know every Thing in its true Light; eſpecially as they have had no Regard for your Welfare, which has been plainly ſhewn by their harraſſing of you in ſo unjuſt a manner.*

I have obſerved to the Reader in ſome foregoing Pages, that Mrs. *P.* was indebted to me ſeveral Pounds, for teaching her Daughter muſick. The Poſt-man had a ſtrict Charge not to bring a Meſſage or Scrip of Paper from me, ſo I ſent her a Letter, (ſee Letter, No. 55.) by an Acquaintance, but I never receiv'd an Anſwer to it.

Mr. *C-ke*'s eldeſt Son called upon me one Day (I think 'twas in *July*) as he and his Siſters were going to the Chriſtening of a Child of Mr. *E-ns*'s of *Langaddock*. He gave me a Piece of money, with his mother's Compliments. I was not fond of accepting any money from that Quarter, upon his Father's Account; but the young Gentleman preſſed me, and ſaid, *Mr.* Parry, *I beg, and my mother hopes you will not be too ſevere upon* Partheniſſa's *Character.*

I beg,

'I beg you would return my thanks to your 'mother, for this unexpected Civility, &c. but 'it is a thing impoſſible for me to be ſevere 'enough with *Partheniſſa*, becauſe ſhe has 'utterly undone me, and ſhe can bear the loſs 'of her Reputation better than myſelf, ſhe ha-'ving a Fortune to ſupport her, and I nothing 'to live upon but my Buſineſs, which is ru-'ined through her vile means; and in Juſtice 'to myſelf, I will publiſh the Amour, to con-'vince the World of the many injuries done 'me. But you may aſſure your mother, *added* 'I, that I ſhall have a greater Regard for the 'Fair Sex, than to publiſh all I know of *Par-'theniſſa*, for ſhould I do that, ſhe would be 'thought a Proſtitute in Nature, and a mon-'ſter in Vice, notwithſtanding her outward 'ſanctified Face; and I am ſorry that I ſhall 'be obliged to make mention of your Siſter '*Jenny*'s Name, concerning the invented Cha-'racters, but cannot paſs by ſo material a 'point.

The young Gentleman took his leave of me in a friendly good-natured manner, and in a Day or two I wrote to Mrs. *Clarke*, thanking her for the Favour conferred upon me; and in the ſame Sheet I ſent her Copies of *Partheniſſa*'s Letters, No. 3, 10, 13, 31. I would have ſent ſome more, but that I imagined they would not have been read in a Family related; and whether thoſe I had written were received, I cannot determine; becauſe, as (ſhamefully) the Gaoler is Poſt-maſter, his Wife was commonly in the Office.

The Seſſions were to be held at *Cheſtow* the 14th of *July*. I expected to have been diſ-

charged upon my appearing; ſo in Company with one *John Parry*, who was a priſoner for getting a Girl with Child (a Caſe diametrically oppoſite to mine) I walked to *Chepſtow*. The Gaoler eſcorted us on Horſeback. I quickly heard that there was to be an indictment lodged againſt me, which proved very true. When I came into Court, I was diſcharged from the two indictments found againſt me at *Newport*; but there was a freſh one found againſt me for aſſaulting *Jane Gr-d*. I was ſurprized to hear the indictment read at *Chepſtow*, becauſe it was the very ſame Form of that which the Jury at *Newport* rejected; becauſe of its Vileneſs. Honeſt *P. M.* Mrs. P.'s Attorney, being willing, or rather reſolved it ſhould not be returned *Ignoramus* this Bout, brought down thoſe that, if poſſible, would out-ſwear any of the opportunate Witneſſes who have kiſs'd the Book at the *Old Baily* for theſe 20 Years.

The Juſtices adviſed me to ſubmit to the Court, every one being ſatisfy'd of the Baſeneſs of the proſecutors. I thank'd the worthy Gentlemen for their Well-Wiſhes, but aſſured them, I would not ſubmit to Mr. P.'s Proceedings, nor any of the infernal Crew, provided they had a thouſand indictments againſt me: I was importuned by the worſhipful Gentlemen ſeveral times more, to ſubmit, but I rejected their propoſal as before, with thanks, and ſo for want of Bail, was ordered once more for *Monmouth* Gaol.

I dined with ſome Farmers (the Gaoler being no Way dubious of loſing me) who liv'd adjacent to *Lantilio Croſenny*. They informed and aſſured me, that the indictment which was found

found againſt me, had never been brought on, if Mr. P. had not ſent *Ambroſe Gr-d* a Letter, declaring, that notwithſtanding the Jury at *Newport* would not find the Bill, if he did not indict me afreſh at *Chepſtow*, for aſſaulting his Wife, he ſhould not ſerve him any longer in quality of a Groom, neither ſhould he live in the Houſe any longer, nor ſhould he and his Wife keep a publick Houſe in the Pariſh. So, added they, what the Fellow has done now, is by Compulſion, and Mr. P. tho' under the Roſe, is at all the Expence himſelf: So that if the Fellow had not followed his maſter's Directions, he muſt have ſtarved.

This Uſage from a Fool of Fortune's favouring, who was ſo knaviſh withal that he'd pay no Debts; he has been enforced to ſkip from *Surrey* to *Middleſex*, from thence to *Kent*, and alternately around, being fearful of Sheriffs Officers: This Uſage, I ſay once more, from a Scoundrel of no manner of principle, and one who was a Scandal to a Bailiff's Follower, gave me no ſmall Uneaſineſs; and if he had had not a Micropthalmy in his Eyes, he muſt have had an incertitude of his Siſter's Actions, from the ſtrong Inuendo's given him concerning her.

I have before mentioned, in the Beginning of theſe Memoirs, in how indecent a manner he behaved towards her, at a Time that my Soul was raviſhed with incredible Delight in gazing at her. I have often reflected upon that baſe Behaviour, and I cannot help ſaying, that I ſolemnly declare and firmly believe, that was it in his Power, he would have uſed her, as

Ammon did his Siſter *Tamar*. Vide 2 *Sam.* 13. 4.

On *Friday* the 16th of *July*, I returned to *Monmouth* with the ſame Companions.

I had been a priſoner in *Monmouth* eight Weeks before I acquainted my Siſters with the diſagreeable Situation of my Affairs; and the Day before I went to *Chepſtow*, I received a Letter from my eldeſt Siſter (to whom *Partheniſſa* has wrote two, which Letters, as well as all the reſt, I am ready to produce) telling me, that my youngeſt would be with me in a few Days from *Carmarthen*.

If it had been my (good or bad) Fortune to have married *Partheniſſa*, and to have lived ever ſo well, my Siſters, I am poſitive, never would have been troubleſome, nor would they have expected any thing from us. And as the Hopes of ſeeing either of them (if ever they came that Way) at a Home of my own was fruſtrated, I was very unwilling to be ſeen by my neareſt Blood in a priſon. I immediately ſent my youngeſt Siſter a Letter, begging of her to lay aſide the Thoughts of coming to *Monmouth*, being a long Journey, and farther aſſured her, I ſhould be releaſed in a ſhort time: My Letter prov'd of no Effect; her reſolution of coming was fix'd, becauſe ſhe thought my Caſe to be more dangerous than by much it was.

On *Saturday* the 17th, as I was playing at Fives with —— *B——d*, Eſq; and Mr. *W. P.* jun. both of the Foreſt of *Dean*, the Turnkey called to me, telling me that there was a Gentlewoman who deſired to ſpeak with me:

me: I ran up, and who, to my agreeable Surprize, ſhould it be, but my Siſter.

She burſt into Tears, which Sight I could not bear, ſo deſired her to ſit down in my Room till I had returned the Gentlemen Thanks for their Viſit.

My Siſter expreſs'd herſelf well pleaſed to find the matter not of ſo ill Conſequence as 'twas reported down in the South of *Wales*, *But why would you come here*, ſaid I, *after I had in my Letter deſir'd you to ſuſpend your Journey? There were different Reports ſpread about our Town*, replied ſhe, *and I was afraid that your Caſe was like one* M-es, *and Miſs* S-e *of* Lowhadden, *in* Pembrokeſhire. *My Heart*, continued ſhe, *was in a drooping Condition, till I came to* Abergavenny, *where I heard that your precious Devil* Partheniſſa *ought to be confined with you, if ſhe'd had her Deſerts.* That indeed reviv'd me. *I have brought*, added *ſhe, two Letters with me in Behalf of our Family, and your Character; the one from* John Ph-ps, *Eſq; Receiver-General of* South Wales, *to* Edmund Berry, *Eſq; and another from* —— W-s, *Eſq; to* T. M. *of* Penllwyn, *Eſq; both which Letters ſhall be delivered out of hand.*

My Siſter's Stay in *Monmouth* was ſomething above a Fortnight, duriug which time my Siſter and the Gaoler's Wife were as great as *Spittlefield* Weavers. She at that time gave me kind Looks and good Words; and as ſoon as my Siſter returned to *Carmarthen*, ſhe ſent her a Preſent of Tea.

At length, after an impriſonment of 16 Weeks, thro' the interceſſion of Mr. *Philips*, Mr. *Berry* accepted of the firſt Bail offered, in order

order for my appearance at the next Seſſions which was to be held at *Caerleon upon Uſk*, in the ſame County.

A Stranger may wonder how the Seſſions ſhould be held at ſo many different Towns in the ſame County: That Query is ſoon reſolved: The Lord Lieutenant of the County, and the town of *Monmouth*, are of different Opinions; the former being of (what they call) the Court intereſt, and the latter of the Country's. (I can make it apparent, that I have ſuffered by being acquainted with one Party more than another.) The Lord Lieutenant for that reaſon being unwilling that *Monmouth* ſhould partake of the profuſe Pence, the Gentlemen, *&c.* hold the Seſſions at *Abergavenny*, *Caerleon*, *Newport*, *Chepſtow*, and the poor Town of *Uſk* alternately.

When I came to pay the Gaoler's Bill, he inſiſted upon a Guinea for his Trouble and Expences, in bringing me from *Newport* to Gaol. All the money that was ſpent upon the Road was Three Pence, which I paid for a Glaſs of Brandy at *Uſk*: He made me pay him another Guinea for taking me down to *Chepſtow*; and it muſt be obſerved, that he obliged me to walk: No Villain beſides himſelf would have exacted upon any perſon in that manner: His Reaſon was, I was able to pay it. 'Twas his Buſineſs, I am of Opinion, to take his priſoners without being paid for it, unleſs he provided them with a Horſe, Meat, Drink, *&c.* I believe moſt People will join with me in the ſame Way of Thinking. After I had paid him his Bill, he pretended a miſtake in his Calculation, and brought me in Debtor to him

him ten Shillings more: *But*, said he, *as your money is exhausted, I'll take your Note of Hand for Five Shillings.*

I gave him a Note with Pleasure, eager of being at Liberty; and at my going out, I asked him for my Horse-whip, which I gave him to put up for me, when I came in Prisoner. *I have used it*, said he, *and like it, and for that Reason I never will part from it. Give me the Note of Hand*, said I, *if you'll not deliver me my Whip.* No! he would not!

Thus this Monster serves every unhappy Person that falls under his Clutches. He is upholded in his Villany, and there's no Redress to be met with, he having the Protection of Gentlemen, who are not acquainted with his turbulent Temper, and arrogant Behaviour. The *Machiavel* behaves modestly before his Patrons, and cringes and fawns like a Spaniel: but when he has got the Predominancy over any unhappy Person, the Lord have Compassion upon them; and, I am afraid, unless he timely repents, the Devil will have the Mastership over him, for (together with his Wife) his ill Usage to a good-natur'd Gentleman (Mr. *M--u*) and an unfortunate young Woman (Daughter to a Clergyman) who hang'd herself, to prevent any farther base Usage from them, whose Body they expos'd in the most obscene manner, and afterwards gave it (as faithfully reported) to an Acquaintance of mine, in order to be anatomized. I will give myself no farther Trouble of mentioning his or her Name, least (as *John Cleveland* said of the *Scots*)

I wrong

I wrong the Devil ſhould I pick their Bones, &c.

Auguſt the 20th I went to *Hereford*, and at the Aſſizes had my Recognizance withdrawn, which Mr. C---*ke* (as I have mention'd before) unjuſtly made me give. Mr. *M--ſo*, Clerk of the Aſſize, having heard in what a villanous manner I was uſed, generouſly declin'd taking the accuſtom'd Fees from me. *H--ry W--ley*, Eſq; brought down a *Certiorari* for me, in order to remove the infamous Indictment found againſt me at *Chepſtow*, into the *King's-Bench*. I inform'd him and Mr. Serjeant *B--h* with the Cauſe of the laſt Indictment's being found againſt me. They adviſed me to get, if poſſible, the Letter that Mr. *P--* wrote to *Am--ſe Gr--od*, by which means 'twould be in my Power to make an Example of ſo worthleſs a Paltroon.

I endeavoured as much as poſſibly I could, to get a Sight of *Am--ſe*'s Letter, but to no purpoſe, and all my Expectations prov'd fruitfruitleſs.

I paſs'd away my Time at *Roſs* and *Monmouth* till the 6th of *October*, when the Seſſions began at *Caerleton*.

I then went down there, having my *Certiorari* with me, imagining they might hatch another Indictment againſt me, and was ſenſible they ſtood in no need of Rappers. I gave them to underſtand, that I had wherewithal to remove the Court were there forty Indictments againſt me.

As the Court was going to ſit, a worſhipful Gentleman

Gentleman inform'd me, that my Affair was talk'd of at Dinner, and that the Juſtices, being thoroughly acquainted with my Hardſhips, and the Occaſion of the Indictment, were reſolved to fix no higher Fine than a Shilling, let my Adverſaries ſwear what they thought proper. 'I know, *added he*, your Stomach was too 'high to ſubmit, therefore I adviſe you by no 'means to lay your *Certiorari*, becauſe it will 'coſt you as much, if not more, to remove 'the Court, as it will to try the Affair out-'right.' I took the Gentleman's Advice, and tried the whiffling Cauſe.

When the Jurors were ſworn, Mr. *C-d* (Mr. *P*'s Agent) opened the Cauſe; ſetting forth the Heinouſneſs of my Crime, in making a forcible Entry into the Houſe of *M. P.* &c. terrifying the Servants, and aſſaulting them, *&c.* The next that back'd him was Mr. *G.* of *Caerlton*, he with a laudible Voice, ſaid the ſame as Mr. *C.* had done. But as to the third, Mr. *P. M.* he mutter'd and ſtutter'd ſomething inwardly which no Body underſtood.

I had but one to plead for me (who proved enough) Mr. *J. D.* jun. of *Llantherthill*. He behav'd warmly in my Affair, and came off with Credit far beyond the Expectation of any one of his Years.

The Evidences were call'd, and the firſt was *W. E.* a Youth of about 17 Years old, who was ſworn.

Court. What do you know concerning this forcible Entry and Aſſault?

W. E. I was in Juſtice *P.*'s Kitchen upon a Sunday Night, and Mr. *Parry* knock'd at the Door;

Door: one of the Maids opened it, and he came in drunk, and asked for Madam *P.* The Maids and all of us ſaid, ſhe was not at Home. Then Mr. *Parry* damn'd her, and wanted to know what was the Reaſon he could not be entertained at the Publick Houſe for his Money. With that he was going towards the little Parlour, where Madam, and Miſs, and Mr. *J.* &c. was. But *M. H.* the Houſekeeper, hindered him to go to the little Parlour, and in ſtriving to hit *M. H.* he did ſtrike *J.* of the *Oſtrey* with the Butt End of his Whip, in a very violent Manner.

Court. Did you obſerve her to bleed or did any Bruiſe appear?

W. E. No.

Court. Call the next Witneſs, which was *J. R.* and ſwore exactly the ſame, and particularly mentioned my ſtriking her violently with the Butt-end of my Whip.

Court. Call the next Witneſs, which was *J. G.* what have you got to ſay concerning this forcible Entry, and your being aſſaulted by Mr. *Parry?*

J. G. 'Twas upon a *Sunday* Night, Mr. *Parry* alighted at our Door, and the Moment I heard his Voice, I ran thro' the Garden, and over the Juſtice's Wall, and ſo to the great Houſe to tell Madam *P.* of his being at our Houſe.

Court. Pray what Reaſon had you for going to tell Mrs. *P.* this?

J. G. Becauſe I knew that there was an Uneaſineſs in the Family about Mr. *Parry.*

Court. Proceed.

J. G.

J. G. I had not been at Madam *P.'s* half a Quarter of an Hour before ſomebody knock'd at the Door: I open'd it, and who ſhould it be but Mr. *Parry*. He ſeemed to be in a great Paſſion, and aſk'd for Madam, and was going towards the little Parlour, where ſhe and Miſs were, *Mary Haines* went to ſtop him, upon which he ſtruck at her, but miſſed her, and I received the Blow, which was with the * Slaſh End of the Whip upon one Side of my Face.

Court. Did you receive any Damage by the Blow that you ſay was given you with the Laſh of the Whip?

Jane D. No, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, but I was terribly frighted.

Court. Mr. *Parry*, have you got any Evidence of your Side?

James Parry. I have not, Sir; and if I had they'd ſtand but a poor Chance againſt the foregoing Ones.

After the Court had gone thro' with the Evidences, Mrs. *P*-'s Agents moved that if the Jurors brought me in guilty of what was laid to my Charge that their Worſhips would lay a heavy fine upon me. My Agent was more ſtrenuous on my Side, *&c.* By this time the Jury unanimouſly agreed upon the Verdict, which was, that I was guilty of the Aſſault, but not of the forcible Entry. Whereupon the worſhipful Gentlemen fin'd me a Shilling, to the Diſappointment of honeſt *P. M.* &c. One of the Juſtices was for having the Fine five

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* The two Fellows ſwore that I ſtruck her violently with the Butt End of my Whip.

Shillings;

Shillings; whereupon his Brother aſk'd him if he was crazy. 'Did we not all, *ſaid he*, fix 'the Fine at a Shilling; what are you always go-'ing from your Word, *&c.* The other Brother immediately retracted and agreed with his Brother and the reſt of the Bench.

The Freeholders, who were upon the Jury, would not take the Fees allotted them by Law, being ſenſible of the Baſeneſs of my Proſecution. But *P. M.* inſiſted upon half a Guinea for impannelling the Jurors. I told him I had the Misfortune to loſe three Guineas that Morning out of my Pocket by a Fall from my Horſe; and that I would pay him in a ſhort Time, *&c.* But he miſtook my meaning, not but that I was in his Debt ſince the Time he thruſt his Whip in my Face at *Newport*.

One Thing I'd like to have omitted in the Tryal at *Caerlon*, Mr. D-*s* mov'd, that the forcible Entry, which I was then to be try'd for, had been removed by a *Certiorari* into the King's-Bench. *P. M.* had the conſummate Impudence to ſay that the Indictments never were removed, notwithſtanding I had, as I obſerved before, been ſerved with four Copies of the Writs, whilſt a Priſoner in *Monmouth*, and I was to blame that I had not taken the Copies down with me, but as the Affair turn'd out, 'twas of no great Signification.

In a Day or two afterwards, one of Mrs. *P.*'s chief Adviſers met me in *Monmouth*, and told me he found that a little would not frighten me, and that ſhe had miſs'd of what was aimed at. 'The Intent, *added he*, of ſo many Indict-'ments was intended as an Occaſion for your 'leaving this Country; ſhe now finds thou art

'not

'not to be daunted, and what I've done was for 'my Client, and if I had been employed by 'you, I would have done all in my Power to 'have ſerved you. And whatever Pains I have 'been at, I am as amply paid as if a Councellor.'

Before I proceed any farther, I ſhall not think it improper to give ſome Account of my quondam miſtreſs. During the time of my impriſonment, She went to pay a Viſit to Mrs. —— the Lady whom the Summer before, ſhe hindred me to wait upon [ſee Letters No. 28.] that Lady conſequently was very much ſurpriz'd at the Viſit, and hardly ever return'd it. And when ſhe came to ſee a Lady, who is a very material Evidence of my Side; ſhe told her that ſhe was ſhockingly ſurpriz'd at *Partheniſſa*'s impudence in coming to ſee her after the Rumour was ſpread concerning her and myſelf. I could not forbear laughing when I heard it, but I allow Mrs. —— to be a Gentlewoman of far more honour and integrity than the other.

About this Time I was credibly informed by a Neighbour of Mrs. *P.* that Mrs. *J.* propoſed to Mrs. *P.* a match between her Son and *Partheniſſa*, but the propoſal was rejected by Mother and Daughter, which made maſter *Dicky* look as diſmal as the Knight of the ſorrowful Face. Soon after there were two more that offered themſelves as Suitors, the one a Piece of an Attorney, the other an Apothecary, both of the ſame Name, which is *M-n*. She's as proper a Woman for the Latter as any I know, being well vers'd in *Culpepper*'s Midwifery, *Ariſtotle*'s Legacy, Maſter-piece, *&c.* or elſe, I ſhould have had an undeniable Witneſs of my Virility. Therefore, in one Reſpect, I am

fully ſatisfied ſhe has thrice more Crimes hereafter to anſwer for than I have.

'Tis obvious that ſhe kept me in the Country entirely for her Pleaſures. And what is moſt ſurprizing to me, is, that a Girl ſhould be ſo baſe after her Mother had found us out, as to beg of me in her Letters not to leave the Country, but to ſtay month after month, which I fooliſhly did to a very bad Purpoſe, by her jilting of me in a vile manner. She moſt certainly has lamed her Reputation by her ſo doing, and debarr'd me of a good Livelyhood. And ſince ſhe appear'd againſt me at *Newport*, has for ſome Time been as mad as a blind Mare that has loſt her Foal, and run into ſeveral Extreams of Lies. In Fact 'tis not to be wonder'd at, after ſhe had ſworn in ſo perfidious a manner againſt me.

J- C- of the Hill, Eſq; who threatned me with the Spiritual Court, Writs of de Excommunicato Capiendo, Actions of ten thouſands, *&c.* His Courage went off like a Flaſh in the Pan. And I believe, nay I am credibly inform'd, that his Family wiſh that he had never been concern'd in an Action that any honeſt Man ought to have been aſham'd of.

I thought myſelf now out of their Clutches, and that if Mrs. P. was ſo fluſh of money, as to expend ſuch Sums in Law againſt me, ſhe well might afford to pay the money due to me for teaching her daughter. I begg'd of Mr. *C.D.* an Attorney, to write to her, which he did, aſſuring her of a proſecution if Satisfaction was not made me. Mrs. *P.* received his Letter, and inſtead of anſwering it, ſent a Letter to Mr. *P.D.* of *Wilton* near *Roſs*, eldeſt Brother to Mr. *G.*

She

She intended this Letter as a Piece of Policy, thinking (as I taught that Gentleman's Daughter the Spinnet) thereby to make him form as bad an Opinion of me as she had formerly imbitter'd into Mr. *C.* &c. Her Letter was to the following Effect: 'She was sorry that a man 'of his seeming Virtue should take the Part of 'one so remarkable for the Foulness of his 'Tongue for a Twelvemonth past: And that 'upon the least Distaste I should not value saying or swearing as much of them, as I had 'done of her *virtuous* Daughter; That I was 'a Fellow of low Life, and 'twas more Charity 'to give me a meal than common Beggars; 'that I had own'd I must have starv'd in the 'Streets if it had not been for her; and what 'I had eaten for the last three Years in her 'House stood her in two Guineas a Quarter; 'That it would be hard upon her to pay me 'such an extravagant Sum as I demanded, after I had liv'd upon her so long: I bid my 'maid tell him not to teach my Daughter 'Years ago; she learnt formerly of Mr. *Apperley*, and he had a great many Scholars; 'but it was my misfortune to employ that Fellow who was call'd the *Welch* Boy. But let 'him consider that the many Wrongs he has 'done the Fatherless and the Widow will one 'Day be accounted for.

Mrs. *P.* sent the Letter inclosed in one to Mr. *H--s*, an Attorney, who gave it Mr. *D.* telling him that if I sued Mrs. *P.* he was ready to give Bail. Mr. *D.* was surprized at the Receipt of the Letter, he having never sent her one; and the first time he saw me (for he was in *Worcestershire* when it came) he gave it

me; which Letter I loſt accidentally ſoon afterwards in *Wales*.

I was dubious whether I ſhould return Mrs. *P.* a civil Anſwer to her mean-ſtil'd Letter or not: But to let her ſee I was aſhamed of writing in a ſcurrilous manner, after ſo much ill Uſage, I ſent her one (ſee Letter, No. 57.) This indeed ſhe never had the Good-nature or Honour to anſwer, which indeed I imputed to her muddling herſelf with Tobacco, with which ſhe makes herſelf ſo naſty, that ſometimes I have ſeen her like a Duſt-Cart Woman; and, in ſhort, that was the Reaſon of her leading ſo diſagreeable a Life in her Huſband's Time, I have myſelf heard her ſay that he has waſh'd her Hands; and to my Knowlege her Daughter has taken Snuff to avoid the mother's ſtrong Smell.

I plagued Mrs. *P.* ſufficiently this Winter, by ſending her Letters directed by ſtrange Hands, ſo that ſhe was dubious of taking others in, leaſt they ſhould be mine, for I had them directed even from *London*. But in the Beginning of *December*, happening to be at *Griſmond*, I croſs'd over to *Lantilio*, and alighted at the Publick Houſe. *Well* J. ſays I, *I thank you for the proſecution you honoured me with. Damn the Juſtice* (meaning Mr. *P.*) *and Madam, and Miſs, and you too* (ſaid J.) *for giving us all the Trouble we have had: But indeed, Mr.* Parry, *what we did we were obliged to do.* I reply'd, *Well* J. *God forgive you all, for I do.* So after regaling myſelf, I made towards *Dingeſtow*. Mrs. *P.* heard, though my Stay was not above an Hour, that I was in the Neighbourhood, upon

upon which the Doors were barricado'd, leaſt I ſhould pay her a ſecond Viſit.

There was one *William Edwards*, a Bailiff, Father to the Boy that was Evidence againſt me, who lived in the ſame Pariſh; that Fellow had inſulted me whilſt I was a Priſoner in *Monmouth*, upon *Partheniſſa*'s Account. But when I was at Liberty, and happened to meet him, he was ſeized with a Shivering, being apprehenſive that I ſhould have uſed him according to his Deſerts; but being but a Shrimp of a Man I took no Notice: But to be even with him, I often ſent him ſome old Writs, or other Pieces of Parchment, incloſed in a Letter, for which he was obliged to pay double: However, his Houſe lying on the Road-Side from *Lantilio* to *Dingeſtow*, I ſtopt at the Door, and called for a Pint of Ale: The minute he ſaw me he came running towards me, damning me, and calling me all the vile Names he could think of, for putting him to ſuch Expences for Letters. With that he took hold of my Horſe's Reins, and ſtrove to unhorſe me; at that I took him by the Gullet and ſqueez'd him till he was black in the Face. I diſengaged myſelf from him, but he would not quit my Reins, and call'd aloud for his Son, bidding him knock me off the Horſe with a Hunting-Pole: The Son did his Endeavour to obey his Father's Commands, by giving me a ſevere Blow upon the Back Part of my Head. The Father ſtill holding my Horſe faſt, I could think of no Way to get ſhift of them, but by putting my Hand in my Side Pocket, and taking out an Inkhorn, making them believe it was a Piſtol: *Now you*

Dog,

Dog, ſaid I, *ſay your Prayers, for damn you, you have not an Hour to live:* The Fellow was ſcar'd out of his Wits, ſo quitted my Bridle, and whilſt I pretended to cock my Inkhorn, the Son got between his Father and me, in order to puſh him into the Houſe: I had now a fair Opportunity of revenging the Blow given me. With that I ſtood upright upon my Stirrups, and with all the free Will imaginable I knock'd him down, where I left him ſprawling and bleeding, crying out Murther: The old Fellow ſhut the Door, fearful of being ſhot; and I left the young one, telling him we were even.

In the Beginning of 1737, I wrote theſe Memoirs, and diverted myſelf with plaguing Mrs. *P.* As for miſs, ſhe went hardly abroad, fearful of my catching a Scent of her. Mrs. *P.* underſtanding that I lived in Tranquility, was reſolv'd to diſlodge me, if poſſible. She call'd a Council, conſiſting of Mr. and Mrs. *J--ys*, *Phil. M-n*, and ſome others, to conſult how to give me Farther Trouble. One wiſer than the reſt, (whom I take to be Mr. *C--yd* of *Monmouth*,) told them, the only Way would be to ſend for an Order from *London*, to have me taken up with a Sheriff's Warrant, for not putting in my Appearance in the *King's Bench*, to the two Indictments that were found againſt me, which they had removed by *Certiorari*. Now (thought they) we have him ſnug. But the Affair was not carried on with ſo much Secreſy, as to hinder me from having Notice of it ſix Days before the *Herefordſhire* Writ was iſſued out, by a Letter directed to an Innkeeper in *Roſs*. Upon *Friday* the 20th of *May*,

I ſaw

I saw a Sheriff's Officer stand at the Post-Office Door. I went up to him, and said, *B-n, Hast thou got any Action, &c. against me?* He replied, *I have, Master, a Warrant against you; Why the Devil would you come near me? I would not have stir'd an Inch after you, because I know the Affair. However you must go to* Hereford, *and give in Bail for your Appearance above. Mr.* D-s, *the Under Sheriff, will do any Thing to oblige you, upon Mr.* D-s *of* Wilton's *Account.* I knew the Fellow to be a Rogue; and being satisfied, that 'twas more agreeable to hear the Birds sing, than the Mice cry, I resolved upon giving him the Go bye. 'Well, *says I*, let's 'call at Mr. *D-s's*, and I'll get a Letter from 'him to the Under-Sheriff.' Accordingly we went to *Wilton.* The Family being at Prayers, *B--n* and I took a walk into the Garden. I brought him to a Pear-Tree, next the Hall Door, and bad him view the beauties of those Pears, whilst I went for a Tankard of Cyder, as he imagined. I call'd out, *Betty, Betty*, bring a Tankard of the Red Pear. The Girl was a Mile off, and I step'd into the Hall, and gently bolted Mr. *B-n* in the Garden, whilst I took Sanctuary in a remote part of the House, In two or three minutes he bethought himself of the Trick, and knock'd at the Hall Door, which was open'd by Mrs. *R.* Sister to Mrs. *D--s.* 'Where (*quoth* B-on) is Master *Par-* 'ry? I fancy he is gone to *Ross (replied she)* 'for I've seen him go in a hurry over the 'Bridge, *&c.*' The Fellow found it in vain to trifle any more Time away, for the Writ was returnable next Day, and away he trudged for *Hereford.* I beg'd of a sincere Friend to write

to

to Mr. *R- F-r*, of *Lions-Inn*, to enter an Appearance for me in the *King's Bench*, which was immediately done. I once more had the Pleaſure of fretting Mrs. *P.*'s Gizzard; and as for *Phil. M-u*, in one Point I can't blame him, becauſe 'twas his Buſineſs, and he mayn't have ſuch another Client, as long as he lives. And this muſt in Juſtice be ſaid of him, no Man in *England* has a better Method of enlarging a Bill, and if Mr. *P.* or Mrs. *P.* ſhould pretend to tax his Bill (which muſt be well nigh as long as Lady *Wronghead*'s in the *Journey to* London) he will call them Whore and Rogue, and ſwear they are worſe then I really deſcribe them to be.

The Beginning of *July* I determined to make *Worceſter*, in my Way to *London*. In my Way thither, I ſpent a Week with the reverend Mr. *R.* Rector of *Redmarley*; from thence to *Worceſter*, where I ſtaid ſome Weeks, after taking a Ride to ſee *Birmingham*, of which Place once I was in hopes of being made Organiſt. During my Stay at *Worceſter*, that compleat Tradeſman, Mr. *William W-re*, uſed me with an uncommon Civility, his Houſe was my Home, and he made me ſeveral handſome Preſents.

A particular Acquaintance of his, who is a Woollendraper in *Broadſtreet*, inſiſted upon my dining with him, in Company with his Partner's Wife; I accepted of the invitation, and whilſt we were at Dinner the Lady aſked me (hearing that I came from *Roſs*) if I knew one *Parry* an Organiſt? I anſwered in the Affirmative. Pray Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, what Sort of a man

man is he? He is, *ſaid I*, about my Size, and a little above twenty-three Years old: I preſs'd the Gentleman's Foot not to diſcover me all the Time. Miſs *H.* has told me, *ſaid ſhe*, and ſeveral others, that he is the vileſt Villain breathing, and to be ſure he muſt be ſo for degrading *Partheniſſa*, who is one of the modeſteſt and moſt virtuous young Ladies living. I aſſure you, Madam, *replied I*, there is no one knows *Parry* better than myſelf; I am his intimate Companion, and know the very Secrets of his Soul; to my certain Knowledge he has had carnal Knowledge of her Times innumerable, and ſhe made him ſeveral Overtures of Love before ever his Ambition reach'd to the Heighth of embracing her. In Fact, madam, ſhe is a vile perfidious Jilt, and how Miſs *H.* takes upon her to vilify a man that is utterly a Stranger to her, and never did her any injury, I am really at a Loſs to determine; but thus far I am ſatisfy'd, was my Friend *Parry* to have an interview with her and Miſs *Jenny Clarke*, he would ſatisfy her, through Reaſons he could give the latter, that *Partheneſſa* is really what he calls her, *viz. A perjured Jilt. If* Partheniſſa (replied the Lady) *is really what you ſay, ſhe is very much to blame; but Miſs* H. *ſpoke it publickly, and ſaid farther, that Miſs* Mary Clarke *aſſured her of it at Mr.* A -'s *in the* Foregate-ſtreet. After we had ended the Subject, I went into the Yard, and at my Return I met the Lady coming bluſhing out of the Parlour, who turn'd her Face from me; for it ſeems the Gentleman had told her I was the very *Parry* whom ſhe had railed againſt from the information

of

of Miſs *H.* I told Mr. *H.* that I was ſorry he let her into the Secret, though my Expreſſions were ſtrong enough to let her ſee that I was the Perſon. Tuſh, ſays he, don't mind it; Women are but Women. I informed Mr. *W--re* of this, and aſſured him I would write to Miſs *H--e* that very Day; but he conjured me not to do it, as I tender'd his Friendſhip. I laid aſide the Thought at his Requeſt; but if I had written to her, I would have given her a Surfeit from meddling in Affairs that did no Way concern her, by giving ſome Account of herſelf and a Clergyman of the Church of *England.*

On the 22d of *July* Mr. *W-re* went for *Briſtol* Fair, and I was to have gone next morning for *London*, but a Letter from Mr. *George D.* aſſured me, that as ſoon as Mr. *Richard F--r* had entered my Appearance, Mrs. P.'s Agents had joined iſſue, and the Record was come down for a Trial at *Monmouth*, for an Aſſault upon *Mary Haines*, and a forcible Entry, as I have before mentioned, ſo I laid my *London* Journey aſide, and came down in a Wherry from *Worceſter* to *Glouceſter*: There were ſixteen Paſſengers, moſtly Women, going to *Briſtol* Fair, and I do not know that in the whole Courſe of my Life I ſpent among Strangers a Day more agreeably. I paſs'd for a Native of *Sweden*, no one knowing to the contrary but a Servant of Mr. *W.*'s, and highly diverted the Women, by telling them a Heap of Rhodomontades in broken *Engliſh*, for which they requited me with as much White-Wine and Naple Biſkets as I could well tell what to do with. When I came

to

to *Glouceſter*, I providentially got acquainted with Signior *Claudio Roijeri*, a celebrated *Italian* maſter, who has proved himſelf, ſince my being in *London*, to be one of the ſincereſt, and moſt benevolent Friends that a Perſon would deſire to be bleſt with. I went with him to *Monmouth*, the Aſſizes drawing nigh, which gave a Surprize to Mrs. P.'s Family, every one imagining me to be in *London*: Mrs. P. and miſs kept their Chamber for four Days before the Aſſize, being conſcious of their Villainy, and fearful of a Subpæna againſt me, and left the Evidences to make good, at the Hazard of their Souls, what the Attorney ſhould dictate for them. The Cauſe was try'd at the *Niſi prius* Bar, Serjeant *Skinner* (Mr. Baron *Comyns* being ill in *London*) ſitting as Judge. My Council were *H--y W--*, Eſq; Serjeant *Birch*: Mrs. P.'s were Counſellor *Trevor*, *C--e*, *Hollings*, and *Kettleby*. Mr. *Kettleby* had been feed by me ſome Time before, but upon *Philip M.*'s telling him I was not in Town, he took a Fee of two Guineas from him to plead againſt me. Mr. *Hollings*, being King's Council, opened vehemently againſt me: he had a good Wig on, and well combed, but his Speech was rather loud than learned; *C-ve* ſeconded as well as his Capacity would allow him; Mr. *Trevor* examined the Witneſſes, and Mr. *Kettleby* did me no Damage.

I cannot help obſerving one Piece of Artifice, (which is really ſtrange) of *Philip M--*'s; he gave a particular Charge to the Witneſſes not to mention a Word concerning what I had

had ſaid of *Partheniſſa*, which Advice was punctually obſerved.

The firſt Witneſs called was *Jane Gr-od*, who depoſed, That I knock'd at the Door, and the moment the Latch was open I thruſt in, and was forcing my Way through the Kitchen towards the Parlour, where Madam and *Partheniſſa* were; and that *Mary H.* went to hinder me from going there, upon which I ſtruck her with my Fiſt a hard Blow in the Face. *

The Court aſked her, if ever ſhe had ſeen me at Mr. P.'s before; ſhe ſaid, yes; but ſhe remembered one time in particular, that *Pen P.* came to her Houſe, and deſired me to go to *Dingeſtow*, becauſe miſs was very uneaſy at my being at *Lantilio*.

The next Evidence that was called was *Mary H.* who depoſed, That as ſoon as I came into the Kitchen, I was making my way towards the Parlour, and upon her ſtopping of me I gave her a ſmart Blow on the Face, and that ſhe thought I had ſtruck her Teeth down her Throat; but own'd that ſhe did not bleed inwardly or outwardly.

The Court aſked her, What I came there for? She anſwered, that I ſaid for my Wife: Upon which Counſellor *Trevor* told the Court, that as he imagined me to be a Fellow that play'd upon the Jews-Harp from Houſe to Houſe, I might court the Scullion Wench that belong'd to the Family: I happened to be by

* This Woman ſwore at *Caerlton*, that I ſtruck at *M. H.* with my Whip, but ſhe received the Blow with the Laſh End, upon the Side of her Face.

him

him (as well dreſſed as himſelf) and clap'd my Hand to one Side of my Face, and ſpake in his hearing, *viz.* if *T-r* had not ſpoken that ſhallow Speech, which I own to be his chief Talent, his Brains muſt have come out.

The laſt Evidence that was called, was *W. E.-s*, jun. he (being exaſperated at the Blow I gave him the time I had been laſt at *Lan--o*, was reſolved to deviate from the Evidence he gave againſt me at *Caerleon*) depos'd, That as ſoon as the Door was opened to me, I ruſh'd into the Kitchen, with a Sword drawn, two Piſtols cock'd, and a Jockey Horſewhip in my * Hand; that I aſſaulted *Mary H.-s* in the manner mentioned before, by the two foregoing Witneſſes.

My Council ſpake in their Turn, ſhewing the Impoſſibility of my carrying two Piſtols cock'd, a drawn Sword, *&c.* at the ſame time, the Inchoerency of the Evidence given againſt me; and I found myſelf much to blame, in not having the Verdict given againſt me at *Caerleon* for one and the ſame Forcible Entry recorded.

The Council for the Plaintiff, particularly Mr. *Hollings*, cloſed the Pleadings, *and the* Oxford *Member* ſum'd up the Evidence; whereupon the Jury agreed upon their Verdict, and brought me in Guilty of the Aſſault, but not of the Forcible Entry.

The unjuſt J. was exaſperated at them, looking like a fiery Meteor, frightned the harmleſs

* That V—n evidently perjur'd himſelf, becauſe *M——M——n*, the Conſtable, and ſeveral others can teſtify, that when the Conſtable aſſaulted me, and ſearched me, I had no other Arms but my Cutteau and Horſewhip about me

Welchmen, made them lay their Heads together once more, *&c.* who brought me at laſt in Guilty of both? But how did it end? At their Coſt. My Friends depoſited no more than Court Fees and Iſſue-money, as you'll find hereafter.

Immediately after the Court aroſe, one of Mr. *P.*'s Neighbours told me, he was ſorry for me, for that *Jane*, *William Edwards*, and *Mary Haines*, had ſworn heartily againſt me; *But*, added he, *if the two former did not ſwear as they were directed, they muſt have ſtarv'd or left the Country. Let them ſwear on and be damn'd*, ſaid I, *ſooner than I will expend a Farthing upon the Verdict I will lie in Priſon ſeven Years.*

I conſulted an eminent Counſellor, before the Judges left *Monmouth*, in what manner I ſhould obtain the money due to me from Mrs. *P.* He aſked me if I had any Promiſſary Note from her, I anſwered him in the Negative, and that I had no Witneſs to our Bargain but her Daughter. The Advice I give you, *ſaid he*, is to commence no Action againſt Mrs. P. for in the firſt Place you have nothing to ſhew for your Debt; and ſecondly, you have no Evidence but the young Lady, who irrevocably has loſt her Reputation; and in all Appearance has already ſworn a Falſhood againſt you: And if once a Perſon perjures herſelf before a Juſtice or Bench, that Perſon will not value ſwearing forty times as much before a ſuperior Court. My ſincere Advice, *continued he*, is to retain no Thought of her; you are very young, and undoubtedly may get a Livelihood in ſome other Part of the Kingdom.

But,

But, alaſs! my fond Heart doats upon her ſtill; and my endeavouring to drown my Love in Wine and with Women, is like throwing Oyl upon the Fire. Very often, and even at this Seaſon, (*July* 1739.) I'm drowned in Tears, and burn in Love like a Ship ſet on Fire in the midſt of the Ocean. A feeble mind is no ſooner ſeized with this Fear, but Hatred finds a Place alſo; and Love not yet being entirely baniſhed, ſtrange Diſorders happen by ſuch oppoſite Paſſions; and the Soul's not being deſtroy'd, is to be attributed to the Number of its Enemies. On one Hand, Hatred freezes the Heart, (the principal Seat of the Soul) ſtifles the Spirits, and extinguiſhes the natural Heat: On the other Hand, Love burns it; and by dilating its ſmall Cavities, increaſes its Spirit and Heat.

But it ſeems, that to be jilted by a Woman is no new Thing among men. *Solomon*, the wiſeſt of our Sex, who knew Women better than we, compares them to the Wind, and ſpeaks much to the purpoſe, in ſaying, *That he that has a Woman in his poſſeſſion, and endeavours to keep her to himſelf, is like him that retains the Wind with his Arms.* Alaſs! by a woful Experience I have found his Words to be too true. Indeed, Women are naturally very fickle, and eaſily carried by ſmall and frivolous matters, through the Weakneſs of their Judgment. They delight in Trifles, and ſpend all their Life-time in giving Proofs of the inconſtancy of their Sex. Their Stature is generally ſmall, or ſometimes otherwiſe; their Strength indifferent; their Actions languiſhing. In one Word,

Word, they are weaker, and more inconſtant than men.

I cannot paſs by one Thing, in Juſtice to Mrs. P. notwithſtanding her baſe Uſage towards me. In the Country, and ſince in *London*, ſeveral Gent'emen have intimated to me, that they verily believed that I have gone through the Family, *i. e.* that I have lain with the Mother, Daughter, and the Servant. As for the Servant, I have actually had her in my Power, but thought her diſagreeable, by which ſhe eſcaped me.

The Account given me by *Partheniſſa* of her Mother, you have ſeen in theſe Memoirs; and I take Heaven to Witneſs that I never had an amorous Thought of her.

'Tis ſaid, that Honeſty is the beſt Policy; but had it been poſſible for me to have known then, what I have known ſince, I would have made Policy the beſt Honeſty.

If ſhe was pleaſed with any man's Aſpect, during the Time of her Abode in *Roſs*, it was with one *P--ps*, an *Iriſh* Dragoon, of Captain *Whiteford*'s Troop in Lord *Cadogan*'s Regiment. I have heard her often talk feelingly of him; and, to my Knowledge, ſhe has gone often from Church, to a Chandler's Shop oppoſite the Poſt-Office (his Quarters) and gazed upon him for half an Hour at a Time. For my Part, I know no Reaſon why I ſhould not be as free in my Sentiments as the reſt of my Neighbours, in ſaying, that I harbour no better an Opinion of middle-aged Women, old ones, and young ones, who daily frequent the Church, than thoſe who ſtay at Home. I own that Love makes Women indiſcreet; but thoſe that

that paſs for the moſt chaſte, have often no leſs Flame, for being more reſerved than others. That Woman is chaſte, which may be never was aſked the Queſtion, (a Caſe parallel to ſeveral in *Roſs*) for if you examine ſtrictly thoſe that paſs for the moſt virtuous, perhaps they will be found full as criminal as the reſt, and but very few modeſt among them.

The *Epheſian* Matron, whoſe Hiſtory *Petronius* makes *Seneca* agreeably relate, being the Admiration of all the neighbouring Provinces, by Reaſon of her Chaſtity, yielded at laſt to a common Soldier.

But to my own Affair: After *Monmouth* Aſſizes ended, it was the Opinion of Mrs. *P.*'s Agents, that I would not appear at *Weſtminſter* to receive Judgment: By my Neglect they would further have plagued me. I ſtay'd there till the Horſe Race was over, and upon the 20th of *October* I came to *London*. The firſt Thing I did, was to viſit my generous Friend Mr. *J. P.* who ſhew'd me ſeveral marks of his Friendſhip afterwards.

'Tis to be imagined I was not overſtock'd with money at my arrival here; but Providence directed me to the Houſe of Mr. *J-- B-n*, a Vintner in *Fleetſtreet*. I was entirely a Stranger to him, but yet he has had ſo good an Opinion of me, that he has ſupply'd me with money and all Neceſſaries for a great many months, and only upon my Word! And may Heaven renounce me, if he ever loſes any thing by me, the Hour that it is in my Power to requite him.

The Generosity of Signior *Claudio Roijero* shall never be forgotten by me. That Gentleman, at no small Expence, took me to all the Remarkable and delightful Places in and about Town, and what little money I've got here, has been thro' his Regard for me.

I waited upon Mr. Serjeant *B-h* and *Humphrey W-y* Esq; to know in what manner I was to behave in Relation to my Law Affair. The Latter particularly advised me to be in the Hall, and answer if I should be called, assuring me at the same time that he was fully satisfy'd, that he could have the Judgment reversed. I waited several days at *Westininster-Hall*, that Term and the *Hilary* Term following, but my Name was never mention'd. I left word with Mr. *W--d* Clerk in the Court, where I was to be met with if at any Time I should be call'd. But I never heard any more of the Matter, which shew'd how conscious *M- P-*, and Mrs. *P.* were of their unjust Proceedings against me.

It may not be improper to give some account of *Partheniſſa*, during the Space of three Years. After she had jilted me, *&c.* she made a Fool of *Dick J-ys*. The next that shar'd the same Fate (as I am inform'd) was an Apothecary in *Abergavenny*. Who should follow him but an Attorney, who was a manager in the Prosecution against me, *viz. P- M-*, Junior, of *Usk*. The next that attack'd her was Mr. *W- B-y*, a young Gentleman who receiv'd some damage in his Infancy, thro' the carelessness of his nurse; but a greater objection happen'd, which was, his Name sounded very much like mine. After him there came one Mr. *L-l*, with two Servants in Livery. She play'd

play'd with him about ſix Weeks, laugh'd at him, and gave him the Go-by; upon which he declared that he believ'd every word of mine to be true. This plainly ſhews that Money makes the Mare to go. The Perſon who follow'd Mr. *L.* was a *L-* and a near Relation of Lord *A-y*'s. He thought that no Beauty could withſtand a Soldier's Brandiſhing, or an Orator's Rhetoric, but he ſhar'd the Fortune of thoſe that went before him, and finds he is no more than mortal.

In Autumn 1738. *J- C.* of the Hill, and *M- P.* Eſqrs. departed this Life. I could have very well have ſpar'd a couple more. In *January* following I writ *Partheniſſa* a Letter (ſee Letter, No. 58.) There's enough now would be glad of her for the ſake of her Fortune. The firſt that attacked her this Year was Mr. *H- H.* Son to Sir *H.* He ſwore he would have her right or wrong; but he bluſter'd his breath to no Purpoſe. As ſoon as I heard it, I writ to Sir *H-* at *Hamſtead*, and at the ſame time to *Partheniſſa* in the Country, which Letter, in Fact, is not fit to be communicated to the Publick, leaſt it ſhould teach the young Girls, if poſſible, more Miſchief than they already know. In *June* laſt (1739) Mr. *F- L-*, a young Gentleman of Fortune in that County went to make his Addreſs to her, which occaſioned a great deal of Mirth. When he firſt came there ſhe was gone to *Abergavenny*; So Mr. *L.* paid his Compliments to a young Gentlewoman that was there as Miſs's Companion. But the young Gentleman's Mother (who is Head of the *Beau Monde* in that Country) thought to ſalve up that miſtake by going her-

ſelf

ſelf to *Parthenisſa*, and propoſe the match. 'Madam, *ſays Mrs.* P-, my Daughter is al-'ready an unhappy Woman, and if ſhe follows 'my advice ſhe'll never marry, but if ſhe ſhould 'alter her Condition, I have engag'd my inter-'eſt for another.'

'Tis intimated to me that this Perſon is no other than Mr. *J- L.* Attorney. He has been down there ten months on Pretence of ſettling her Affairs. But every one gueſſes at his Stay, and if Sanctity can prevail upon her, he muſt be the man, and I' Faith well-match'd they'll be; for ſhe looks as innocent as an Angel, tho' at the ſame time, I know her to be worſe than a Devil incarnate, and as letcherous as ever *Pompiæ* or *Meſſalina* were who could away with the Embraces of above twenty men in a Day and Night, which they themſelves have bragg'd of if we believe Hiſtory.

A Gentleman of my Acquaintance inform'd me that he was in Company with Mr. *L-*'s Brother, who is an Apothecary (who, to my Knowledge is a meer pedantic ſolemn Coxcomb) and talking about the marriage between the Attorney and my miſtreſs, what unhappy Life they conſequently muſt lead, that I ſhould be a Thorn in their Sides, *&c.* the Gliſter merchant had the impudence to aſſert, that I hardly ever ſaw her, and that if it had not been out of Mrs. *P.*'s Compaſſion and Generoſity in ſending me Victuals, and diſcharging me from Priſon, I muſt inevitably have periſhed there.

1739. In *Auguſt* laſt the Rev. Mr. *W-* had the Vanity to introduce Mr. *W-*, a Haberdaſher to *Parthenisſa*. The Friends of Mr. *W.*

W. blame him much for it, and I'm fully satisfied Mr. *W.* will come home Home without his Errand. My intelligence from the Country is pretty good and the hour I heard of Mr. *W*----'s Journey, I waited upon his Sister, who is an agreeable well behaved young Gentlewoman. I laid the whole matter before her, and to convince her of my Sincerity, I gave her the Liberty of perusing these memoirs, which she gratefully return'd, and soon gave her Brother some Account of his new Aquaintance.

'Tis a Thing impossible for any one to guess at the Emotions of my Heart, whilst I am writing these Things. I confess, and not without many Sighs, that where there has been an entire Love, and the Embers of it left, the Soul keeps loving Ideas of the absent Object, and receives Abundance of Satisfaction, when the beloved Person is mentioned. But sometimes, Lies and Impostures slide in with true Reports, that the Soul is misled into mistrust by suspicious Conjectures, and Doubts of its own forging.

Res est solliciti plena timoris Amor.

By what I have already said, 'tis too apparent, that *Partheniſſa* has ruin'd me. I sacrific'd my Time, and every Pleasure that Youths are fond of, to please her. She has often told me, I had no Occasion to make a Practice of musick, so as to get a future Livelihood by it; for that she had Fortune enough to maintain us both. I foolishly adhered to what she said, and intirely neglected my Practice in that Science.

ence. And what was yet more ſhocking, ſhe hinder'd me from going to places, where, in all probability, I might have got a tolerable Livelihood; eſpecially at a Time when I had diſcharged my Debts, and had money, *&c.* by me. But to keep me in the Country, 'till I had waſted my ſmall Subſtance; to jilt me in ſo ſcandalous a manner; and, after all, to have me ſo unjuſtly impriſon'd! was ſuch an uncommon Provocation, that I believe no one breathing would be ſilent upon.

We engaged ſo firmly together, that I believe no Paſſion equall'd ours: We lov'd with ſuch Violence, that it ſeem'd as if a Spell had been laid upon us: For Years (to my thinking) we were as happy as could be wiſh'd; and had ſhe not been of ſo vile a Diſpoſition, we might certainly have been ſo to this Day. Enjoyment was ſo far from palling my Deſires, that it rather increaſed them. We lived in all the Delights of Love, and gave ourſelves up ſo entirely to it, that we thought of nothing but each other; if any intruding Thought crept in, we would immediately lull it to reſt like a froward Child.

Upon the 8th of *October* 1735, when we parted, it was with ſuch a Regret, that it foreboded our eternal Separation; and had it not been the Series of my misfortunes to get the maſtery of my Paſſion, I never ſhould have withſtood the force of it. But I muſt own, if I had foreſeen the Fatigue and Hazard of this unhappy Amour, I believe that I never ſhould have ventured upon her; becauſe I am verily perſuaded, that I could much better have ſupported ingratitude itſelf, tho' ever ſo foul and

odious

odious, than the deadly! deadly Thought of our irrevocable Separation! I positively affirm, that 'twas not only her Person was so dear to me, but the Steadiness of my unalterable Affection. My Soul is often strongly divided! Her Perfidiousness makes me abhor her, and yet at the same time, my Love, obstinate and invincible, will not let me think of any thing else; but, contrariwise, her lovely idea is always before me: I always thought her, nay, do still, the most charming of her Sex. She often was jealous, without any just Occasion, which sometimes made me almost desperate with her, for her unjust suspicions: Sometimes it signified nothing to humour her in her Weakness, or constrain myself from looking any pretty Woman in the Face. Her Mistrust was so ingenious, as to render my Constraint useless.

Thus have I given a true and an impartial Account of this Amour; wherein the Reader may observe, that I no way have hid my own Faults, but, on the contrary, have fully expos'd them: And if Mrs. *P.* had acted the Part of a prudent Woman, she would have tried, as she was unwilling that I should become her Son in Law, to have kept (especially as she found her Daughter and myself in an indecent Posture) what had past between us a Secret, instead of babling it to that Fiend Mrs. *J..s.* But nothing excepting my Ruin, would allay her Revenge; though at the same Time (together with Miss's giving me up) she only was the Ruin of her Daughter's Character, which might have been sacred to this Day, had I not been so barbarously used. I therefore infer from her Management, that the Reader will join with me in saying,

she

ſhe did not act the Part of (what ſhe would in vain be thought) a diſcreet Woman.

But before I put an End to theſe Memoirs, thinking myſelf happily acquitted and diſcharged from *Partheniſſa*, I ſhall finiſh the Whole with a Word of ſeaſonable Advice to my once intended Spouſe. As ſhe is a Woman of an inſatiable, a brutiſh, and carnal Apperite, that cannot be ſatisfied by any of that Species whom God ordain'd and created for the Comfort and Solace of their Sex, I would recommend to her the Experiment of *Paſiphae*, the ingenious and renown'd Queen of *Crete*.

I have ſomewhere read, that neither her poor Huſband *Minos*, nor any of his Courtiers, being able to give her that Benevolence, which ſhe eagerly expected from them; and being uneaſy and perpetually tormented in her Mind, at her Loſs and Diſappointment, ſhe came to a full Reſolution, at once to apply herſelf to the renowned mechanic of that iſland, the famous *Dædalus*, to invent ſome Contrivance, if betwixt them both they could find any Experiment to take off her Pain, and to appeaſe that Devil incarnate in her.

The Thing had its deſired Succeſs. A Cow was contrived betwixt them both, ſo artificially, as even to deceive the Lord of that Brute Creation. When that ſame is the Object of their Deſires, what will not a Woman do to obtain her Wiſh?

The Queen eagerly aſcends the Ladder, goes into the Cow, and places her *Part* ingeniouſly to the Hole; the vigorous Bull, the luſtly lawleſs Libertine, acquitted himſelf like a Beaſt of Courage, and gave the longing Queen perfect

fect Satisfaction; if ſuch inſatiable Queens may be ſaid to be ſatisfied. The Story continues to tell us, from the happy Enjoyment betwixt both they begot that noble and terrible Creature, the *Minotaur*.

To apply the Story to *Parthenissa*. I know the Indulgence (at preſent) of her Mamma, and that ſhe would ſpare no Coſt or Pains to ſooth and gratify Miſs in her Pleaſures; the ſame Experiment is eaſily to be made, and many a Bull to be had in the Pariſh, beſide the Parſon's: And as I know her Paſſions to be as ſtrong and inſatiable as the laſcivious Queen of *Crete*'s; ſo, in the moſt exquiſite Degree of Pleaſure that Woman ever felt, betwixt them both they may beget another chopping lovely *Minotaur*.

I was adviſed by ſeveral Gentlemen, *&c.* to publiſh theſe Memoirs by Subſcription; which if I had done, 'twould have brought a conſiderable Sum into my Pocket. What I have done is no way for Profit, but to do Juſtice to myſelf and Relations, who have been (if I may uſe the Expreſſion) hit in the Teeth, concerning my being a Priſoner in *Monmouth* Goal.

It is to be imagin'd, that I am not inſenſible of my drawing the Malevolence of a great many People upon me, by writing theſe Memoirs, eſpecially the Fair Sex; but being already acquainted with their Malice, I value them the leſs; for an injur'd Mind thinks nothing unjuſt that is natural.

I can fall no lower than the Earth, and whoever thruſts me down ſooner than Nature intends, muſt follow me (perhaps) ſooner than they will be willing.

I have before obſerv'd, that thro' the Tenor

of these Memoirs I have kept a steady regard to Truth, nothing lessening or extenuating from my own imprudent Conduct and Behaviour, thro' a short space and Series of Life. The courteous Reader must consider me, as one brought up in a Science the most agreeable and entertaining, and which withal exposes a Man many times to a Variety of Company, whereby he is frequently expos'd to the Temptations of some Vices, which he might otherwise have avoided: And if he considers the Incitements of Youth on one hand, and the Blandishments and Allurements of the Fair on the other, especially where the Passion is kindled into Love, he cannot but, in some Measure, put a favourable Construction on my past Conduct: If he condemns me, I am before hand with him, because I have condemn'd myself already; and having now taken a full Resolution never more to be seduc'd by the faithless sex, I can now bid farewel to the amorous Decoy, having been sufficiently punished, and had a woeful Experience of the unhappy Effects of it. And I am further perswaded, that I have furnish'd the Reader with a very necessary and useful Lesson, that misguided Youth may take Warning from my unhappy Circumstances. For,

By such Examples we are taught to prove
The Sorrows that attend unlawful Love.

And, as the same Poet still very wisely observes, a good Character once lost, is with the utmost Hazard and Difficulty ever after to be recover'd. For generally

Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,
And one false Step entirely damns our Fame.

Warn'd

Warn'd by my Example, others may ſhun the Snare; bearing always in Remembrance this uſeful Leſſon, *That unlawful Love muſt expect to meet with unhappy Conſequences.*

Before I put the finiſhing Stroke to theſe Memoirs, I intend to trouble the Reader with a ſmall Detail concerning myſelf in *London*, and what has given my Acquaintance an Opportunity of mentioning my Name frequently.

I happened to be in Company with a Clergyman, Phyſician, an Attorney, and a Gentleman (in *May* 1739) at a Tavern near *Temple Bar*. They inſiſted upon my going with them to *Old-Man's* Coffee-Houſe near *Charing-Croſs*; notwithſtanding 'twas late, and no Coach to be had, I comply'd with their Requeſt: and to facilitate our Walk, I give a Link-Boy Six-pence for his Link, and in going by *Exeter-Exchange*, a Fellow met the foremoſt of our Company, and ſtruck him over the Arm; at which I advanc'd, and ſtruck him with my lighted Torch over the Face, upon which he fell, and was diſabled for a Week or upwards.

He found me out, by my having on a lac'd Waiſtcoat, and had a Warrant from Sir *William Billers*, by virtue of which he carried me before *Micajah Perry*, Eſq; then Lord-Mayor, who committed me to the *Poultry Compter*.

I apply'd to the Gentleman whom I had vindicated for Relief, but he ungenerouſly told me, if I had kill'd the Man, 'twas no buſineſs of his. Upon which Mr. *Pr-rd*, Clerk to Mr. *T- V-n*, of the *Temple*, generouſly reliev'd me out of the Stone Doublet, and engaged his maſter to Proſecute *Partheniſſa*, in an ac-

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tion of a Breach of marriage Contract. He undertook it, and kept the Letters between us, till I ſaw in the *Daily-Poſt*, that ſhe was marriod to *J. L.* Eſq; of *L--Inn*; upon which I ran to Mr. *V-n*, and inform'd him of the marriage. He then told me (after having kept my Letters three Months) that I was a Stranger to him, and that I could not expect that he ſhould proceed againſt my *Quondam Miſtreſs*, unleſs I brought him a Purſe of 100 or 50 Guineas at leaſt. So this Affair, ſo much talk'd of, was dropt, to my Diſadvantage, and to his no great Credit.

In the Beginning of *January* 1739-40. it was inſerted in moſt of the *London* News-Papers, that I was drowned by Skaiting on the Ice in St. *James's-Park*; but Providence, I thank it, ſpared me.

The Winter following Sir *Claudio* recommended me to Mr. *Rich*, Maſter of *Covent-Garden* Play-houſe, where I continued during the long Run of his Grand Entertainment, *Orpheus and Euridice*.

I am now, *May* the 9th, made Maſter of Arms on Board the *Revenge* Privateer, Capt. *James Wimble*, in order to ſail upon a Cruize againſt the *Spaniards*, and if the Almighty ſhould ſpare my Life a few Years longer, I hope to give my Friends, *&c.* a farther Account of myſelf.

LOVE

LOVE LETTERS

BETWEEN

JAMES PARRY

AND

PARTHENISSA, &c.

Note, *Thoſe Letters that are mark'd*

(*a*) Were written in Characters.
(*b*) Were written backwards.
(*c*) Were written in Lemon Juice.
(*d*) Were written in Urine.

I. *To Mrs.* ELIZABETH D-n.

Madam,

THE Sweetneſs of your Beauty, and the Excellency of your Virtues, have ſo very fully taken up my thoughts, and ſo firmly ſurprized and vanquiſh'd my heart, that I am ſo much yours, both by Conqueſt and Duty, as I know not whether I do more affect or honour, or more admire or adore you. Therefore, if you are as

courteous as fair, return me your Heart, as I now give and ſend you mine, and aſſure yourſelf that my Affection is ſo infinite and intire to you, that I love and deſire you a thouſand Times more than mine own Life, and will eſteem my Death both ſweet and happy, if you henceforth live mine by marriage. Your will ſhall be my Law, and be aſſured you have not ſo fervent a Lover, or ſo conſtant a Servant, upon Earth, as he who is proud to ſubſcribe himſelf,

Dear Madam,
Your devoted Slave,

Friday Morn. JAMES PARRY.

II. *To Mrs.* ELIZABETH D--N.

Dear Madam,

YOUR ſweet and excellent Beauty hath enkindled ſo fervent a Flame in my heart, that your late Diſreſpect and Contempt of me, is not ſufficiently prevalent to make me ſoon, or ſlightly forſake you. Although you term my Love folly, and my Affection obſtinacy, yet untill you ceaſe to be fair, think it not ſtrange, if it be impoſſible for me to ceaſe to love you. Neither do I ſacrifice my ſhame to your Glory, or caſt away my Tears upon your Contempt, ſince I perform it more out of Love than Compliment, and rather out of true zeal than falſe Hipocriſy. And as the ſtrongeſt Cities and Caſtles, by the Rule of War, ſo the faireſt Beauties by that of Love, deſerve to be honoured with more than one Aſſault or Siege; and that Officer cannot be term'd a Soldier, Gentlemen, or a Lover. who will be put off with the firſt Repulſe, eſpecially from

ſo

ſo beautiful an Enemy as yourſelf; neither can it breed any repentance in me, to be a Slave to ſo fair a Miſtreſs, becauſe the Excellence of your Beauty is every way capable both to confound Senſe, and to ſubvert and overthrow Reaſon: Be then but as courteous as you are fair, and as kind as I am conſtant, and I'll with Pleaſure ſacrifice my Life at the Shrine of your Beauty, and proſtrate my Zeal and Service at the Feet of your Commands, which if you pleaſe to grant me, nothing on Earth can make me miſerable.

I am, Madam, your Admirer,
And Devoted Servant,

Tueſday Morn. JAMES PARRY.

III. *To Mr.* PARRY.

THERE is none but you that thinks me a Fool, and you have Reaſon, for every Action of my Life to you is nothing but Fooliſhneſs; or who would have parted with a Thing, that when you enjoyed it I was certain you would not come near me; and to give Scrubs what is my Due, is unſufferable. Oh! Heavens, were it all to begin again, how happy ſhould I be; but as it is I muſt (if I can) bear the Fate of ruin'd Girls. 'Tis true, I have a good Mother, but ſhe does not know the Injury ſhe does me, in keeping me at home to ſee but one Man, and he to deſpiſe me as much as I love him: But had it always been ſo, I ſhould not have been miſerable; but, oh! how often has he told me he loved me, till he had the fatal Secret from me, that I loved him ten Times more than it was poſſible for him to do me. When the Conſcience is once ſtung by Sin,

Sin, how diſmal are all one's Thoughts, and every Thing appears black! The wicked have no reſt at Night, for their frightful Dreams; oh! how happy are the Innocent, they have nothing to fear. Adieu.

IV. *To* Parthenissa.

My dearest,

YOUR ſtaying at *Monmouth* longer than I expected, and being in Company with Mr. *Doomſday*, (who, I'm informed, gallants you) gives me a great deal of uneaſineſs. Mr. *Doomſday*, I allow, is good natured; but yet, I do not approve of his being familiar with you, leſt he ſhould diſcover the warm and ſincere Affection I have for you; and I really tell you, that I ſympathiſe with you (altho' fully perſwaded that neither of us have a juſt Reaſon) in Jealouſy. But, to make ſhort of the matter, if you will not come home to Night, I will actually go towards *London* upon *Monday* Morning. None in the World more affectionately yours than

James Parry.

Saturday, 12 o'Clock.

P. S. I was glad to heart that you refuſed to dance with Mr. *Doomſday*, or any other Perſon.

V. *To Mr.* James Parry.

TO be forſaken's worſe than torn,
And Death a leſſer ill than Scorn.
No Foreſt, Cave, or ſavage Den,
Holds more pernicious Beaſts than Men.

Vows,

Vows, Oaths, and Contracts, they deviſe,
And tell us, they are ſacred Ties;
And ſo they are in our Eſteem,
But Empty Names deſpis'd by them.
Women with ſtudied Arts they vex;
Ye Gods, deſtroy that impious Sex,
And if there muſt be ſome t'invoke
Your Powers, and make your altars ſmoak,
Come down yourſelves, and in their Place
Get a more juſt and noble Race;
Such as the old World did adorn,
When Heroes like yourſelves were born.
But this I wiſh not for poor *M-y*'s Sake,
For ſhe no God wou'd for her *Jemmy* take.
The Heart, which is our paſſion's Seat,
Whether we will or no does beat;
And yet we may Suppreſs our Breath;
This let us ſee that Life and Death
Are in our Power, but Love and Hate
Depend not on our Will, but Fate.
Oh that ſome hungry Beaſt wou'd come,
And make himſelf poor *M-y*'s Tomb!
If none accept me for a Prey,
Death muſt be found ſome other Way.

I could write on, but I am afraid you'll not give yourſelf the Trouble of reading it, becauſe it comes from your forſaken fond one,

PARTHENISSA.

VI. *To Mr.* JAMES PARRY.

I Wondered what made you ſhun me ſo much; but now alas, I know the fatal Reaſon! O conſider the Oaths, Vows, and Promiſes you have made me, which you have broke, except that, that when you proved unconſtant (which you

you often ſwore ſhould never be) you would not come near me; but your luſtful Temper could not withſtand the Temptation of a common Woman. So for one that is common to a Regiment, I am left. But the juſt God, by whom you ſwore to be true to me, will not forgive thee ſo ſoon as thou imagineſt; and what can you expect but his ſevere Wrath for my Ruin; and may the ſeducing of me be an eternal Sting to thy Conſcience in all thy Embraces. My virgin and unwary Innocence was wronged by faithleſs Man, who defies the Almighty daily by his Impurities. Thy Flattery bewitched me, and I inſenſibly inclined to a Kindneſs for a Perſon who I thought valued me ſo much. I began with thinking thy Paſſion only an Eſteem, and as ſuch cheriſhed that out of Vanity, which I afterwards rewarded out of Love. I put the very beſt Conſtruction upon whatever you ſaid and did. Thy Rudeneſs I took for the Violence of thy Paſſion, and thou eaſily didſt obtain Pardon. I, by Degrees, ſuffered in you, what I ſhould take to be Inſolence in another; I fancied that one that loved ſo much, could never have a Thought that was injurious to me. I forgot all thy Compliments were mercenary, and thy Paſſion Luſt. Whatever you have told me of being my Captive, your Purpoſe was to make me yours: You pretended to be entirely at my Devotion, when all this while you was working my Deſtruction. --- The Servitude of a Proſtitute is the moſt ſlaviſh in the World; for beſides all the Intereſt of another Life, which ſhe baſely reſigns, ſhe ſacrifices all that's valuable in this; ſhe puts her Reputation wholly in the Power of him who has debauched her, and what is worſe, her Reformation too: If

ſhe

ſhe ſhould have a Mind to return to Virtue ſhe dares not, for fear he ſhould divulge her former Strayings from it; thus ſhe is engaged to future Evils to ſecure the paſt; ſhe ſubjects herſelf, not only to his Luſt, but to his Humours and Fancies: But there is another painful Effect of this Sin; what Fears of my being left by him, what Jealouſies of Rivals have very often tortured me, and not without Ground; for I cannot but think, that the ſame Humour of Variety which engaged him to me, may do the ſame for another, and another, and ſo on; in which I have the Mortification to ſee myſelf neglected and forſaken, for ugly common Trulls, in every one elſe's Eye, but the Soldiers and his own; but Fancy being the Tyrant of this Paſſion, 'tis as poſſible to graſp Air, as to confine a wandering Luſt as yours is; but when I take Courage to look inward, the View is yet more dreadful. A deformed Soul, ſpoiled of its Innocence, and rendered almoſt as brutiſh as the Sin it has conſented to, tho' it be in ſome Reſpect like the Beaſt that periſheth, yet it is not, it cannot be in that which would avail it moſt. An endleſs Being it cannot loſe; nor can it expect any Thing from that Pre-eminence of its Nature, but an Infinity of Miſery. How can I think of appearing before the Almighty, to give an Account of my wicked Life without Horror? Would it not be better for me there ſhould be no God, before whom to appear, than an omnipotent all-ſeeing one, who has been Witneſs to our moſt ſecret Sins? The Mountains I call upon to cover me from the God of Purity; but alas, they are immoveable, and I muſt ſtand fully expoſed to his intolerable Wrath! Better for me that I could return to my original

Nothing.

Nothing. Oh! pity the ſad Condition you have brought me to; a Woman that has loſt her Honour and Reputation, is the Contempt even of him who firſt betrayed her to it, and is a perpetual Blot to her Name and Family. Oh! from what I have found of the Force of Love, let me conſider why has the great God given this ſoft Paſſion Strength to triumph over the Endeavours of the moſt accompliſhed Mortals. This Goad of Pleaſure, this fatal Sweetneſs, this irreſiſtible Deſire, ſo temper'd with human Clay, by thy wiſe all-creating Hands, as if it were neceſſary and an inſeparable Ingredient of it. O! thou bright original of all Things! didſt thou not foreſee the Miſchief it would occaſion? cou'd'ſt thou not have given another kind of Conſtitution? But good God, what am I a doing? Dare I, miſerable Wretch, find any Error in the Creation, or from the Wickedneſs of Mankind, arraign his Mercy to Mankind? Is it nothing then to animate wretched Clay to the Degree of Godhead; to put it in their Choice; to give them Power and Capacity to ſhare with angelick Natures, Immortality and immortal Bliſs? And by a Method ſo inviting and ſo eaſy, that all who have their Reaſon about them, would prefer the Law to Liberty, and the Precepts of God to thoſe of Nature.

But alas! I was ruin'd when in an Age before I knew the uſe of Reaſon, or could have a true Senſe of Glory; and am forſaken now. Nay he had the Inſolence laſt Night, before my Face, to hug *Jenny Birch*; and Oh! in what Raptures did he then cry *Nancy! Nancy! Nancy!* But may all the Plagues of Heaven fall upon his falſe Heart for deceiving me. May he

marry

marry and be deceived as I am! May his Daughters be raviſh'd in his Sight, and may he want Bread as when I firſt knew him! May the Pox rot his Fleſh off, bit by bit, and then may he think on me! May the never-dying Worm continually gnaw his Conſcience, and may he go where he bid me, * which was to the Devil, to Hell, and be damned! Pride ſhall make me hate thee, for every one ſays thou wer't but a---which I ſurpoſe is the Reaſon you chuſe the Company you keep, for Birds of a Feather flock together.

Guilt hinders him from coming near me, for ſure, he will never approach me again, whom he has ſo much injured; for how can he ever ſee me, without being put in mind of all the Oaths he has ſwore to me, and how much he is perjured? May thou be eternally curſt, thou Author of all my Woes; it is finiſhed. Now Man may do his utmoſt, for I can't be more loſt.

My Crime is my Puniſhment; be a very Man, when I tell you of my Love, upbraid me with my Folly; be modiſhly ungrateful, becauſe I have been unfaſhionably kind; and uſe me worſe than you would any Body elſe, becauſe you cannot uſe me ſo well as I deſerve.

When you read this, remember it was wrote by a Girl, who once loved you better than you ever were before or ever will again; but your Uſage has taught her to curſe thee, for thou wer't not worthy keeping a Heart to thyſelf, and I hope thou'lt never have one again to trample on. *Decemb.* the 18th, 1734. Adieu.

* That happen'd the Day ſhe ſaw me kiſs *Dolly Dew. See Memoirs, &c.*

VII. *To* Parthenissa.

My Lovely Angel,

I Have peruſed the Paper which I took from your ſnowy Boſom, and muſt confeſs, it is wrote in a very ſublime Stile; but being well aſſured that the Language in it, has been taken out of Romances, Plays, *&c.* (particularly a remarkable Speech of Lady *Lurewell*'s) it has had not the Effect upon me, that it would have had, provided the Stile had been fraught with your own Graces.

You muſt (my Deareſt) excuſe my Inability, in not anſwering you in ſo high a Stile, having no Romances, *&c.* to pick out of; nevertheleſs, I'll do my endeavour to anſwer you, as well as I poſſibly can, in down-right *Engliſh.*

You accuſe me (my fair One) with keeping Company with a Woman, who you ſay is common to a Regiment; with ſhunning you, and the Lord knows what. You have given me a great deal of Uneaſineſs, by your being jealous of a Woman, to whom I am an entire Stranger, both as to Perſon and Parts, and I ſolemnly declare that I know nothing of her, (I mean as to carnal Knowledge) any more than ſpeaking to her once, and that Time you was at *Nicholas F----'s.* And by all the Extaſy with which I have loſt myſelf in enjoying you, I (for your ſake) will not offer or make Love to her, nor any other Woman, as long as you live: Neither do I deſire or expect for the future, that peculiar Bleſſing of being claſp'd in your Arms.

You tell me I was inſolent in hugging *Jenny Birch*, t'other Night; that indeed gives me freſh Surprize: I beg leave to aſk you, whether

or

or no you were the Perſon, that bid me (as you call'd it) ſmuggle her up in preſence of your Mamma, in order to make her believe, that I paid my Addreſs to *Jenny*. Conſider that, I ſay, and believe you'll blame yourſelf for calling me inſolent, when at the ſame Time, I only acted, according to the Directions which had formerly been given me by you. I own I was to blame in mentioning the Word *Nancy* two or three times, becauſe I was ſenſible 'twould put you out of Temper, yet believe me, I am an entire Stranger to her Name, Perſon, and Temper; but (as *Mackbeth* ſays) a jealous Woman believes every Thing Paſſion ſuggeſts, and that is your Caſe. Was I to be legally married to you (and as it is I have no manner of Comfort) I muſt of Courſe lead a miſerable Life, not only from your jealous Temper; but a Woman that maintains her Huſband (forgive my Frankneſs) is full of Wrath, Imprudence, and much Reproach. This I'm afraid would be my Caſe, ſhould I continue with you: So for the future, I'll retain nothing of you, excepting your lovely Idea; that indeed can never be eraſed out of my Memory. My Charmer, it is the Friendſhip I have for you, that makes me lay myſelf ſo open to you. I therefore beg that you will make a firm Reſolution, never to offend the Almighty any more, but return to Virtue. I no way will be your Hindrance, and whatever has paſt between us, ſhall (for my Part) die and be in eternal Oblivion.

You tell me you was ruin'd in an Age, before you had the Uſe of Reaſon, or a true Senſe of Glory. In my Opinion you very well might have ſpared yourſelf the Trouble of mentioning that Sentence. If you are ruin'd,

you yourſelf was the whole Cauſe of it; for you made ſeveral Overtures of Love to me, before I ever preſumed to preſs your panting Breaſt, or ſuck your balmy Lips, which are ſweeter than all the aromatic Spices of the Eaſtern World.

You ſhould not have mentioned the Word *Age*, becauſe you are older than myſelf, being born upon the 10th of *October* 1711, and myſelf being upon the 20th of *March* 1712-13.

As to your curſing me, wiſhing me rotted, *&c. &c.* it does no way move me. Far be it from me to return the Compliment, for I ſincerely wiſh you all the Happineſs Heaven can beſtow.

Your ſaying that every Body knew I was but a-- which made me keep ſuch Company, *&c.* does not in the leaſt diſturb me. What Name you meant by the long--I am at a loſs to find out. The Company I keep is the beſt in the Town, and as for your telling me I wanted Bread when you firſt knew me, no way moves me, for even yourſelf know that to be as falſe as ever Woman was; but having the Honour to be acquainted with your Temper, and believing you at preſent to be in a violent Paſſion, I am reſolved that you ſhall take your own Time to cool yourſelf. 'Twill be adviſable for both of us to change our Lives, and not to expoſe ourſelves to ſuperlative Evils. Think well of what I ſay; if we have the leaſt Senſe of Religion, our Hairs ſhould ſtand an end, when we conſider that we may die ſuddenly, and having no Time to prepare ourſelves. Both Sexes die at all Places, at all Ages, and at all Times: We are ſure of nothing in this World but that we muſt all die. We muſt (my Angel) all give

an

an exact Account of all our Thoughts, Words, or Actions. Therefore delay no longer taking up a new Courſe of Life; make good Uſe of the Time God is pleas'd to give you, betake yourſelf to Repentance, and make a firm Reſolution never to offend him any more. Follow the Precepts of Mrs. *Stedman*, in worſhipping the Almighty daily, and do not neglect the Advice of your Well-wiſher. I would not have you be fearful of what the licentious World ſays of you, but be afraid of dying a Scandal to your Relations. My guardian Angel, I muſt conclude, wiſhing you may ſerve God, love your Friends, and pardon your Enemies; be likewiſe juſt to all People, and do no Injury to any Perſon. If you obſerve theſe Rules, you may defy the Devil, for you will undoubtedly be happy in that World to come; but you muſt always remember, that the greater you are, the more you are obliged to give the firſt Example.

I am

(thou moſt agreeable of thy Sex)

Your affectionate Friend and Servant.

December 19th, 1734. JAMES PARRY.

VIII. *To Mr.* JAMES PARRY.

Mr. PARRY,

I Think you were very ſilly in going to *Hereford*, when you knew that the Man from *Glouceſter* was to play upon the Organ here Yeſterday; but as it happens it is no great Matter: He play'd in the Morning moſt wretchedly, and never was Pſalm Tunes given out ſo bad as he gave them; his Interludes were ſhocking, inſomuch that ſome pitied him, and others laughed at him; among the latter Sort, you

may be ſure, we bore a Part. In the Afternoon he played ſomething better, which I ſuppoſe was owing to the Inſtructions he received from ſome of the Singers: But however, he is a miſerable Performer, and whoever adviſed him to come here, were no Friends of yours, and the Thing (now they've heard him play) will be of no Service to him; he dined with Mr. *Wear* the Curate: if you had had your Wits about you, you never would have ſent your Beau Clothes to *Hereford*, to ſhew away in, eſpecially at an Aſſize Time, becauſe (as the old Saying is) the Judges always bring wet Weather along with them. Pray take care of Miſs's Mare, and don't (according to Cuſtom) gallop her hard. I am Sir,

Roſs, Mond. Morning. *Your humble Servant,* PEN. P---L.

IX. *To* PARTHENISSA.

Thou Soul of my Soul, and End of all my Wiſhes!

THE Moment I ſaw thee at *Jenny Birch*'s, viewing the Strangers, I went up the Church Lane, intending to ſit with thy Mamma, till I ſaw thee returned, leaſt ſhe ſhould imagine (as I had asked thee to come out) that I was likewiſe at *Jenny*'s. As ſoon as I came into the Kitchen, I aſked her if thou wert gone out; all the Anſwer ſhe gave me (notwithſtanding I had ſaid ſome other Things to her) was a diſcontented Look, and to my Knowledge I never obſerved her to have looked ſo pale before. Immediately gueſſing at the Reaſon, I quitted the Room, but with what Confuſion, I'll leave Heaven and thee to determine. I met *Pen*, in the Street, and ſhe told me, the wrongeſt Thing

Thing I ever did in my Life Time, was to aſk thee to go and ſee the Strangers: For (ſaid ſhe) my Miſtreſs is prodigiouſly angry with you for it, and is reſolved to burn the Muſick; and ſhe is actually bent upon ſending Miſs to Mr. *C--'s* of the Hill to board.

Doubts and Anxieties (my lovely Angel) are ever the inſeparable Companions of Love whilſt in Purſuit: Heaven ſend ours once compleated, and give ſome Period to this diſtracting Suſpence; and if what *Pen.* has told me (which Heaven avert) ſhould prove true, the Lord look down with an Eye of Compaſſion upon me. I am, my Charmer, in the utmoſt Deſpair, being fearful of loſing thee, who art the only Prop of my Life; in loſing thee I ſhall loſe myſelf; then may I ſafely ſay, Curſed be the Day that gave me Birth, and doubly curſed be them that cauſed our Separation, whoſe Love has no Equal. I would to Heaven I was certain, that there is ſuch a Place after this Life, where neither Happineſs nor Miſery could have any Claim to me! then would I with Pleaſure deſtroy myſelf, leſt that in this World I ſhould ſee thee in the Arms of another, which would be the greateſt Curſe that Heaven could inflict upon me here on Earth. I am in Tortures worſe than a Rack; therefore as thou tendereſt my Life, let me ſpeak with thee this Night at Twelve, at thy Chamber-Window; till then, my lovely Angel, and moſt ſacred Treaſure of my Soul, Adieu.

Sat. 26, *April*, 1735. *From thy ever-affectionate And half-dead Servant,*

JAMES PARRY.

X. To

X. *To Mr.* James Parry.

THY Letter put me into a Flood of Tears. I am ſorry thou wert ſo tortured; but be aſſured from me it is no more than a Quarter of the Pain of Jealouſy. 'Twas unlucky your ſpeaking about the Strangers, becauſe it occaſioned a few Words, which were, (the Time Mamma called me into the Kitchen) *viz.* Don't walk dangling with that Fellow: Which I anſwer'd haſtily, She might be certain I would not be ſo ſilly. Then I went into the Parlour to put on my Hat, and ſhe followed me, and ſaid angrily, She ſuppoſed you would be at *Jenny Birch*'s as ſoon as I, and that there was no preventing a Town-Talk of me. Then I, in a great Paſſion, threw off my Hat; then ſhe left the Room, and I ſlamm'd the Window, and broke it; but ſoon put on again my Hat, and went: But, O Heavens! what a Paſſion Mamma went in, (as *Pen* told me) ſhe changed Colour, ſometimes red, then white, which made *Pen* come to ſpeak to me to bid me come home, which I did, but ſhe would not ſpeak to me; ſo after a Fit of crying, I ſent for Mrs. *M--ſe*, who came immediately under pretence to aſk me to walk, which we did, no farther than *Jenny Birch*'s; but took Mamma to the Summer-houſe. Mrs. *M--ſe* ſtaid till Seven; Mamma all the while did not ſpeak twenty Words. Then I went up Stairs, and ſhe talked to *Pen* about thee and me, which I was not told; but that ſhe intended I ſhould go to the Hill to board, which *Pen* adviſed me to do, telling me I knew Mamma would never let me ſtay from her long. To-day we talk'd a little freely; however, I hope

hope it will wear off ſoon. I am convinced here has been in my Abſence buſy tongues at work. Take care how you put Letters into the Spinnet, for I have obſerved Mamma to rout it over. I am ſurprized indeed at your ſaying you'll go where neither Happineſs nor Miſery can have any Claim to you, knowing that that cannot be, for in this World you muſt meet with one on't; and if I ſhall have my Wiſh, it will be Happineſs. I am certain you have more Senſe than to have Thoughts of ſhortening your Life. I han't time to ſay more, only watch the time People go to Church To-morrow to ſpeak to me. Farewel To-night, thou deareſt Boy. This Paper is wetted with Tears; burn it, for I myſelf have taught *Jenny Birch* to read backwards, which confounded me ſo much at your ſhewing the Direction of your Letter Yeſterday.

Sunday Night.

My Dear, dear Deareſt,

The Time you appointed laſt Night was too late; for *Pen* being to riſe very early To-day, 'twas impoſſible for me to ſtay up ſo late. I was a Bed at 11, but the laſt Thing I did was to look out for you, but to no Purpoſe. However, I could not ſleep till One o'Clock for thinking of you. To-day I ſaw you were here, by the * Dirt on the Window, but as I lay on the other Side of the Houſe, there was no Poſſibility of coming.

* Whenever I wanted to ſpeak with her at Midnight, (if I could not awaken her by whiſtling an *Italian* Tune) I'd take a Handful of Dirt, and fling it at her Chamber Window, by which method ſhe'd often riſe from her Bed to ſpeak with me.

XI. *To* Parthenissa.

My lovely Angel,

THE very ſame Hour that you ſet out from hence, I (in Company with Mr. *Perkins* the Attorney) went to *Glouceſter*, where I have had the Ring made according to your Directions, by which (thro' the Help of a Parſon) I hope to be made one Fleſh with you. I have puzzled my Brains theſe three Days in contriving how we ſhall be married with the utmoſt Secrecy, and at laſt have thought of an effectual Manner. Your Brother has two Tenants, *viz. Cecil G----ge*, and *James Ed---ds*; the one lives above *Dingeſtow*, and the other below it. You muſt come under Pretence of dunning them; and as you are paſſing by *Dingeſtow* Houſe, Mr. *J--s* and his Lady (I flatter myſelf) will aſk you to alight, dine with them, *&c.* there we can aſſuredly (having the Parſon and Licence ready) be married as private as we can wiſh for; and I am poſitive, that not any thing, excepting your Pregnancy, (which if you juſtly judge of my Virility, you cannot for any conſiderable time be a barren Woman) can divulge the Secret. I beg you will let me hear from you by To-morrow's Poſt, for I am ſatisfied that you are ſenſible you are my Heart's Darling. I have, my good Genius, bought ſome curious Buſto's (done in *Glouceſter*) made of a chalkiſh Mortar. They repreſent *Oliver Cromwell*, the Chevalier, ſeveral Popes Heads, and the preſent Royal Family; likewiſe ſome ſcarce and valuable Medals, which (being neatly finiſhed) I hope will pleaſe her whom my Soul loves. I would have been with you 'ere this time; but

I am

I am ſenſible that my coming to your Brother's, would ſpoil the Scheme I have already laid. By your Directions, I go daily to your Mamma's as uſual, leſt that by abſenting myſelf, ſhe ſhould miſtruſt our Intrigue. Next Poſt I ſhall expect an Anſwer; till then, (thou Conqueror of my Soul) Adieu.

From him who will ſtile himſelf,

Roſs, June 17, 1735. *Eternally yours,*

JAMES PARRY.

XII. *To* PARTHENISSA.

Dear Love,

I Wrote to you upon the 17th of this Inſtant, acquainting you with our Marriage Scheme; and at that Time I begged the Favour from you of an Anſwer by the Return of the Poſt. I really expected one, but the Diſappointment has in a great Degree mortified me. If the Affection, which you pretended to have had for me, had been real, you certainly would have anſwered my Letter, and not having heard from you, makes me (almoſt) imagine, your Affectien is a pretended one. In my Opinion, no Scheme can be carried on, (provided you are willing) with greater Secrecy: Therefore, I beg to know your Reſolutions immediately; for I think it very inconſiſtent with my preſent Circumſtances, and (what is, or at leaſt ſhould be moſt valuable) my Time, to be trifled with in this manner, by your will, and will not. Poſt is juſt a going out, ſo that I have not Time to ſay more, than that (my lovely Angel) I am moſt affectionately yours,

JAMES PARRY.

P. S. I am removed from my old Lodgings.

XIII. *To*

XIII. *To Mr.* James Parry.

My Dearest, (b)

YOUR kind Letter of the 17th Instant I received, as also one last Night which I don't well understand; for first you upbraid me with a pretended Affection, which I am certain you have had no Reason for, but you might have thought who was with me, *viz.* my Maid; and that it was impossible to give a Letter to the Post unknown to her; but in Answer to your first, good God, what shall I say? you know the State of Life I am in, and how much I love; but what can I do at this Time? We, (you know well) cannot live on Love alone, and Friends will soon look cold on two that they maintain. Besides, for such an Adventure, I ought to have some Linnen, which at present is quite worn out. I'll tell you, my Dearest, my Mind; there is something in Matrimony so shocking, which I cannot account for; it is true, we now love almost to Distraction, and so have hundreds that after marriage have lived miserable. You know my intolerable jealous Temper, which must be disagreeable; besides, several other Failings I have, which makes me of Opinion no Man will think himself happy with such a Wife --But were I my own Mistress, I would soon give you the Satisfaction you desire: I have too good an Opinion of you, than to imagine you would say any thing to my Disadvantage, otherwise I should mistrust your having said something, by every Body's mistrusting our Intrigue; but for God's Sake think of all the Oaths and Promises you made to me, when it

was

was to my Ruin, and by all the Love we have bore one another, don't expoſe me, and tho' I cannot at this Time, I will ſome other, as you call it, make you happy. I cannot truſt the *Dingeſtow* Family, becauſe I know nothing of them, and hardly ever ſaw them; but as it is, I hope you han't let 'em know any thing of the matter: I would not for the World do it at this time, ſince you ſay it would not be a Secret long; for I am ſure I ſhould be murder'd. Thou doſt, my Deareſt, know I am good for nothing; and what wilt thou do with me? I wiſh I could ſee thy Siſter, her advice I would take ſooner than any body's. You find I am wavering, and don't know what to do. When you write to me again, do it in theſe Characters, * and direct your Letters in another Hand, and tell the Poſt-Boy you were deſired to give them to him, and don't put Poſt-paid to *Monmouth*. I long to know where you lodge. Take care of my Rings till I ſee you, for it won't be long before I ſhall come to *Roſs*. I ſhan't write till *Monday*, leſt the People here miſtruſt. Methinks I could for ever write to my Deareſt; but that Time will not permit; ſo I muſt conclude, wiſhing thee all the Happineſs in this World, and Life everlaſting in the next, none in the World more affectionately thine.——When you write again, don't ſcold me ſo: Love me, *&c.*

XIV. *To* PARTHENISSA.

My lovely Angel,

YOUR Letter came to my Hand this Moment, and not being willing to loſe any Time, makes me anſwer you (perhaps) ſooner than you expected. Before I proceed to our main Buſineſs, I muſt my Deareſt (and do ſincerely) beg Pardon for being ſo very imprudent, in telling you in my laſt, that I thought your Affection to me was but pretended; but 'twas your not anſwering me ſo ſoon as I deſired, that put me in a Pet. You know that we *Welch* Folks are as fiery as any People whatſoever; ſo when you conſider that, you'll eaſily forgive me, I believe. My Angel, if your Memory fails you not, you may remember that you conſented to my buying the Wedding Ring at *Glouceſter*; and at the ſame Time gave me the Ring that we, ſome Time ago, married each other with, to have the new Ring made by; and at the ſame Time aſſured me (according to your Promiſe in *December* laſt) that you would be married to me in a legal Manner; and before you left *Roſs*, you told me you would leave the Management of the Affair entirely to me. You ſeem in your Letter to be a Stranger to all this; which ſurprizes me, inſomuch that I cannot (being converſant with no other Woman) tell what to make of you. I am no Stranger to the Way of Life you are in, and believe you love, and that if you are ſo inclined, you may marry me in the moſt private Manner, by the Method I have propoſed. I am poſitive that we ſhall never be drove to that Streſs of living upon love alone; for (if I am married) I ſhall get a Pound where

where I get a Shilling by my Buſineſs. There's no Fear of a Reconciliation ſoon with Mamma, as thou art her only Child, and I know of enough that will do their good Offices between her and us; and ſhould that fail, it would be but giving out that I was going to *Carolina* or *Georgia* with thee, and I am poſitive ſhe would be reconciled, for ſhe would as ſoon part with her Eyes as let thee go out of the Country: Therefore thy Fears of being murdered, *&c.* are nothing but mere Chimera's. I know of no reaſon why thou ſhouldſt harbour ſuch thoughts, and be aſſured from me, that there is no manner of Danger in the Undertaking; and as for Linnen, *&c.* I beg you would not give yourſelf any Uneaſineſs about it, for that ſhall be my Care, and I will provide you ſome immediately. I have (my lovely Angel) acquainted Mr. *J---s* already with our intended marriage, and he, I am perſuaded, will do us all the Service in his Power: Likewiſe M. *L---s* the Attorney, (who you know has been my Friend on all Occaſions;) for it would be a Thing impracticable to carry it on without ſome Friends to aſſiſt us; and if you pleaſe to meet me at *Dingeſtow*, and be married to me, I'll return here the ſame Night; ſo that there cannot be the leaſt Suſpicion of a Marriage, or any Thing like it; and when the Thing does come to be known, (but we may keep it a Secret three or four Years) it will be but a nine Days Wonder, and there would be an End on it: But if once you prove pregnant, the Marriage muſt needs be owned; therefore, as I have acquainted my Friends (who will be as ſecret as the Night) with it, I hope you will not delay the Thing, leſt it ſhould breed Danger. It would

be the wrongeſt thing imaginable to think of ſending for my Siſter *Nancy*; for, as I take it, that would be making the matter appear plain in every one's Eye; eſpecially ſince you ſay that People miſtruſt our intrigue. I am fully ſatisfied of your Capacity in making any man happy: I do not mean as to your Fortune (for I take the Almighty to witneſs, that I covet nor deſire any Thing but your Perſon.) I wiſh it had been my good Fortune to have been born to a large Eſtate, whereby I might have ſhewn you my Sincerity in what I ſay. I have, my Deareſt, thoroughly examined myſelf, and challenged my Thoughts, by which I find, nay, I am poſitive of it, that I ſhall prove a good Huſband to you; and though you are naturally jealous, (if a Fault, it is the only one you have) I'll never give the leaſt Occaſion, by being, as I have always been, ſince our firſt Conſummation, as conſtant to you as the flowing Tides are to the Moon. You actually promiſed me marriage, and if you do not fulfil it this week or the next, I ſolemnly proteſt that I will immediately go for *London*, or elſewhere, and never ſee this Country more: If I find myſelf diſappointed, I ſhall hate the Thoughts of it, after having trifled away ſo much time here to no purpoſe. I ſcorn to bully you into Marriage, but will leave you to determine what to do; and by your dear Self I ſwear, that unleſs you expoſe yourſelf, your Name ſhall never be prophaned by me. I therefore beg that you will not give yourſelf any Uneaſineſs, nor harbour ſo ill an Opinion of me. The Poſtboy is faithful, and in order to keep him ſo, I have given him my Orange-colour'd Waiſtcoat, accompanied with a handſome Spill. He

is

is known by the Name of Lord *Farnaby*. Mr. *Herbert* and I differed about the Price of my Lodgings, for I thought them too dear; and notwithſtanding I had paid him eleven Pounds laſt *Chriſtmas*, in full of all Demands, he was for collecting his Rent before the following *Midſummer*: However, I paid him and have ſince taken freſh Lodgings in the back Part of Mr. *S---'s* Houſe. The Poſt-Boy waits for me on Horſe-back, ſo that I have not Time to ſay more, than that I am, with Sincerity, my lovely Angel,

Your moſt affectionate,

And devoted Servant,

JAMES PARRY.

Roſs, June 23, 1735.

P. S. I have bought a new Suit of Clothes, trimm'd with Silver, in order to appear genteel before the Parſon, *&c.* I beg an Anſwer to this Letter on *Wedneſday*.

XV. *To Mr.* James Parry.

My dear Deareſt, (a)

JAMES, the Poſt, brought thy dear Letter ſafe to me upon *Monday* Night: I heartily wiſh that thou hadſt ſaid nothing of our Affair to Mr. *J---s* or Mr. *L---s*; but as it is, it cannot be help'd; I hope they will keep the Secret, for do what I can, I muſt (I find) now marry thee, for two ſtrong Reaſons; *Firſt*, that if I don't, thou wilt leave me; and in that thou doſt tyrannize a little too much, for thou doſt know, that it is worſe than Death to be without thee. But the ſecond Reaſon ſhocks me more, and that is, I have not had the Fl---s theſe ſeven Weeks, (and I wonder how I could forget to mention it in my laſt) ſo that I am mightily afraid that I have thy dear Image in my Body; not that I ſhall be aſhamed of the Father of it: Therefore, my Deareſt, I will comply with thy Deſire in marrying thee, in a legal Manner, as thou doſt call it; but, for God's ſake, beg of Mr. *J--s* to get an honeſt Parſon; and if I ſhould not prove with Child, after we are married this Week, I will beg of thee, and I am ſure thou wilt not deny me any Thing, not to lie with me but now and then, in order to keep our Marriage a Secret as long as poſſible; and I proteſt that I would not lie with thee all Night in Bed for a thouſand Pounds, unleſs Mamma was dead or reconciled to us; for I am ſure that thou wouldſt make thyſelf a Father and me a Mother ſoon. But, good God, why do I talk ſo ſilly, when I am, I'm afraid, a breeding already. For God's Sake, my Dear, make all the Haſte you can to me; I am almoſt fright-

ened to Death; ſo now my dear Spouſe (for I'm ſure you think yourſelf ſo) adieu.

From thy fond and doating

Lan---io, PARTHENISSA.

Wedneſday 4 *June* 25, 1735.

XVI. *To* PARTHENISSA.

Madam,

I Never, ſince the Hour of my Nativity, looked ſo much like a Fool as I do at preſent. How ſhall I be able to look Mr. *J--s* in the Face, after my giving ſo uncommon a Trouble to no Purpoſe. My Eyes (I thank Heaven) are now opened, whereby I plainly ſee, that you have kept me in the Country only for your Diverſion. Your telling Mrs. *J--s* that you never would marry without your Mamma's Conſent, plainly ſhews it. I own, there's a Duty incumbent upon Children to their Parents; but yet the Happineſs of our Lives depends upon our own Choice, and in my Opinion, no one can be properer than yourſelf to fix upon an Huſband. I find, (and not without Torture) I am not to be the happy Man, and that you are averſe to a Marriage with me, notwithſtanding your Vows and Proteſtations to the contrary. I am really afraid, that you'll be very apt to pay dearly in the End for fooling of me. I now think myſelf your Equal, and you moſt certainly have made it ſo, by accepting of my ſincere Affections and Addreſſes. Therefore, don't imagine that your Fortune ſhall ſkreen you from my Reſentment of your baſe Uſage. I will take a particular Care of your Letters, which are as Records, and ſhall riſe up in Judgment againſt

againſt you. As for the Gold you bid me take, that will I keep to defray my Expences to *London*, tho' I own 'tis worſe than Death to part with you; but ſince it muſt be ſo, (dear Charmer) I bid you an eternal Adieu.

Yours till and after Death,

Dingeſtow, JAMES PARRY.
Wedneſday Morn.
1735.

XVII. *To Mr.* JAMES PARRY.

I Would have given the World (were it mine) that I had ſtaid at home yeſterday. Good God, what can Mrs. *J--s*, who is a perfect Stranger to me, think of either of us. I was very much ſurprized to ſee you in ſuch a Paſſion after all the Proteſtations to the contrary, that you made me here laſt *Saturday* Night. If you loved me as you ſay you do, you would hardly affront me. As Mrs. *J--s* knows all, I'll take her Advice, and only her's in every Thing. Let me know next Poſt if you'll let me have the Money, or no: Elſe I muſt go ſoon to *Roſs* to fetch ſome of my own, for I can't be here without any. My ſincere Love and Service to good Mrs. *J--s*, (for I find you are there ſtill.) So now Adieu.

I wiſh I were a Fly, to ſee if you ſhew this to any one. I muſt I find take Care how I write, ſince I am threatened by you; it once was otherwiſe. I han't Time to ſay any more at preſent, or I'd ſcold you.

XVIII. *To*

XVIII. *To Mrs.* J---s.

Dear Madam,

I Received your obliging Letter by Mr. *Parry*, and ſhall always ſtudy to deſerve your Friendſhip; and if it e'er lies in my Power to make you amends for your Good Offices between him and myſelf, no one ſhall be more willing, than,

Madam, your moſt devoted
humble Servant
PARTHENISSA.

XIX. *To Mr.* JAMES PARRY.

Dear PARRY,

THE Letter you wrote to Mr. *Porter*, was imparted to me, and I have (with the greateſt Deſire to ſerve you) been at *Doctors-Commons*, and find it is impoſſible to buy a Licence, without an Affidavit from one of the Parties concern'd. My Boy, I wiſh you all the Succeſs imaginable in your Undertaking, and if upon further Reflection you can tell how I can be ſerviceable to you, I'll do it by G--d.

I am,
Yours to Command,
W---L---s.

Lond. July 24, 1735.

XX. *To Mr.* JAMES PARRY.

Dear Jemmy,

I Receiv'd yours of the 26th paſt, and I aſſure you that I have made the beſt Enquiry about what you deſired; but I find it is impoſſible to obtain it. As this is an Affair of great Conſequence,

quence, I think you might find ſome Excuſe for leaving *Roſs* for 8 or 9 Days, and in that Time, you might come up here, and have it effected according to your Deſire, and be down again without the leaſt Suſpicion. Mr. *L--s* knows as well as any Body, that an Affidavit in this Caſe muſt abſolutely be given; and that it is not in the Power of any Clergyman to grant one under leſs Terms. I thought ſhe was the Perſon you mentioned in your laſt, and if it was in my Power to be any way aſſiſting, I ſhould be as zealous in it, as if it was my own Affair. I hope to ſee you in 14 Days Time, but I ſhould be glad to hear how you proceed by the firſt Poſt, and what your Reſolutions are. My humble Service to Mr. *L--s*, and I am ſincerely your Friend and Servant,

Lond. July 31, 1735. WM. L--s.

P. S. Mr. *P--r* gives his Service to you, and wiſhes you Succeſs.

XXI. *To Mr.* JAMES PARRY.

My Deareſt,

'TIS not to be imagin'd how ſurprized and ſorry I was, to ſee you at the *Ship*. I hope you don't uſe that Houſe, nor indeed the Neighbourhood. Be conſtant and true to me, and keep all things ſafe 'till I ſee you, which I hope will be ſoon. I can't tell you the Grief I am in, to find you writ to *Betty R--s* ſo ſcolding a Letter. Mrs. *P--ps*, when we were alone, told me all (and indeed nothing but the Truth) concerning *Dingeſtow* Affair. I wiſh the Houſekeeper and the Parſon's Tongue had been out; Take all the Care imaginable in writing

writing to me. You muſt deſire *Pen* when ſhe writes to me, that ſhe'll remember me of the Song I promiſed to ſend you, and you muſt deſire no more than a Verſe at a time, becauſe I am a Woman of Buſineſs. (* *My Time O ye Muſes*) I han't time to ſay more. I am entirely yours, *&c. &c. &c.*

P. S. Deſire Mr. *Parry* to write out *Lonzineigh*'s for the Flute. †

XXII. *To* PARTHENISSA.

My Lovely Angel, (c)

THINE I received, by the Method agreed upon between us. I am ſorry to think that thou wer't ſurprized to ſee me at the *Ship*, and believe me, I never frequented that houſe or neighbourhood, ſince the Time that thou wer't jealous of the *Jerſey* Spinner. Neither would I have been there the fatal Day I parted with thee, had it not been for the Servants, who came to fetch thee: and I thought it my Duty to treat them well, for thy dear Sake. Therefore give thyſelf no manner of Uneaſineſs; for, by the Love I bear thee, I never will darken thoſe Doors. I am, my Phænix, as much concerned as you can be, concerning the Letter I've ſent to *Betty R--s*; but what is paſt cannot be recalled. I am at a Loſs to gueſs who ſhould tell *Mary P--s* of our *Dingeſtow* Adventure, unleſs it was *Jacob*: I believe him to be a ſly Dog; but I dare take upon me to ſay, that the Houſe-keeper, nor the Parſon,

* A Song in one of the Spectators.

† That Sentence was written with Ink.

never

never mentioned a Syllable of it. I wiſh thou hadſt prov'd with Child at that Time; then thou wouldſt have married me, and the nine Days Wonder wou'd ſoon have been at an End. I will take all the Care imaginable of thy Rings, and will never give thee an Occaſion to doubt my Conſtancy and Affection.

Firſt, ſhall the Heav'n's bright Lamp forget
to ſhine,
The Stars ſhall from the azur'd Sky decline;
Firſt, ſhall the Orient with the Weſt ſhake
Hand,
The Centre of the World ſhall ceaſe to
ſtand;
Firſt Wolves ſhall league with Lambs, the
Dolphins fly,
The Lawyer and Phyſician Fees deny;
Firſt Heaven ſhall lie below, and Hell above,
'Ere I inconſtant to my *Molly* prove.

My Charmer, I heartily wiſh, that there was a Chryſtal Caſement in my Breaſt, thro' which thou couldſt ſee, without any Deception of Sight, how truly I am, and how entirely, thy moſt affectionate and ever conſtant

JAMES PARRY.

Roſs, Aug. 11, 1735.

P. S. You know how deeply I am in Love, and it is impoſſible for me to be without you long? therefore, my Deareſt, do not delay coming to my Embraces.

XXIII. *To*

XXIII. *To* PARTHENISSA.

My Lovely Girl, (c)

I Should not have written to thee ſo ſoon, had I not had an Opportunity of ſending thee a Tune which I have ſet to the Words made upon Lady *Diana Bertie* for the Flute. I have, my Angel, had a Strong Invitation, from a particular Friend of mine, to come to *Hereford*, in order to ſee the Horſe-Races; but I was willing to acquaint my Fair One of it, before I ſet out. I ſhall not ſtay there above two or three days; ſo am in Hopes my being there will be no way diſagreeable to thee. Reſt ſatisfied that I will not ſalute any Woman there, for thy dear Sake.

Thy Image only ſhall my Breaſt employ,
And fill my captiv'd Soul with Shades of Joy;
Direct my Dreams by Night, my Thoughts by Day;
And never, never, from my Boſom ſtray.
'Tis thou alone that art my conſtant Care,
In pleaſing dreams thou comfort'ſt my deſpair;
And makes the Night, that does thy Form convey,
Welcome to me above the Faireſt Day.

I burn to ſee thee; therefore come to *Roſs* upon the 17th of this Month, or thereabouts; and I will moſt certainly be here, in expectation of thee. I am heartily concern'd for thy Simplicity, in aſking thy Mamma to come to *Monmouthſhire*; becauſe ſomething tells me, that her being there will daſh our Amour to Pieces unleſs we are timely married; but be aſſur-

aſſured from me, we never ſhall have a fairer Opportunity, than when at *Dingeſtow*. I have not Time to ſay more, than that I am (thou Charmer of my Soul) thy ever-conſtant and affectionate (Husband in Effect)

JAMES PARRY.

Roſs, Aug. 12, 1735.

P. S. If thou doſt not come to me, at the Time I have appointed, I ſhall leave thee for ſome Weeks.

XXIV. *To Mr.* PARRY.

The 2d Chapter of Solomon's *Song.*

I.

AS when in *Sharon*'s Field the bluſhing Roſe,
Does its chaſte Boſom to the morn diſcloſe,
Whilſt all around the Zephyrs bear
The fragrant Odours thro' the Air;
Or as the Lilly in the ſhady Vale,
Does o'er each Flower with beauteous Pride prevail;
And ſtands with Dews, and kindeſt Sun-ſhine bleſt,
In fair Pre-eminence ſuperior to the reſt;
So if my Love, with happy Influence, ſhed
His Eyes bright Sun-ſhine on his Lover's head;
Then ſhall the Roſe of *Sharon*'s Field,
And whiteſt Lillies to my Beauties yield;
The Roſes with the Lillies join,
And their united Charms are leſs than mine.

II.

As much as faireſt Lillies can ſurpaſs
A Thorn in Beauty, or in Height the Graſs;
So does my Love among the Virgies ſhine,
Adorn'd

Adorn'd with Graces more than half divine:
Or as a Tree, that's glorious to behold,
Is hung with Apples all of ruddy Gold,
Hesperian Fruit, and beautifully high,
Extends its Branches to the Sky;
So does my Love the Virgins Eyes invite;
'Tis he alone can fix their wandring Sight,
Among Ten Thousands eminently bright.

I really am so tired with writting, that I can write no more; but if none of your Acquaintance has the Spectators, I'll, when I have more Time, finish these Verses: but here is now enough to keep you from Idleness, so hasten to make a Tune to it: 'Tis writ so bad that I must desire you'll burn it, as soon as you have writ it out.

N. B. Thus far was written with Ink, but that which follows with Lemon Juice.

My Dear, I receiv'd thine, but with what Confusion, Heaven knows; for my Mamma being with me last Night, when the Post brought thy dear Letter, which I no sooner open'd but was ready to faint; but was glad to see *Pen. P----ll*'s Name at the Bottom. Mamma ask'd me if it was thin Hand, which I denied. I have not read it yet; keep all my Things safe till I see you, which I hope will be soon. I writ last *Saturday* to thee, and once before, which is all the Times I have since the fatal day of our Parting. When I heard you were at *Monmouth*, I was very uneasy, because I writ as you desire me, so I thought you would have been at *Ross*.

My Dear, Say you can't have this Song any

where elſe. I long to ſee thee, my Dear; *Wedneſday* or *Thurſday* is our Reaping Day, ſo can't come then, but about eight Days I will if poſſible. I can't imagine your buſineſs at *Hereford* Horſe-Race; I wiſh I was with you; but pray don't go, for I ſhall take the firſt Opportunity to come to *Roſs:* And as my Stay won't be long, ſo watch it.

I deſire you will kiſs this Paper, for it lay near my Breaſt two Hours to-day. I wiſh *Pen.* has not found out our grand Secret, by your being ſo ſilly as to be out of Town when I writ to you. I was in little Hopes of ſeeing you here, in your Road to *Abergavenny.*

The above I writ Yeſterday to my Dear, and as I can't ſee it I have forgot. I am hardly able to ſupport the Melancholy this dull Place has put me in, with your diſmal Letter of parting, and the Lord knows what. Oh! my full Heart and Eyes, which are now ready to burſt. Oh! Love! Love! has been my Ruin. Mamma wonders that *Pen.* writes ſo often by Poſt, therefore don't do it but now and then. *Saturday* depend upon a Letter from me: I long to ſee thee, my dear Boy! I need not caution you how no one ſhall ſee this. It was an unlucky Moment that you wrote to *Betty R--s,* as you told her, no one but ſhe could tell *Digueſtow* Affairs; 'tis ſhocking to me to hear thee term'd a Rogue in that Buſineſs, and as much as the Maſk is talk'd of. Oh! that ſorry Houſekeeper. Poor Mr- *J---s* and his Wife are as ill thought of as you.

I am, Yours moſt Affectionately,

PARTHENISSA.

XXV. *To* Parthenissa.

I Was booted, ſpurr'd, and juſt going for *Hereford*, when *Pen.* gave me thy dear Letter and Verſes. I find in thine that thou art averſe to my going to *Hereford*; and to let thee ſee the Regard I have for thee, I have pull'd off my Boots, *&c.* and deferr'd my Journey. I promis'd myſelf a great deal of Pleaſure by being there; but be aſſured from me, I will ſacrifice the moſt agreeable Diverſions this Life can afford me, (if they are any way diſagreeable to thee) to comply with any Thing my *Partheniſſa* would have me do. I aſſure my Fair One, that I have not been out of *Roſs* ſince ſhe left it; therefore if you writ to *Pen.* ſhe never acquainted me of it; and whoever told my Angel that I was in *Abergavenny*, did wrong; for I have not ſeen that Town, ſince the Time that I was bleſt with thy Company there. I am ſorry to hear that thou art ſo melancholly, and wiſh for nothing more than to be with thee, my better Half. I may ſympathize with my Deareſt, in ſaying, Love! Love! has been my Ruin. From the Time my Soul has been captivated by thy matchleſs Charms, I have not done any Thing, (neither indeed can I) beſides thinking of thy dear, dear Self. I conjure my Angel, by all the Ties of Love and Friendſhip betwixt us, that thou wou'dſt fly to my Embraces; for it is a Thing impoſſible, for one that loves as I do, to be any conſiderable Time diſtant from the real Object of his Wiſhes. How I've lov'd.

Witneſs ye Days, and Nights, and all your Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,

As all your Buſineſs were to count my Paſſion.
One Day paſs'd by, and nothing ſaw but Love,
Another came, and ſtill 'twas only Love;
The Sun was wearied out with looking on,
And untired with loving.
I ſaw you all the Day, and ev'ry Day.
To me, each Day was ſtill but as the firſt,
So eager am I yet to ſee you more.

I wiſh what I'm going to write may'nt be diſagreeable to my pretty *Poll*? I have this Moment receiv'd a Letter from one Miſs *Kitty G---n*, of *Newport*; wherein ſhe tells me, ſhe has an Inclination to be inſtructed in Muſick by me, and wants to know how much I'll take each Journey; and ſhe tells me I was recommended to her by Miſs *W---e* of *Monmouth*; whether it was Miſs *P---a*, or Miſs *R--c--l* I know not: However, I'll go down this Week to *Newport*, and teach her. I propoſe to be out no longer than three Days. But be thou (my fair one) aſſured from me, that if Miſs *G--n* ſhou'd prove (which I think impoſſible) as beautiful as thyſelf, it never ſhall be in her Power to attack my Eyes from thee who art my very Soul. I have told thee that what's paſt concerning *Betty R--s*'s Letter cannot be recall'd. You tell me that the Neighbourhood term me a Rogue, for carrying on a Match, (which they imagine) between Mr. *J--n J--s* and you. Their uſing me thus, is quite the reverſe to give me Uneaſineſs, for I am pleas'd with it, becauſe that Report makes our Affair the ſungger, eſpecially ſince thy Mamma is ſatisfied to the contrary. I believe thy Aunt *J--s* to be at the Head of this Report, as well as of ſeveral others, to thy Knowledge as well as mine.

May

May ſhe by Worms be in old Age devour'd,
And by all Mortals, as by me, abhorr'd.

So much for her carrotty Pate. But I would for their own Sakes, adviſe them to have a Regard to what they ſay of Mr. *J--s*; he is well known to be a Gentleman; one that never offers an Affront, and I am poſitive he will not take one, from any one Breathing. I ſhould be glad if thou would part with me, whilſt I might go to *London*, and buy a Licence; that was what I meant, by parting with thee ſome ſhort Time in a former Letter; however, I will be govern'd by thee, and no one elſe.

I am,
My Deareſt Lovely Angel,
Thy moſt Conſtant and Affectionate
JAMES PARRY.

Roſs, Aug. 14, 1735.

N. B. About the Time that this Letter was written, there was a Report that I carried Letters from Mr. *J---s*'s Brother to *Partheniſſa*; although to my Knowledge he hardly ever ſaw her, but never ſpoke or writ to her.

XXVI. *To Mr.* JAMES PARRY.

My Deareſt Dear, (*a*)

I Received thy Letter, and am now fully ſatisfied that thou haſt a tender Regard for me, by not going to *Hereford* Horſe-Race; for if you had gone there, I ſhould indeed be jealous of the Haberdaſher's Daughter, that I have heard thee ſo often make Mention of, when thou didſt uſe to joke with me. I do aſſure thee, my lovely

Boy,

Boy, that I'll comply with any Thing thou ſhalt aſk of me, but going to *London*. That I never will conſent to, unleſs I was with thee; for I know thee to be very amorous when a little in Liquor. We can, (my Deareſt) and will be married very ſoon, one Way or another; therefore be not uueaſy upon that Score. I know thee to be full of Love, and that thou cannot be without a Woman long: So to prevent thy going aſtray, I'll quickly come to *Roſs*, and keep thee honeſt. I beg (my Deareſt) to know who the young Lady you made Mention of in your's is; I mean as to her Family; let me know whether ſhe is handſome or not, whether ſhe ſings well or not, and laſtly what is her Height, Shape, Air, and Complexion. I hope thou wilt not take this as an impertinent Enquiry, but anſwer me ſincerely, for thou art no Stranger to my Temper. I have told thee before, that our reaping Day is nigh, and the Moment we have done, then I (with as much Extacy, as thou hadſt Eagerneſs to deprive me of my Virginity) will fly into thy dear Arms with Pleaſure. As I write this Letter in Characters, I can't, you know, be ſo particular as I could wiſh. So I conclude with theſe Lines, which if they were made on Purpoſe for us, they could not be more apropos; but, now I conſider, they will be too long for this Letter, eſpecially in Characters: ſo I'll write them upon a blank Half-Sheet, with Lemon Juice, in a Letter that I ſhall write to *Pen*, this Week. Pray write to me in the ſame Manner, between the Lines in a Tune that you muſt ſend me for the Flute. No more at preſent, thou beſt beloved

of

of Men, but that I am thine moſt affectionately.

PARTHENISSA.

Lan--io, Aug. 15, 1735.

P. S. Pray go to our Houſe as uſual, leſt by abſenting *Pen* ſhould miſtruſt.

XXVII. *To* PARTHENISSA.

My Dear Angel, (*b*)

I Was at *Newport* when thy delightful Letter came here, and would have called upon thee with Pleaſure, but that we agreed to have an Interview here. Firſt, in Anſwer to thine concerning Miſs *G--n*. She is a Clergyman's Daughter of *N--h*, a Town in *Glamorganſhire*; and, together with her Father and Mother, boards at Mrs. *G--n*'s, who formerly was Houſekeeper, to Sir *W--m M--n* of *T--r*. The young Lady is a little taller than *Nancy Dew*; ſhe is airy, well ſhaped, grey eyed, and has a little Wen upon her Right Eye-Brow: her Hair is of a light Brown, and is (by what I can hear and ſee) qualified to make any Man happy. But when I conſider thee, whoſe Form ſurpaſſes the beautiful *Circaſſian*'s, thy bewitching, ſoft, and glorious blue Eyes, where the Sout ſpeaks and dances, and betrays Love's Secrets in every killing Glance; a Face where every Motion, every Feature ſweetly languiſhes; a Neck all tempting, and thy lovely Breaſt inviting Kiſſes from my eager Lips; then thy Hands, ſuch claſping Arms, ſo white, ſo ſoft and ſlender, which have ſo often claſp'd me; but above all, thy lovely Hair and Limbs muſt not be forgot;

when

when (and in Fact I do nothing elſe) I think of the Beauties of thy Body and Mind, it is not in the Power of Miſs *G--n*, or any Female, to ſteal one Thought of thee from me.

I long to fold thy Body in my Arms!
To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars!
While every Sigh comes forth ſo fraught with Sweets,
'Tis Incenſe to be offer'd to a God.
The vernal Bloom and Fragrancy of Spices,
Waſted by gentle Winds, are not like thee.
From thee, as from the *Cyprian* Queen of Love,
Ambroſial Odours flow; my ev'ry Faculty
Is charm'd by thee, and drinks immortal Pleaſure.

Why then, O thou Bleſſing ſent from Heaven to eaſe my Toils of Life! thou ſacred dear Delight of my fond doating Heart, why doſt thou not fly to my Embraces?

Whilſt I was at *Newport*, the Widow *W--* of the *A--* came there, to pay a Viſit to Mrs. *J--s*, (Miſs *W--e*'s Siſter) and ſent for me. I waited upon her, and (after I had ſung a Song or two) ſhe aſſured me, ſhe would learn both to play and ſing of me, and would ſend for her Spinnet from *London*; and as ſoon as it came, ſhe would ſend for me, to the --. I hear, as well as others, ſeveral Things ſaid, *&c.* So that I ſhall not do any thing, but by thy conſtant Directions. But to our own Affair. As you ſay in your laſt dear Letter, that you are ſatisfied that I have a juſt Regard for you, why don't you come to me, eſpecially ſince you know that I cannot be long without you. I have often told thee, there is nothing that I deſire more than thy dear ſelf; and I never wiſh'd for

for any Thing more, than to have thee my lawful Wife. Thou doſt, my Deareſt, know, that I have no Eſtate to ſettle upon thee: I would to Heaven I had -- That I ſuppoſe is the Reaſon, why thou doſt wave the one, but refuſeſt not the other. I will with Pleaſure (my Deareſt) if you think proper, have Writings drawn, and will readily ſign them; whereby you ſhall be Miſtreſs of your Fortune, after Marriage: So that you may ſettle it upon whom you pleaſe. In my Opinion nothing can be more plain than that I covet yourſelf, and not your Fortune. I hope to have my Doom one Way or the other very ſoon. I would not for the World deceive thee, and I have too good an Opinion of thee, to think that thou wilt triſſe with me, and am ſure thou can'ſt not call my Love in Queſtion.

That I do love thee, O all you Hoſt of Heaven.
Be Witneſs! That you are dear to me!
Dearer than Day to one whom Sight muſt leave,
Dearer than Life to one who fears to die!
O thou bright Power be Judge, whom we adore,
Be Witneſs of my Truth! Be Witneſs of my Love!
---- Dear as the Light
To Eyes but juſt reſtor'd, and heal'd of Blindneſs.
That I do love thee, Heav'n's Witneſs to the Truth,
As I could love Proſperity with Youth.

Why then does not my Angel haſten to my Arms, for my Memory runs continually upon thee. Thy lovely Idea fills up, and ingroſſes my Imagination, that I can think of nothing elſe. Let me deſpair if I lye. Therefore (my lovely Girl)

Girl) make haſte and come to me, and tantalize me no longer by ſtaying from me; for a Sight of thee will be more precious to me, than all the Curioſities and Diverſions in the World. Haſten then to the Arms (thou ever preſent to the Heart) of thine eternally.

Roſs, Auguſt
19*th* 1735. JAMES PARRY.

P. S. Give my Compliments to *Bunny Brown*, and tell her, I'll uſe her unmercifully the firſt Time I catch hold of her, *&c.*

XXVIII. *To Mr.* JAMES PARRY.

(*c*)

TO thee I ſend, my dear, dear *Jemmy* this,
Joy of my Soul, and my heart's only Bliſs:
To thee this ſhort Epiſtle I commend,
Kindly receive it from thy bluſhing Friend;
For who from Bluſhing can refrain, when ſhe
Thinks on the Time ſhe was ſeduc'd like me?
My Breaſt, you ſaid, began to pant and riſe;
Pleaſing my Shape, and killing were my Eyes:
With Pleaſure then around you ſpread my fame,
And ſighing wiſh'd for--what I dare not name.
Theſe were the Prelude to our future Joy:
Then you more forward grew, and I leſs coy;
Your balmy Words, as *Hybla*'s Honey ſweet,
My fond believing Heart leap'd up to meet.
Deep in my Heart your Image keeps its Place,
Which Time, nor yet Enjoyment can deface.
How happy ſhould I be, if ſure that mine
Was rivetted but half ſo deep in thine.
When firſt incircled in your Arms I lay,
I bleſt the Night, and curs'd the coming Day.
My Virgin Treaſure was a World to me,
And I the Victim ſacrific'd to thee.

This

This was, alas! my poor unhappy Caſe,
When I deluded was to your Embrace:
With tranſports I received your amorous kiſſes,
And gave what Lovers call, the Bliſs of Bliſſes.
We neither love, nor burn with common Fire,
Ours is the mere Perfection of Deſire.
Unleſs we love, Life's but an empty Name,
'Twas Love that join'd the univerſal Frame.
To me your heart, and mine to you I gave,
And both poſſeſs'd, what both had wiſh'd to have.
The generous Path of Friendſhip then purſue,
You live for me, and I live but for you.
Angels love Souls: So let them love for me:
As mortal, we muſt all like Mortals be;
Their Love is pure, and mine more unconfin'd;
I love the Body, they love but the Mind:
Mine more intenſe and active ſure muſt be,
Since I gave Soul and Body both to thee.
Judge, my dear *Jemmy*, ſure you muſt judge right,
What paſs'd between us the firſt happy Night.
I felt you with a pleaſing Kind of Smart,
The Kiſs went tingling to my very Heart.
The Sweetneſs cling'd upon my Lips all Day,
When it was gone, the Senſe behind did ſtay.
Love has no Cure. True Love can never cloy.
We covet more, when more we do enjoy.
Love couples friends, love's chain our Body ties;
With Pleaſure then our Hearts we ſacrifice.
Such Sweets by Death alone can be deſtroy'd:
Bodies were made that they might be enjoy'd.
Senſe is enough, where Senſes only woo,
But reas'ning Lovers, muſt have Reaſon too.
Tell me, my deareſt *Jemmy*, is not this
The Quinteſſence, the Hony-Moon of Bliſs:
When, to compleat our Happineſs, combine
Our Bodies, and as cloſe as lips they join?

Why ſhould we for each other fear to die,
When heaven commands, encreaſe and multiply?
Then, like the Phœnix, we'll revive again,
And often die, but never feel the Pain.
If ever I perceive my Flame decay,
And when at firſt you find yours fade away,
Then kindly come, and light your Eyes at mine,
And I'll with Pleaſure take freſh Fires at thine.
In all I'm pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And that laſt Joy was dearer than the Reſt.
Then with each Word, each Glance, each Motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd:
'Till all diſſolving in the Trance we lay,
And in tumultuous Raptures dy'd away.
By Charms like thine; which all my Soul have won,
Who might not--ah! who would not be undone.

My Dear, Dear Jemmy.

I have writ theſe Verſes ſo ſmall, that I am afraid thou canſt hardly read them. They were writ by ſeveral Hands, but ſent by a Counteſs to her *Polyarchus*. I had not room to put them all in this Paper. Her Affair was ſo like ours, that I was reſolved to ſend them to my Deareſt. But to anſwer thy dear Letter, I cannot help ſaying, that I am a little uneaſy at thy teaching Miſs *G-n*; but being aſſured, that no one beſides my ſelf, can have any Share in thy Heart, that on the other Hand makes me a little eaſy; but by all the Love we have born one another (I inſiſt upon it) thou ſhalt not teach Mrs. *W--*. You know what a Character ſhe has; it was but the other Day, that after ſhe had been lying with Mr. -- of -- ſhe left ſome ſteel Powder behind her; which

which People ſay, ſhe takes to prevent quickening with Child, and indeed ſometimes I am ſo frightened, that I wiſh I had ſome too. But my Dear, if you love me, you will not teach her upon any Account. I will come within theſe few days to *Roſs* to thee; don't be out of the way; and ſince thou art ſo eager, I will comply with thy Deſire in any Thing that thou doſt aſk of me; not but that I will ſcold at thee, for ſaying that I do waver, *&c.* But we love each other and have been for a long Time, ſure of our Honey-Moon; I han't Room to ſay more, only I am thy moſt affectionate and ſincere

PARTHENISSA.

Lan--io Aug. 21, 1735.

P. S. Mamma ſays that *Pen* is afraid of loſing us, by her writing ſo often. *Bunny Brown*, as thou doſt call it, is very well, and bids thee Defiance; but there has been no Inundation this long Time.

XXIX. *To* PARTHENISSA.

My Dear Girl, (*c*)

I TOOK thy lovely Letter this Day from *Pen.* but not without ſome Difficulty. I am really afraid, that ſhe begins to miſtruſt our Intrigue, by her not ſhewing me any of thy Letters as uſual. 'Twas my good Luck to take thine this Day by main Force from her? So that (I believe) ſome new Method of correſponding muſt be thought upon, and that ſpeedily.

I have (thou lovely Angel) often told thee, that thy Will ſhall be my Law; therefore I

am ſurpriſed that thou ſhouldſt be uneaſy, concerning Mrs. *W*-- ; and ſince I find thee averſe to my teaching her Muſick, no Money ſhall tempt me to wait upon her. Thou art ſenſible that I value thy Love more than Riches. To ſatisfy thy Doubts, I never will ſpeak to her if poſſibly I can avoid it? The two Lines that we have often alternately repeated, are ever in my Memory.

My Life, my Soul, my all that Heav'n can give,
Death's Life with thee, without thee Death to live.

Therefore, I inſiſt upon thy coming to *Roſs* this Week. I am ſure if thou are ſo inclin'd, no one will be thy Hindrance. I have often (my Dear, and you very well know it,) propoſed honourable Marriage to you, and you have as often declin'd it: But what is your reaſon for delaying it, I know not; you know that Delays breed Danger: I now am in a very good Way of getting Money; but how much more ſhould I be, if I was married. Muſick Maſters, as well as Dancing Maſters, never can expect a handſome Livelihood, until they are join'd in Wedlock? This (my pretty one) is the Caſe with moſt, if not all of us. 'Tis no new Thing for a young Fellow, of a genteel Profeſſion to marry a young Lady of fine Accompliſhments; neither is it uncommon for a Girl of Fortune to chuſe for herſelf. I am above the Degree of a Journeyman Mechanick, or a Perſon that condeſcends to wear a Livery; and yet, I have read in the Publick Papers, of the latter Sort who've kick'd up their young

young Miſtreſſes Heels, whereby they have to an handſome Figure in the World. I own

No Flocks have I, no fleecy Care,
No Fields that wave their golden Grain;
No Paſtures green, or Gardens fair,
A Woman's venal Heart to gain:
Then all in vain, my Sighs muſt prove,
Whoſe whole Eſtate, alas! is Love.

How wretched is the faithful Youth,
Since Women's Hearts are bought and ſold;
They aſk no Vows of ſacred Truth,
Whene'er they ſigh, they ſigh for Gold:
Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove;
Thus am I ſcorn'd -- who have but Love.--

To buy the Gems of *India*'s Coaſt,
What Wealth, what Riches could ſuffice?
Yet *India*'s Shore could never boaſt,
The Luſtre of thy Rival Eyes:
For there, the World too cheap muſt prove,
Can I then buy, --- who have but Love?

Then *M*--*y*, ſince nor Gems, nor Ore,
Can with thy brighter Self compare;
Be juſt as fair, and value more
Than Gems, or Ore, a Heart ſincere:
Let Treaſure meaner Beauties prove,
Who pays thy Worth muſt pay in Love.

My Angel may wonder, how I came to be ſo poetically inclin'd? the only Reaſon I can give is this. Being (worſe than Death) debarr'd of thy dear Self, I cannot do any Thing, excepting I pore now and then into ſome Books. I

often meet with Paſſages of the foregoing Nature, which ſeem to point at me; ſo that I cannot help tranſmitting them to my Fair One? *M--t M--n*, the Flax-Woman, waits for me, ſo that I cannot have Time to ſay much more. If you have any Regard for me, you will either come over to me in three Days, or write me a Line, and ſend it to-morrow.

Yours to Eternity,
JAMES PARRY.

Roſs Aug. 21, 1735.

P. S. Why can't you ſend by *James* the Poſt-Man, and order him to deliver them to my Lord *Farnaby*, (as formerly) who will moſt aſſuredly bring any thing ſafe to me. I know him to be truſty.

XXX. *To* PARTHENISSA.

My Dear, (*c*).

PEN P——'s ſending a Bundle of Cloaths to *Monmouthſhire* gave me Opportunity of backing my laſt Letter ſooner than you expected. I ſent you a Letter dated the 21ſt *Inſtant*, which was the ſame Day that I was favoured with your laſt. I begg'd in mine to ſee, or at leaſt hear from you this Week; I promiſed myſelf the Happineſs of one or the other; but my Hopes have been fruſtrated. I cannot help telling you in plain *Engliſh*, that by your ſeeming indifference, neglect and contempt, I imagine you have met with ſome new Face, which (I'm afraid) you are fond of; if ſo, I muſt tell you, that I am not uſed ſo well as I have deſerved. You cannot be inſenſible that I have

ſacrificed every thing that ſhould have been valuable in me in pleaſing of you; if you are inclinable to part with me, let me inſtantly know it, and nothing on my Side ſhall be wanting to compleat your Happineſs in any manner whatever. I gave you to underſtand in my laſt, that I ſpent ſome time in Reading during your tedious Abſence; ſo meeting with a Paſſage that hit me ſlap in the Face, I am reſolved to ſend it to you.

The Night's black Curtain o'er the World was ſpread,
And all Mankind lay Emblems of the Dead.
A deep and awful Silence void of Light,
With duſky Wings ſat brooding o'er the night.
The rowling Orbs mov'd ſlow from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*,
With Harmony that lull'd the World to Reſt.
The Moon withdrawn, the ouzy Floods lay dead;
The very influence of the Moon was fled.
Some twinkling Stars that through the Clouds did peep,
Seeming to wink as if they wanted Sleep.
All Nature huſh'd, as when diſſolv'd and laid
In ſilent *Chaos* 'ere the World was made.
Only the beating of the Lovers Breaſt,
Made noiſe enough to keep his Eyes from Reſt.
His little World not like the greater lay,
In loudeſt tumults of diſorder'd Day.
His Sun of Beauty ſhone, to light his Breaſt,
With all its various Toils and Labours preſt.
The Sea of Paſſion in his working Soul,
Rais'd by the tempeſt of his Sighs did roll,
In tow'ring Floods to overwhelm the whole.

Thoſe

Thoſe Tyrants of the Mind, vain Hope and Fear,
That ſtill by Turns uſurp an Empire there,
Now raiſing Man on high, then plunging in deſpair.

Thus *Jemmy* lies, his Grief no Reſt affords,
'Till ſwelling high, it thus burſt out in Words:
Oh! I could curſe all Womankind but one,
And yet my Griefs proceed from her alone.
Hell's greateſt Curſe a Woman if unkind,
Yet Heav'n's great Bleſſing if ſhe loves, we find,
Thus our chief Joys with moſt Allays are curſt.
And our beſt Things when once corrupted worſt.
But Heaven is juſt, ourſelves the Idols fram'd,
And are for ſuch vain Worſhip juſtly damn'd.
Thus the poor Lover argu'd with his Fate,
His *Molly*'s Charms now did his Love create,
That Love repuls'd, now prompted him to hate.
Sometimes his Arms wou'd croſs his boſom reſt,
Hugging her lovely Image printed in his Breaſt;
Where flattering Painter Fancy ſhew'd his Art,
In charming Draughts, his Pencil *Cupid*'s Dart.
The Shadow drawn, ſo lively did appear,
As made him think the real Subſtance there.
He thought her naked, ſoft, and yielding Waiſt
Within his preſſing Arms was folded faſt;
Nay, in her Charms ſhe really there was plac'd.
Elſe, how could Pleaſure to ſuch Rapture flow;
The Effect was real, -- then the Cauſe was ſo.
What more can moſt ſubſtantial Pleaſure boaſt,
Than Joy when preſent, Memory when paſt?
Then Bliſs is real which the Fancy frames,
Or thoſe call'd real Joys, are only Dreams.

You

You may ſee by this Letter, and others of mine, that you are my conſtant Thought and Care; but I will intrude no longer upon your Time, becauſe (as you've writ me Word in a former Leter) you are a Woman of Buſineſs, ſo I take my Leave, ſubſcribing myſelf with Fidelity, your oblig'd and ever conſtant

JAMES PARRY.

Roſs, Sat. 23, *Aug.* 1735.

P. S. I intend ſetting out for *Newport* on *Tueſday* next, to teach Miſs *G-n*. I have ſent you the Tune, that I did ſet to *Sharon*'s Roſe, and *Si caro ſi*, both for the Flute.

XXXI. *To Mr.* JAMES PARRY.

(c)

I durſt not call thee Dear, ſince thou art ſo ungerous as to think I am fond of new Faces. I am ſure I never gave thee Occaſion to have that mean opinion of me; but it was what I always fear'd, and ſo I told you. Heaven knows my Heart, how ſincere it is: But my Misfortune is, that the two I ſtrive moſt to pleaſe, ſuſpect me moſt, *viz.* Mamma and you. All that I can ſay is, that I am unhappy to the laſt degree, and am often tempted to put an End to ſo miſerable a Life as mine is: With tears I ſpeak, not that I would have you think this to wheedle with thee, for I would have every one imagine, I am not that mean thing. When you rightly conſider it, you'll not blame me I preſume. I had your Letters 'tis true, but had not time to ſend an Anſwer, nor opportunity to ſcorch. I have hardly two Minutes alone. Your *Monday*'s Letter I received, but what was

I the

I the near; I could come at no Fire 'till *Wedneſday*, I hope you have had what I writ to you; this being the fifth time ſince our coming here. I muſt beg you will not ſend by the Poſt, for the firſt I received put me in ſuch a Confuſion, that I was forced to go out of the Room. And I cou'd not own to Mamma, that 'twas you that writ it, tho' *Pen*'s Name, was at the Bottom: But laſt Night I was forced, being I had juſt received the Bundle. She is a little angry with thee, and ſaid I was always ſending for ſomething or other, which made People talk ſo much of us. She does not know that I have had a tune from thee. I have been forced to wait 4 Days for an opportunity to ſcorch thy Letters, ſo you can't be angry with me upon that Score. But I fear you will ruin all by Writing ſo often. You may depend on't, it was not my Fault that I did not come to *Roſs*, before this time. The firſt Moment Mamma will give me Leave, I'll take it with no ſmall Pleaſure. I fancy it will be ſoon, for ſhe ſaid to Day, my Gown would be ſpoil'd if it was not ſoon robed. We only wait to have a *London* Letter firſt, as we expect from my Brother ſoon. And you know it would not be well to do the thing you mention, (Marriage) the Time of his coming; ſo it muſt be done either before, or after. So now my Dear, I have writ over my Paper ſome way or other; ſo muſt conclude; not but I could for ever write to thee, my deareſt Dear. I have ſomething hangs upon my Spirits ſo heavy which I am not us'd to, that I'm really afraid, I ſhall either loſe my Senſes or Life. Therefore 'tis barbarous to uſe me ſo rough as you do. After I have been thinking of thee, I often in the midſt loſe my Memory. I wiſh I

was

was with thee, thou ſhould'ſt ſoon be convinc'd I'm not fond of new Faces. My deareſt Boy, I was afraid of ſomewhat, but now I have the Fl--rs.

From thy Fond
PARTHENISSA.

Lant--io, Aug. 24, *and* 25, 1735.

Being buſy, I've been two half Days writing this Letter.

N. B. *The Gentleman that wrote me the Letters XIX and XX (who is at this Time a Merchant in* Birmingham*) ſaw* Pen P--*give the Letter, which I ſcorch'd in his Preſence; but did not let him read the Concluſion, till* 15 *Months after 'twas dated.*

XXXII. *To Mr.* J----B G---E.

Honeſt J---b.

THERE is a Gentleman near *Newport*, who has an Inclination to learn the Violin; he wants both a Maſter and an Inſtrument; you know I am no Dab at a Fiddle, but will venture to teach him the Gamut, and will ſupply him with Muſick. If you have e'er a good Violin to diſpoſe of, write me a Line on *Saturday* next, directed to me, at the *King's Head*; but I had rather you would give me the meeting there, becauſe I am poſitive we ſhall make but a few Words to the Bargain. Pray give my Compliments to Madam and Miſs. Tell Miſs that I have tranſcrib'd *Secatiata del ſua nedo*, out of *Rodelinda*, and *un Lampo ela Speranza*, out of *Admetus*,

Admetus, both for the Flute, and will ſend them to her the very firſt Opportunity.

I am Yours,

Monmouth, Aug. 28, 1735. JAMES PARRY,

N. B. *The Minute* J--b *received my Letter, and read it till he came to the* Italian *Words, he carried it to* Partheniſſa, *who ſeeing a Mark upon it, (whereby ſhe knew that I had filled up the Paper with Lemon Juice) told him ſhe wanted his Paper to ſet down a Memorandum, by which means ſhe kept the Letter and ſcorch'd it, and what I writ was as follows.*

XL. *To* PARTHENISSA.

My lovely Angel, (c)

PEN--- *P*--- gave me thy Letter on *Tueſday*, whilſt I was in your Parlour, in Company with honeſt *W--L--s*, who is juſt come from *London*. I confeſs my laſt Letter to my Charmer had nothing of the complaiſant Lover in it; but is there any thing that a Man who loves as I do, is not capable of ſaying? I love thee to Deſtraction, and that's the Reaſon that I am for ſecuring thee to myſelf. My Heart grows fuller and fuller of thee, and the leaſt kind Word ſoftens me to Follly; Love is a Witchcraft of the mind, that directs one to an Object, and fixes one to it, maugre all our Reſiſtence; 'tis a diſeaſe that ſeizes us like the Madneſs of Dogs and other Animals. Love cauſes in Lovers the ſame Effect that Wine does in Drunkards. I need not tell thee all this, becauſe (to me) thou art the Queen of Love. I fully determin'd to've been at *Newport* on *Tueſday*, but Mr. *M--ſe* made me defer my Journey till

till he came with me in his Road to *Swanzey*. I write this to thee here in *Roſs*, but what I ſhall write To-morrow from *Monmouth*, will be nothing but a Flam, in order to have this convey'd to thee. Let me hear from thee, nay let me ſee thee ſoon, for I long to wear the Matrimonial Yoke, therefore do not defer it any longer.

Thee I conjure, by all our paſt Delights,
Our chearful Days and our tranſporting Nights,
By all the imprecated Gods above,
To who.n you are forſworn unleſs you love,
By thy fair Face, which I as much adore,
As all thoſe Gods, and own as much its Pow'r,
Ah! let thy Wiſhes with my Will agree,
Since ſurely I thy Slave muſt ever be:
In thee ſince I have center'd all my joys,
O Venus! *let my Love be ſtill my Choice.*
Heav'n knows, dear Girl, I love no other Fair,
In thee lies all my Love, my Heav'n lies there.
Oh! may I, by indulgent Fate's Decree,
With thee lead all my Life, and die with thee.

I've bought a little *Welch* Horſe, but repent my Bargain, for I am almoſt as able to carry him, as he can me; but I can ſell him to Advantage. I ſhall return to *Roſs* in three Days, and if that thou doſt not come to me, do not think it impoſſible for me to fall in Love with a pretty young Girl, whom I've lately ſtolen a Glance from. My dear deareſt, pardon my Jeſting, and believe me to be with Sincerity, thy eternal Adorer.

JAMES PARRY.

XXXIII. *To* Parthenissa.

My Lovely Angel, (*b*)

YOU know what Money I brought out with me. I have paid a Barber what I owed him out of that, and ſhall want Money to clear myſelf here, before I come to *Roſs*; which ſhall be to-morrow (God willing) for I long to be in thy Arms. Send me a Guinea by my Lord *Farnaby*, this Evening, by which thou wilt oblige him who loves thee dearer than his Eyes, and aims at nothing upon Earth, more than that of ſubſcribing himſelf, my lovely Angel, thy conſtant and affectionate Spouſe,

James Parry.

King's Head, Monmouth,
Sat. 13, *Sept.* 1735.

P. S. Lord Gage's *eldeſt Son danced with* Miſs Alice C--ke, *and* * Mr. Tommy C---d *with* Miſs B--d *of* Cowberry. *I have not ſeen any great Beauties here.*

XXXIV. *To Mr.* James Parry.

My Deareſt Dear, (*b*)

THY dear Letter was brought me this Minute, and ſince I believe thee to be true and conſtant to me, I think it my Duty to hide

* A young Gentleman of Fortune in *Newport, Monmouthſhire* (I forgot mentioning of him in the courſe of my Amour) In *October* 1734, he came to *Roſs*, (accompanied by Mr. *H———t R———rs* of the *King's Head* Inn in *Monmouth*) in order to pay his Addreſſes to *Parthenissa*. He ſent for me, and begg'd of me not to in

nothing from thee. Mamma intended that I ſhould go to the Horſe-Race with the Miſs *C--s*, and ſhe ordered † *R--s* to give me two Guineas for that purpoſe. So that you muſt look out for him, being it's Market-day, and take it of him; but do not ſpend it all, and don't be angry with thy fond *Partheniſſa* for giving this Caution, becauſe I know thee to be generous and free, *&c.* You promiſed to be back in three Days with me, and now it is my turn to hector; if you don't come Home to-night, I will actually go to *Lantilio* to-morrow. I ſhan't forget thy Letter, which frighted me ſo much when I was at *Monmouth* this Day twelve-month with Mrs. *B. D.* and Mr. *Doomſday*. My dear Boy, for all Jeſting, come to my Arms this Night or to-morrow without fail, for I long to have thee with me. My dear deareſt Boy, I han't time to ſay more, only,

I am,
Your moſt affectionate Spouſe,
PARTHENISSA.

Roſs, Sat. Two o' Clock.

N. B. I could not meet with him; he gave the money to Mr. J. S. *Clerk to an Attorney, who gave it* Partheniſſa *that Night in* Roſs. *That Perſon has ſaid ſeveral Things in Compa-*

to go and ask her, if ſhe would give him leave to make her a Viſit. I perfectly knowing, or at leaſt gueſſing the Anſwer ſhe wou'd make) delivered his Meſſage but ſhe wou'd not ſee him. If Mr. *Doomſday* had heard of this ſhort Embaſſy of mine, I ſhould moſt certainly have loſt his good Opinion of me.

† *W*——*R*——*rs* (a Tenant of Mrs. *P*——) who keeps the *Golden Lion* in *Abergavenny*.

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Your moſt affectionate Spouſe,
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Roſs, Sat. Two o' Clock.

N. B. I could not meet with him; he gave the money to Mr. J. S. *Clerk to an Attorney, who gave it* Partheniſſa *that Night in* Roſs. *That Perſon has ſaid ſeveral Things in Compa-*

to go and ask her, if ſhe would give him leave to make her a Viſit. I perfectly knowing, or at leaſt gueſſing the Anſwer ſhe wou'd make) delivered his Meſſage but ſhe wou'd not ſee him. If Mr. *Doomſday* had heard of this ſhort Embaſſy of mine, I ſhould moſt certainly have loſt his good Opinion of me.

† *W*——*R*——*rs* (a Tenant of Mrs. *P*——) who keeps the *Golden Lion* in *Abergaveny*-

ny, ſince my Amour was publickly known, which are no Way to her Advantage; 'twas concerning her Behaviour, &c. *whilſt he was in her Company; I being then at* Monmouth.

XXXV. *To Mr.* James Parry.

(*b*) *Sept.* 28, 1735.

I AM ſorry to go without taking Leave of thee, though I've all the Reaſon imaginable to fancy thee inconſtant; if you write to me, take all the Care in the World, and not by Poſt, as laſt time. I ſhould be glad (if the Sight of me can be endured) if you would call on us. I han't time to ſay more, only I fancy that you have three or four Strings to your Bow. Adieu, thou beſt beloved of Men, but nothing cures Love like a Slight from him one loves, *&c. &c.*

Parthenissa.

XXXVI. *To Mr.* L——s.

Sir,

BE pleaſed to give the incloſed to Mr. *Parry*; but muſt beg you'll not give it him, unleſs you're ſure he's faſting, and ſober; and in ſo doing you'll very much oblige,

Sir,

Your very humble Servant.

N. B. The inclos'd was as follows.

To

To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

(*b*)

YOU can't be ſurprized at our Behaviour, when you conſider where you ſpoke ſlighting of me; but to keep you no longer in ſuſpence, you muſt know there came a Letter to Mamma, but from whom ſhe won't tell, aſſuring her that you one Night came to an Alehouſe, and ſwore you might marry me any Day; but my Face was damn'd ugly, my ſhape bad, and my ſneaking Temper you ſhould never endure; and then ſhew'd ſeveral Letters that I writ to you; and that if ſhe doubted, there were two men ready to ſwear it at any time. You may gueſs what a hurry here is, firſt with me, then I with you. I am now quite deceived in you; ſo farewel for ever. I hope you'll not expoſe me in this laſt End; but I thought in Juſtice I ought to tell you the Reaſon in Writing; ſince I never ſhall be again alone with you, which I find you're not ſorry for. Alas! there's no Faith in man. She is determined to leave off Houſe-keeping, which I am not ſorry for, ſince I find it is as it is. When I think of thy broken Vows, good God how it ſhocks me! but man is made to Flattery, Deceit, Self-intereſt, and all that's bad. You cannot be angry when you conſider it, ſince you know too well how I am ſerv'd, that did not deſerve it from you. I was forced ſolemnly to ſwear, that I neither was, or ever would be married to you; and you may imagine I made no Scruples, as ſoon as I found your Uſage; there was at that time a Penknife

to my Breaſt, which was to oblige me to a Confeſſion. Oh! I have had ſuch a Week of Vexing, that it ſhall ever be my earneſt Prayers to the Almighty, I may never have the like again. As 'tis impoſſible for you to clear yourſelf, I muſt beg this laſt Favour, that you would never write more to me, ſince it would but help to make me more miſerable, if poſſible. Good God, how ſilly I was to truſt a Drunkard. Oh! how I am this moment hurried by different Paſſions. But what am I doing? You are not the Perſon I took you for, and may be I may have this Letter flung in my Teeth; but if you are not quite turn'd Brute, have the Compaſſion to burn it. I could ſtill upbraid you, but muſt now conclude; therefore once more farewel for ever, from the too too much deceiv'd,

PARTHENISSA.

I often think upon the Verſes I once writ you, out of the * Maid's Tragedy: *I could tear my Heart and Eyes out; but what am I the near. I endeavoured to write in Lemon, but am ſo watch'd I could not. For God's Sake take no Notice to* Pen, *not even that you are a going to* London, *where I wiſh you all the Happineſs this World can afford. Next Saturday I'll ſay a little more to you on a Piece of Paper that I'll ſend to* Jenny Birch, *with the Names of the Books that you have of mine, if I can poſſibly.*

* *See* Letter V.

XXXVII. *To*

XXXVII. *To* PARTHENISSA.

My lovely charming Angel, (b)

MR. *L--s* came on *Tueſday* Evening to my Lodgings, and aſk'd me if I had drank any Thing that Day. I aſſured him I had not. He told me he had a Letter for me from you, and with that gave it me; but when I peruſed it, good God! how great was my Confuſion, Trouble, and Surprize; my Heart was ready to've burſt within me, my Pulſe beat low, my Spirits failed me, and for ſome Minutes I was bereft of my Senſes. Mr. *L--s* (ſeeing my Concern) begged that I would be as eaſy as I could; and to make it my Buſineſs to find out the Author of that villanious Letter, which was ſent thy Mamma. No Pen (my deareſt Angel) is able to deſcribe the Anxiety I am now in, and am really afraid, that I never ſhall be able to ſurpreſs my Grief, ſince (Heaven knows it) I am to be debarred unjuſtly from thy lovely Perſon, and dear Converſation, *&c.* My lovely Girl, I ſcorn to tell thee a Lie, and will ſo far vindicate my integrity, as to inſiſt upon thy believing me, in what I am going to ſay. I take the Almighty God to witneſs (as the Creator of all Things both viſible and inviſible) that I never was capable of ſaying thoſe Words of you, that you've mentioned in your Letter, and I heartily imprecate, that he would ſplit my Soul into ten thouſand Splinters, and caſt them into the deep Abyſs of Hell, if I ever (to my Knowledge) harboured ſuch a Thought of you; it therefore muſt be ſome damn'd Fiend, that could write ſo helliſh a Letter to your Mamma. I would with Pleaſure forfeit any thing but my Soul,

Soul, to be revenged on them, did I but once know who they are. I would have no Regard for their Family, for by Heav'n I would do myſelf Juſtice.

When I am wrong'd, and unreveng'd ſit ſtill,
Sword, Flame, and Poiſon have forgot to kill.

Cou'd my deareſt Angel ever be perſuaded by any Devil, to believe that I could ſay thy Face was damn'd ugly, thy Shape bad, *&c.* I cannot think you would believe it. I ſolemnly declare in the Preſence of Heaven, that I always did, do, and ever ſhall think thee beautiful as an Angel, and one fragrant Field of Charms, to pamper up the Blood of wild Deſire. To me you were always dear as the Light; O dearer than the vital Air I breathe. O thou art dearer to my Soul than Reſt to wearied Pilgrims, or to Miſers Gold; to great Men Power, or wealthy Citizens Pride. But your Mamma's inhuman Uſage to you has ſhock'd me more than any thing elſe. I cannot help thinking but that ſhe ſaw me in thy dear Embraces, at the Bottom of the great Stair-caſe, the laſt time I was at *Lant--io*, and bleſt in thine Arms. And I am really of Opinion (becauſe ſhe ſaid nothing to me after you ran up Stairs) that this is an invention of hers, in order to ſeparate thee inhumanly from me for ever. *Pen*'s ſeeing you in tears when I was going to *Monmouth* Horſe-Race, has been (you may depend on't) of great diſſervice to each of us; nay, I ſwore at that time, it would inevitably ruin us, unleſs timely remedied by our Marriage. My Angel may be aſſured that no one upon Earth, excepting Mr. *L--s*,

L--s, has ſeen any of thy Letters to me. And he, although the beſt of Friends to me, and one who knows ev'ry other Secret of my Soul, (but that of enjoying thee) none but thoſe that were no Way expoſing thy Loſs of Virginity

Go bid the Needle his dear North forſake,
To which with trembling Rev'rence it does bend;
Go bid the Stones a Journey upwards make;
Go bid th'ambitious Flame no more aſcend:
And when theſe falſe to their old motions prove,
Then will I ceaſe thee, thee alone to love.

Therefore, my lovely Angel, how could you lay ſo ſevere a Command upon me, as not to write to you for the future? Is it not enough to loſe you? Is it not too much to fear, that the only Perſon whom I love is deſigned for the Embraces of another? Muſt I alſo baniſh my thoughts, would you alſo deprive me of the only Good I have left, and rob me of my Love? Ah! Cruel! do you think it's poſſible for a Man that you've enſlaved, to recover hisHeart? Know your own Power better than you do, and ceaſe vainly exhorting me to eraſe you out of my Memory.

Yes, Partheniſſa, *I am ſtill the ſame;*
For thee I burn, for thee preſerve my Flame:
The Poles ſhall move, and from their Axis ſtart,
Ere I will change my Love, or change my Heart.
Before my Heart chuſe any new Delight,
The Sun ſhall loſe his Heat, the Moon her Light.

If my Fair-one has an inclination to write to me, for I've had no thought lately of going to *London*,

London. (as, like ev'ry thing elſe, has been falſly inſinuated to thee) you may do it with your Urine as well as Lemon Juice, And if you have any Regard for the Perſon whom you have robb'd of his Soul, you will let me hear from you ſoon; if not, you may perhaps hear of my Exit out of this Life; which News would be very agreeable to your Mamma, but how far it may be ſo to you, I cannot determine. I ſincerely wiſh you as much Happineſs as poſſibly any Woman can have; I wiſh your Mornings may be good, your Noons better, your Evenings and your Nights beſt of all. I wiſh your Sorrows may be ſhort, your Joys laſting, and all your Deſires end in Succeſs. Theſe, my lovely Angel, are the hearty and ſincere Wiſhes of him, who has been, is now, and ever will be (thou faireſt of Women)

Thy Devoted, Faithful, and Ever-conſtant,

JAMES PARRY.

Roſs, Oct. 22, 1735.

Pen P--*has given me to underſtand that I ſhall never be in your Company (alone) again, and that you ne'er will lie in* Roſs *any more. O Heavens, how am I tortur'd! never was any mortal at ſo great a Loſs for Words to expreſs his Grief as I am in at preſent. Did my Angel but know the bitter Anguiſh of my Soul, thou wouldſt pity me. Oh! how my Heart this moment akes; but if it could be falſe to my Vows, (ever to love another, beſides thyſelf) I would tear it from my Breaſt, and throw it from me; for living or dead, I can be only thine. I would ſay more, but at preſent I cannot;*

For

For while I write, my Words are loſt in Tears;
The leſs my Senſe, the more my Love appears.

XXXVIII. *To Mr.* James Parry.

My dear Deareſt, (c)

I Have had thy Letter from *Jacob* theſe two Days, and can't tell the Grief I am in, being almoſt worried to Death about thee. I am fully ſatisfied, my Dear, that what I was told concerning your abuſing or talking of me, as I have before mentioned, is all made Lies by Mamma; by which means ſhe thinks to make me hate my dear Boy; but ſhe ſhall miſcarry in her Point, and that my Deareſt ſhall find ſoon. But, good God, what a Life I have here with them! 'Tis incredible. I muſt have Patience. I am almoſt ſure that *Pen* has told Mamma in what a manner ſhe found thee and me a little before the Horſe-Race; and Mamma certainly ſaw thee in my Arms (but ſhe has not told me any thing) when thou wert with me at the Bottom of the Stairs, *&c.* and my Shoulders were all white with the Lime from off the Wall. I told thee then that ſome body would ſee us, and begg'd that you would not do it; but thou wouldſt have thy own Way, and I could not refuſe thee any thing, witneſs my Maidenhead. By all the Love we have bore one another, I charge you to be conſtant, and don't offer to go out of the Country, for I actually am reſolved to be thy lawful Wife, let what will happen. I am a little angry with thee for thinking that I have no Regard for thy Life and Safety; therefore pray take Care of yourſelf, and I hope you will for my

my Sake. Mamma is almoſt raving mad, and I really was afraid ſhe would kill me, but Heaven has ſpared me (I hope) for thee; but in the mean while I lead a miſerable Life; and what adds to my misfortune, I have loſt the Paper that we both writ upon the fatal Day of our Parting, and I am terribly afraid that Mamma has pick'd it up; if ſo, good God, what ſhall I do? I han't time to ſay more, only be conſtant, and don't offer to go out of the Country, and you ſhall know my Reſolutions ſoon. When you come this Way, you may ſend to me by *Nanny T--s*; I have engaged her to Secreſy; but don't truſt *Peggy J--s*, for ſhe is ſly and falſe. Thou haſt a great many Enemies here; but I am ſtill

Thy fond, conſtant, and affectionate

PARTHENISSA.

Lantillio, Oct. 28. 1735.

P. S. Don't thee give Jemmy P--ce *any thing, for I will ſatisfy him; he is the trueſt (and* Nanny*) in the Family. Let me hear from thee ſoon, I hope the Storm won't hold long.*

XXXIX. *To* Parthenissa.

My incomparable Charmer, and lovely Angel,

TT the Receipt of thine, scarce could I contain the Joy of my exulting Soul, to find that thou dost believe me (as I certainly am) innocent of the vile Fallacy, that I unjustly was accused of. The troublesome Life that thou dost lead, *&c.* grieves me to the Heart.

No greater Torments light, than those I feel
When you my Dearest, tend'rest Part are ill,
For Oh! with what dire Tortures am I rack't,
Whom diff'rent Griefs successively distract!
Sometimes my Grief from this does higher grow,
To think that I have caus'd so much to you:
The great Almighty's Witness, how I pray,
That all our Crimes on me alone he'd lay.

I need not tell my Dearest, the Gtief thy Absence causes me. But since thy last Letter geneously tells me that thou wilt marry me, notwithstanding the persuasive Arguments which undoubtedly are given thee to the contrary; the Joy I conceive is unspeakable, to think that I shall have the only one I love, again in my Arms; for thou art the Pride and Glory of my Heart! without thee, all the World is worthless dross: Life a base Slav'ry, Riches but a Mock, and Love the Soul of all, a bitter Curse. If Love be Treasure, we'll be wondrous rich; I have so much, my Heart will surely break with it; Vows can't express it When I would declare it, how great my Joy I'm dumb with the sight [illegible] I dwell and sigh, and [illegible] Longing. But my

Partheniſſa will be mine, ev'n my raviſhing *Partheniſſa*; the Thought is Extacy! Theſe Arms ſhall hold her faſt to my throbbing Breaſt! my raviſh'd Eyes gaze till they're blind with looking fondly at the; my ſtifling Lips ſhall ſmother all thy Smiles, and follow thee with ſuch Purſuit of Kiſſes, that even our Souls ſhall loſe themſelves in Pleaſure. To faciliate thoſe happy Hours to come, (provided my lovely Angel will fix the Night) I will bring thee three or four Friends on Horſeback with me, and bring thee from thy miſerable Confinement to Liberty, not in the leaſt doubting, but I ſhall make the beſt of Huſbands, and thy Life as agreeable as any Woman's breathing. Let me have an Anſwer, with all poſſible Speed, and keep me ever in thy thoughts, my ever dear *Partheniſſa*, and never ceaſe to love me, becauſe I can be no other's, but thine eternally,

Roſs, October
30*th* 1735. JAMES PARRY.

P. S. *There are a Company of Commedians here, and I have been deſired by ſome Gentlemen, and the Players (of which Number is one* Mountier *an Organiſt) to act the Part of Sir* Hugh Evans *in the* Merry Wives of Windſor, *and that of Captain* Mackheath *in the* Beggar's Opera. *I have not given them an abſolute Anſwer, and if I do any ſuch Thing, I will have a Benefit to myſelf.*

XL. To

XL. *To Mr.* James Parry.

Dear Sir,

IT was not that I did not partake of the Misfortune you lately ſuffered, that I have not acknowledged the Receipt of yours (of the 29th of laſt Month) before this Time, but that I was willing, if poſſible, upon this unlucky Occaſion, to accompany my Letter with ſomething that might be (though but in Expectation agreeable to you; and whether what I ſhall now acquaint you withal will be ſo or not, I cannot tell, even though it ſhould come to paſs; however, you have my good Wiſhes.

On *Sunday* laſt I heard that the Organiſt of *Birmingham* (where is my Friend *W. L.*) was leaving that Place; but whether that Account is true or not, is yet an Uncertainty, and therefore, for the preſent, you muſt keep it a Secret. However, I have wrote to my Friend this Night, and given him ſuch Inſtructions, that (if it ſhould prove true) we ſhall make very ſtrong intereſt for yourſelf; and the chief Reaſon for my writing to you now is, that you may let Mr. *L--s* at *Birmingham* (to whom you may direct by the Croſs-Poſt) as well as myſelf, know, where our Letters may come directly to you, if there ſhould be any Probability of Succeſs, and that you may be ready to go there if there ſhould be Occaſion for it; but till you hear again from one of us, don't ſay a-Word of it to any Body.

There are two Churches with Organs in each, and one Organiſt ſupplies both; and very great Advantages to be made with Scholars; ſo that

I fancy (if offered) it will be worth your Acceptance.

I am,
Your real Friend and Servant
Jos. P——R.

Lond. Nov. 25, 1735.

XLI. *To* Parthenissa.

My beautiful Inchantreſs, (b)

AM I never to be bleſſed with a Sight of thee, or at leaſt hear from my lovely Fair One, in order to fulfil our Vows and Contract. Oh my inconſiderate, improvident, and moſt unfortunate Love! and thoſe treacherous Hopes that have betrayed both thee and me! the Paſſion that I deſigned for the Bleſſing of my Life, is become the Torment of it: A Torment, anſwerable to the prodigious Cruelty that thy Abſcence cauſes. An Abſcence ſo helliſh, that Sorrow itſelf wants Words to expreſs it. Am I then ever to ſee thoſe Eyes again? Thoſe Eyes, that have ſo often exchanged Love with mine, to the charming of my very Soul to Extacy and Delight. My Life was vowed to you the firſt Time I ſaw you; and if you'll not accept it as a Preſent, I'm content to make it a Sacrifice. A thouſand Times a Day I ſend my Sighs after you; and what Return for all my paſſionate Diſquiets, but the good Counſel of my croſs Fortune? That whiſpers me at every Turn, ah, wretched *Parry!* why doſt thou flatter, and conſume thyſelf in the vain Purſuit of one never to be recovered. She's gone, ſhe's gone, irrecoverably gone, and never more will think of thee. But hold, you have more Honour in you than to do ſo ill a Thing; and ſo have I, than to believe it, eſpecially of a Perſon

Perſon that I'm concerned ſo much to Juſtify. Forget me! 'tis impoſſible. My Caſe is bad enough at beſt, without the Aggravation of vain Suppoſitions. The laſt Letter that my Angel ſent me, gave me ſuch a Paſſion of the Heart, as if it would have forced its Way through my Breaſt, and come to you; it laid me for ſome Time ſenſeleſs, I wiſh it had been dead; for I had then died of Love. But I revived, and to what End? only to die again, and loſe that Life for you, which you yourſelf (I'm afrraid) do not think worth the ſaving. I often make the Proſpect and Church-yard my Solitude.

There, like ſome frantick Bacchanal *I walk,*
And to myſelf with ſad Diſtraction talk.
Then, big with Grief, I throw me on the ground
And view the melancholy Fields around.

All this Diſtraction is owing to the Want of you. Why then does not my lovely Angel let me know what Time I ſhall come with ſome reſolute Friends, and bring thee from a Priſon to a Place of Liberty? I wiſh for no other happineſs, but that of living and dying with thee; and I'm ſure thou doſt believe me. This only Comfort I have, in the Bitterneſs of our deadly Separation, that I never was falſe to you; and that for the whole World I would not have my Conſcience tainted with ſo black a Crime. Can you then, that know the Intergrity of my Soul, and the Tenderneſs that I have for you; can you (I ſay) find in your Heart to abandon me, and to expoſe ourſelves to the Terrors that conſequently will attend our Separation, unleſs timely united? My Letters are long, and I

fear troubleſome; but I hope you'll forgive them, and diſpenſe with the Fooleries of a Sot of your own making. Methinks I run over and over to often with the Story of my deplorable Condition, occaſioned by your neglect of me. Give me leave to thank you from the Bottom of my Heart, for the Miſeries you have brought upon me, and to deteſt the Tranquility I lived in before I knew you. I am ſo far infinitely happy, as to receive all the Letters you ſend to me. I therefore beg you would continue that Happineſs in writing often, that I may have a Fellow-feeling, and ſhare with you in your Griefs, and diſmiſs that Deſpair you tell me I have cauſed in you, that you may live in Tranquility for the future. If your Love increaſes as mine does, it will come to the higheſt Degree of Paſſion and Violence. Adieu! I ſhall die of Grief, if I do not quickly hear from you. I pray God, with all my Soul, this Letter may be ſafely delivered to you, to teſtify the Ardour of my Paſſion for you, and believe me, I ſuffer all the Evils you do; but I conjure you, not to ſhare with me in any Degree of mine, for fear you increaſe you own. I keep your Letters with more Care and Tenderneſs than my Life; I kiſs them a thouſand Times a Day, and bleſs the Hand that wrote them. I waited for your Anſwer with Impatience; conſerve the Love you have for me, and believe that I never would have ſtaid in this Country, but for your Deliverance from the Sufferings you lie under for my Sake, who am abſolutely yours, and a thouſand Times more yours than mine own; therefore, afford me all the Satisfaction you are able, in this Tempeſt of my divided Thoughts, and never ceaſe to

love

love me, becauſe you know that I am eternally yours,

JAMES PARRY.

Roſs, Nov. 3, 1735.

XLII. *To Mr.* JAMES PARRY.

(b)

MY God, how am I uſed about thee! 'tis moſt wretchedly and barbarous. I am really afraid that I ſhall run mad, and in my Fits diſcover all, to Mamman and my Aunt *J*-----*s*. Oh, how I am worried about thee; Mamma and ſhe uſe thee barbarouſly, and call thee all the Villians and Rogues in the World. Oh! 'tis worſe than Death to me to hear it; but I muſt have Patience. I never (ſaid I to them) heard that he ever commited a baſe Action. With that, I thought they would have killed me. But thy Uſage ſtrikes deeper into my Soul than theirs, or how could my deareſt Boy, to whom I have given all that ſhould have been valuable to me, and one who is Maſter of my Soul, accuſe me of abadoning him, neglecting and the Lord knows what. If I could get my Letters conveyed to thee, I would forever write; therefore don't imagine your Letters to be long and tedious to me, for I could read them, and do, a thouſand Times over. But to hear thee abuſed, adds a double Weight to my Sorrow, and did they know thee half ſo well as I do, they would not ill uſe thee thus. Send me, in your next (if you can remember) the laſt Song that you made a Tune to, and ſent me, for I had the Mortification to ſee that burnt before my Face. Pray anſwer me ſincerely, (for I hear you acted Captain *Machheath*) who was your *Polly*, and who was your *Lucy*,

Lucy; deſcribe them to me, and ſwear to me, in your next, that you never kiſſed them off the Stage, nor kept them Company. But in Anſwer to your laſt dear Letter, I cannot at this Time fix a Night for my Eſcape from hence to thy dear Arms; but continue to love me, and dealy too; for may the Devil have me if I am not thine lawfully, (as thou doſt call it). What I ſhall do, I am reſolved to do within this Month, therefore come this Way as often as you can and write to me always long, and very loving; do not offer to ſtir out of the Country, until you have me in your Arms, and there, oh! I could die with Pleaſure. Kiſs this Paper ten thouſand Times, for it has lain near my Heart theſe ſix Hours. Oh! the Life I lead; however, indulge, in ſecret, the ſwelling Rapture, but let not ſigns of Joy appear, untill thou art, paſt Prevention, in the Arms of thy conſtant, fond, and effectionate

PARTHENISSA.

Friday Night.

P. S. Never ceaſe to love me, *&c.*

XLIII. *To* PARTHENISSA.

My lovely Angel, (*b*)

YOURS dated Yeſterday was Sevennight, I ſafely received from *Ambroſe*, and 'tis not without Horror, that I think of thy baſe Uſage, and flatter myſelf with the Thoughts of having my Fair One in my Arms undiſturbed. But *Ambroſe* ſtruck me to the Soul yeſterday, by telling me that *D--y J----s* is a courting

ing thee, and that thy Mamma, being over perſuaded by his Mother, conſents to it. Conſider the Oaths, Vows, and what has paſſed between us, which I am ſure if you do as you ought, no one can balance you from me.

A thouſand tender Things to Mind I call,
For they who truly love remember all.
Still all thoſe Joys to my Remembrance move,
For, oh! how vaſt a Memory has Love.

Not yet! not yet! O ye dull tedious Days, when will you glide away, and bring that happy Hour on, in which I ſhall at leaſt hear from my *Partheniſſa*. Am I forgotten ſtill, forlorn, impatient, reſtleſs every where; not one little Moment can give me Repoſe. Haſte then, thou charming Object of my Wiſhes, and eternally of my new Deſires; haſte to my Arms, my Eyes, my Soul, *&c.*

The Song is called, *The forſaken Lover*, and looks as if it was made for me.

O ſay, where is my Molly *gone,*
Where does my Fair One hide;
Since ſhe is from my Boſom flown,
How can I Life abide.
Tell me ye Son that gilds the Day,
Ye Moon and Stars the Night;
Say whether ſhe has bent her Way,
And hurried from my Sight.
Whiſper, ye Warblers of the Sky,
Some Tidings of my Dear;
With rapid Wings, O hither fly,
And feaſt my longing Ear.

Ye Winds that fan the bluſhing Spray,
In Pity hear my Moan;
Tell her my Thoughts can never ſtray,
From her I love alone.
Ye Streams that thro' the Meadows glide;
With a majeſtick Pace,
As I paſs by your purling Side,
Shew me my Molly's *Face.*
So pleaſing would the Scene appear:
I'd plunge the murm'ring Wave;
And like Narciſſus, *graſp my Fair,*
Within the watry Grave.
But, ah alas! too much I fear,
I never ſhall regain
The Sight of her I love ſo dear,
Whilſt I on Earth remain.

This Song (my deareſt) will go to the ſame Tune as that which I made to the Lady *D. Bertie*'s. In Anſwer to yours concerning the Commedians, I was importuned by ſeveral Gentlemen, as well as the Actors, to perform the Part you mentioned; the *M--W----gs*, Eſq; *C---n*, and moſt of the Gentlemen circumjacent to *Roſs*, came to ſee me. The Woman that play'd the Part of *Polly* was ſomething like Mrs. *Sc--e*, and *Lucy* was the exact Picture of Mrs. *Betty Dew*. You know how much I was in love with the two latter; ſo that I take Heav'n to witneſs I never kiſs'd the Actreſſes off the Stage; and what Money I got by them, would do no more than defray two or three Journeys into *Monmouthſhire*.

But in anſwer to your Letter, I conjure you by all the ſacred Ties of Friendſhip, and by all the dreadful Oaths which has paſt between us, that you'll harbour no Thought of *D--J--s*.

(If

(If you do, let me inſtantly know it, and I'll contribute all that in my Power lies, to compleate your Happineſs, by leaving this Country.) If you'll fulfil your Promiſe to me, name but the Night, and I will bring you away with Safety. Let me know (my lovely Angel) your real intentions, and for Heaven's Sake do not fool me. Let me hear from you by *Nanny*, for I ſhall return from *Newport* in two Days Time, and I hope to ſee you (if but through the Window) tho' not as I could wiſh; yet while Heaven permits me the Bleſſing of ſeeing you alive, I can never be truly miſerable. Ah! cruel Fate, that made no Cure for Love! Love has no Bounds in Pleaſure or in Pain.

By Treaty I wou'd enter, not by Force:
With Arms I'd come not, nor with Foot nor Horſe.
I'd have no Aid, and Company I'd have none,
And where it not for Love, ſhould be alone.
Where-e'er I go, by Love I'am ſtill purſu'd,
I cannot ſhake him from me, if I wou'd.
He's of my Being, now become a Part,
Dwells in my Veins, and revels in my Heart:
But Doubt! this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breaſt,
My Thoughts, like Birds, who frighted from their Neſt,
Around the Place, where all was huſh'd before,
Flutter, and hardly ſettle any more.

I have been very ill lately, and am hardly able to ſit my Horſe, and nothing but the Hopes of ſeeing, or hearing from my Fair One could have at this Time brought me from *Roſs*. Adieu thou

thou lovelieſt among Women, and believe me to be thine till Death.

JAMES PARRY.

Roſs, Nov. 13, 1735.

XLIV. *To Mr.* JAMES PARRY.

My Deareſt, (*b*)

N——Y T——s gave me a lovely, long Letter of yours, and every Line pleas'd me, but that concerning *D—y J——s*; that indeed put me into deep Confuſion and Trouble, eſpecially to think I have made thee jealous of me. I never will give thee Occaſion, though I have often wiſh'd, in jeſting with you, I cou'd. Therefore don't be uneaſy, for he ſhall not touch my Lips. I have wrote to you a longiſh Letter with Lemon Juice, upon a Piece of Paper that I have ſent to *J--y B--ch* with the Names of the Books you have burnt. I really believe Mamma has an inclination to marry, if any body would aſk her the Queſtion; for ſhe talks of buying a new Scarlet Gown, and a Blue one. I am almoſt dead, and wiſh I was with you. I have writ ſorrowful enough in that to *J——y*, ſo will not cauſe a Relapſe of Sickneſs to thee; therefore (as I hope to hear from you ſoon) adieu for the preſent, for I have not Time to ſay more than that I am thy fond.

PARTHENISSA.

Lant--io, Nov. 16*th* 1735.

XLV. *To Mr.* JAMES PARRY.

I Deſire you'll bring all the Books you have of mine to Mrs. *J- y B--ch. viz.* a little Book wrote by my Great Grandfather, and a large

and a large Book wrote by a *French* Nobleman, an *Italian*, and another whom I have forgot, and a Play-Book with ſix Plays in it, *viz. Tamerlane*, the *Provok'd Wife*, *Sullen Lovers*, *Virtuoſo*, and the *Iſland Princeſs*, *&c.* and a Book entitled the *Engliſh Worthies*, and the *Chriſtian Hero* writ by the late Sir *Richard Steel*, and the Hiſtory of *Wales*. If you'll bring them where deſir'd, I ſhall be very much oblig'd to you

I am Yours

Nov. 14, 1735.

PARTHENISSA.

(*d*)

N. B. *What follows was wrote upon the Paper (as mention'd in her laſt) with Urine.*

My Dear,

YOU can't imagine what hard Words I have had about thee, but I muſt bear them all; for one Thing I am told, you'll be like *Incle* to *Yarico*, but I can't think it. I muſt beg you'll act generous by me. I hope you'll not deny knowing the Circumſtances I now am in. My dear *Pen*, told me, ſhe open'd one of *Jacob*'s Letters, and found it to be to me. I have writ a long Paper againſt you come this Way next, (if I can truſt any one to give it) with all my Mind. Ever ſince Mamma found us at the Bottom of the great Stairs, ſhe has been very uneaſy, and ſays I am falſe to her, I have quite forgot what I have already writ, only I wiſh you may read it. I ſhould have been glad if you had given me a more ſatisfactory Anſwer to mine concerning the Players, but I am convinc'd of your Conſtancy. As

this Paper lay near my Heart, pray take care of it. *Pen.* will ſoon come to *Roſs*, but will not ſtay long there. I ſhould be glad that you wou'd talk with her; but, my Dear, don't be in a Paſſion with her; and if you have any love in the World for me, don't go out of the country, eſpecially to *London*: For if you do I ſhall break my Heart. Stay but a Month or ſix Weeks however, and then I will reſolve one Way or other, for I long to be in thy Arms. *Pen.* is againſt thee, and burns all the Hand-writing that ſhe can ſee of thine, leſt there ſhou'd be a Charm in them. For God's Sake (my Dear) deſire Mr. *J---s* to ſpeak to Parſon *D--s*, not to talk a Word about my coming to be married at *Dingeſtow*, for my Brother will come down ſoon; and if *D---s* ſhould ſpeak about it, I ſhould be murther'd before I can come to thee. Take all imaginable care in Writing. The greateſt Plague I have is to ſcorch thoſe Letters of yours wrote with Lemon. I cou'd write forever, and ſhou'dſt thou give thy Heart to another, (if I ſhould be kept from thee) or at leaſt if thou doſt fall in Love with any one, ſhe muſt be handſomer, but none can be truer to thee than thy poor *Partheniſſa*. I am ſatisfied that *Aſ--e* gave you mine writ with a Pencil. I did not expect you till *Saturday*, otherwiſe I wou'd have Anſwer'd you. I thought *J---b* would be as true to us, as he was to Mr. *R--d J---ys* and Mrs. *C---n*, but we are miſtaken; 'tis not the ſame Thing, He won't loſe a good Place by running any Riſk of carrying Letters. I only deſired him to carry you a Meſſage the laſt Time you were here, and find he did not deliver it. I am forſaken by all the world excepting thee; and

ev'ry

ev'ry one elſe hates me. I was ſorry to hear that thou wer't ſick, and I wiſh I had been thy Nurſe; then I wou'd have cheriſhed thee in my Boſom. Pray let me have an anſwer to know how thou art, for my Health depends upon thine. Mamma, uſes thee barbarouſly, and me worſe; ſo that I envy thy Happineſs, becauſe thou haſt thy Liberty. I am ſo narrowly watch'd, thar I have hardly Time to tie my Garters. I do now lie with Mamma, for ſhe won't truſt me to lie by myſelf, and I do often talk of thee in my Sleep, which is a great misfortune. Mamma, I fear, knows all my Secrets. She told me that ſhe had dreamt of you how you came with a Sword to kill her, *&c. &c.* She is very angry with me for looking at any of thy Writing, which is in ſome of my Books. She talks of altering her Will, and the Lord knows what; but do her utmoſt, ſhe can't cut my inheritance or Birth Right from me. I would write more to my Deareſt, but that the Paper is juſt full, and ſhall defer writing any more till another Opportunity. So now my dear dear Deareſt, Adieu. From thy fond and conſtant

PARTHENISSA.

XLVI. *To* PARTHENISSA.

My Lovely Angel, (*b*)

I Received thy Letter from *J--y B---ch*, and have not as yet given her the Books, but ſhall in a ſhort time. The Calamity thou art in I hope time will remedy; no Pen can deſcribe my Sorrow for thee, and never was any Mortal at ſuch a Loſs for want of Words to expreſs his Grief as I at preſent am in. I have

ſpoke to Mr. *J--s*, (according to your Deſire) begging him to injoin Parſon *D---s* to Silence, in caſe he ſhould be asked any Queſtions relating to our meeting at *Dingeſtow*. Mr. *J--s* promiſed to ſpeak to him. Ah! that Heaven had kept ſomething of thine back, but twenty four Hours longer, then we had been married, and all the Hurly-Burly wou'd have been over long ago. I have heard afreſh (and not without Horror) that *D--k J --ys* kiſſes thee, and that it will certainly be a Match between you. Oh! Heavens how it ſhocks the whole Fabrick of my Body. Confeſs--Oh! thou eternal Conqueror of my Soul, whom ev'ry Hour and ev'ry tender Joy renders more dear and lovely, tell me why (if thou doſt love me, and lov'ſt as well as ever) thou doſt let that Youth lay his Head in thy Boſom, and kiſs thee with numberleſs Kiſſes. I know him to be a forward One, and his Character is ſuch at *Hereford*. Have I treated him there, took him to Plays, Horſe-Races, and given him Money (for thy Sake as a Relation) for this Purpoſe: A Rival cancels all Obligation of Friendſhip; but if Vows and Oaths have any Claim to thy Promiſes,

Don't let his Arms embrace your Neck, nor reſt
Your tender Cheek upon his youthful Breaſt.
Let not his Hand within your Boſom ſtray,
And rudely with your pretty Bubbies play.
But above all, let him no Kiſs receive,
That's an Offence I never can forgive.
Do not, O do not that ſweet Mouth reſign,
Leſt I riſe up in Arms, and cry 'tis mine.

How often have I asked thee in an Hour, when my fond Soul was doating on thy Eyes, when my

my Arms claſped thy yielding Neck, my Lips imprinting Kiſſes on thy Cheeks, and taking in the Breath that ſighed from thine: How often have I asked thee, this little but important Queſtion, Does my *M--y* love me? then kiſs thee for thy Yes and Sighs, and ask again, and ſtil my Soul was raviſhed with new Joy, when thou would'ſt anſwer Yes, I love thee dearly. But now, oh! how I tremble to think I muſt never hear thee more pouring out thy Soul, in ſoft Sighs of Love? A thouſand dear Expreſſions, by which I knew the Story of thy Heart, and while you told it, bid me feel it panted, never too ſee thy Eyes fixed on my Face, till the ſoft Showers of Joy would gently fall, and hang their ſhining Dew upon thy Looks; then in a Tranſport, ſnatch thee to my Boſom, and ſigh a thouſand Times, ere thou could'ſt utter, --Ah! my dear dear *Jemmy*, how dearly I love thee.---Oh the dear Eloquence thoſe few Words contain, when ſent with Lovers Accents to a Soul all-languiſhing. But now I fear, alas, thy Love is grown cold; if ſo, oh! take the other Part of the Proverb too, and ſay, it has bred Contempt. Indifference (my Angel) is leſs to be borne than Hate, or any Thing. Thou Charming object of my Wiſhes, do not deceive me, but be juſt, and let me know my real Fate. Oh! don't deceive the Heart that thinks of nothing but thy lovely Idea.

Thou ſacred Treaſure of my Soul, forgive me if I wrong thy Love, and believe me (charming *M--y*) I live not thoſe Hours I am abſent from thee. Thou art my Soul, and my eternal Felicity; I therefore conjure thee, O thou moſt charming of thy Sex! thou lovely dear Delight of my tranſported Soul! thou everlaſt-

ing Treaſure of my Heart! let me hear immediately from thee, leſt that in the mean Time, thou doſt hear of the Death of thy

Ever conſtant and devoted Servant,
JAMES PARRY.

P. S. *That worthy Gentleman, Mr.* P---r, *has given me to underſtand, that the Organiſt's Place of* Birmingham *will be vacant, and that I ſtand fair for it.*

XLVII. *To* PARTHENISSA.

(*b*)

TRemendous Heaven! what do I hourly hear; but what do I talk of hearing for, when every one tells me, that *D--k J---y's* Lips and yours are never aſunder, nay even your Boſom (and I am afraid ſomething elſe) does not go unſearched by him. Confuſion, Torture, Deſpair, Damnation, Hell, and Furies, are nothing to what this Moment I bear. Nay, even *Ambroſe* told me To-day at *Monmouth*, that he does nothing but ſlobber you, and tumble you about. Tell me, thou bewitching Inchantreſs, have I, who have made the Buſineſs of my Life a Study to pleaſe thee, deſerved this Uſage from thee; have I ſpent my flowered Age, and precious Time to ſo bad a Purpoſe, O ye Heavens! who are Witneſs to my Love, judge between us, and tell me if I have deſerved this baſe Uſage. Good God! that a Girl of ſuch ſublime Faculties ſhould fall from ſuch an Height, and commit ſo unjuſt an Action, after Millions of Oaths, Vows, and Proteſtations to the contrary. Oh! what a fond credulous Fool have I been, to imagine that you would confine your Heart to me alone; but

but now, alas, by a too fatal Experience, I find I am deceived in you. Muſt that (I'm afraid too happy) Youth, range and ſport in my verdant Vales, and downy Lawns of fruitful Bliſs! and ever-flowing Springs of cool refreſhing Beauty, without driving me diſtracted. Damnation ſeize the Thought. Oh! *Partheniſſa*, be aſſured that it will be leſs Pain to me, to have an Eye plucked out of my Head, than to tear from my Heart the firſt object of my Love. I am further informed, that *D-k J--ys* entertains you with a Song or two that I taught him, (to a fine Purpoſe you'll allow) and that you are mightily diverted with a particular Song of his, called, *Ye Nymphs and ye Swains*, &c. I formerly have had one of the fineſt Voices in the World, and have no deſpicable one now, and I'm ſure were you to be merited by Singing, my Rival would ſtand but a poor Chance. I need not tell thee any more of myſelf. As you tender your own ſafety, do not ill uſe me, by accepting the Addreſs of any one, for tho' I may be thought a Lamb, I ſhall be found a Lion; and the Heart that wants revenge is baſe. But now I'm calm! forgive me, (my Deareſt) for uſing you ſo roughly, and impute it to the Violence of my Paſſion, but the Thoughts of *D-k J--ys* (after what you told me of when laſt at *Roſs*) racks me. I ſhall return from *Newport* the Day after Tomorrow; and if you could ſend me a Line by *N--y T--s*, you'll in a great Meaſure revive the drooping Spirits of him who only lives for you, and can be no one's elſe, but your affectionate Slave,

Dingeſ. Jan. 19 1735-6. JAMES PARRY.

XLVIII. *To*

XLVIII. *To Mr.* James Parry.

PEN has not taken any notice that my Dear was ſo near. I will ſoon anſwer you, for I have wrote half, but don't know how to ſend it you; for, to my Sorrow, I find *Ambroſe* to be falſe too, I have not Time to ſay more. I have had but three Letters lately, and *N--y* ſays, that you told her, you had one Way or other ſent five. I have not ſeen your laſt Letter as yet.

XLIX. *To Mr.* James Parry.

Mr. Parry,

I Am really ſorry that you received ſo much foul Language from my Aunt *J--ys* yeſterday, and if I could have hindered it I would, but it was out of my Power. I now muſt deal plainly with you, for I cannot lead this Life for ever. I cannot marry you, neither will I offer to do it, becauſe I ſhould be turned out of Doors the Moment I did. I am ſure you'd be ſorry to ſee me want. I therefore beg this laſt Favour of you, that you never will think of me any more, nor never write to me, becauſe it will be impoſſible for me to read or ſee it. I underſtand that you are in Election of a good Place, thro' the intereſt of good Mr. *P--r*, and I ſincerely wiſh you may have it. You may, and I don't in the leaſt doubt but you will, marry a young Woman more agreeable than myſelf, and one with a greater Fortune. I wiſh you may, and may all the Happineſs in this World and the next attend you.

I am Yours, &c.

Parthenissa.

Frid. Morn. *Jan.* 23, 1735-6.

L. *To Mr.* James Parry.

Dear Sir,

I Received yours of the 14th Inſt. and really partake with you in the Uneaſineſs and Misfortune which you ſuffer; but conſider it is well worth the Endeavours of a brave Mind to ſtruggle with Misfortunes, and never deſpair of ſeeing a better Day; and in the mean while, it is ſome Conſolation to reflect upon the Hopes you have ſuch reaſonable Dependance upon, and which I hope to live to ſee brought to Maturity.

You may be aſſured it is not for want of Reſpect that your Friend at *Birmingham* does not write to you, or that he neglects your intereſt there; I hear from thence every Week, and as yet there is not any Reſolution taken about the Election of an Organiſt; when it is, you ſhall hear concerning it, and I heartily wiſh it may be worth your Acceptance.

I ſhall at all Times be very glad to do you any Service in my Power, in this Part of the World, and am

Your real Friend and Servant.

Jos. P---r.

Lond. Jan. 19. 1735.

LI. *To Mr.* J--h C--e, *Eſq;*

Sir,

I Have been lately informed, you are the chief Perſon who is to manage a Proſecution againſt me, at the Suit of Mrs. *P--l* and her Daughter, ſo would have done myſelf the Honour of waiting on you upon this Occaſion; but

as I can't be ignorant how diſadvantageous a Character you have formed of me, by the inſinuations of mine Enemies, and thoſe who are entirely biaſſed by them, I choſe rather to take this Liberty in writing, to aſſure you, I firmly believe all unprejudiced People of Honour, and the young Lady's Friends, (of which Number, Sir, I take you to be) will drop a Proceeding, which will force me to do Juſtice to the Lady and myſelf, by proving all the ſtrong Encouragements and Liberties the Lady has honoured me with. 'Tis true, I no ways deſerved them, but no young Fellow would (I believe) contradict his Inclination and intereſt, when both joined and offered to him. If you'll give me Leave to wait on you, I don't doubt of convincing you, Sir, of the Truth of what I here inſert; but if you will not Honour me in that Manner, yet beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, Sir,

Your moſt obedient
And moſt humble Servant
JAMES PARRY.

Monmouth, March 11, 1735-6.

LII. *To Mr.* JAMES PARRY.

Sir,

I Have ſent you all your Letters, and one directed to me, but the Purport of it was to you; but I inſiſt on its not being ſhewn, only if there is a preſſing Occaſion. The Wife of old *C--d* brought me the Letter, ſo it will be eaſy, I ſuppoſe, to prove it came from *Lan--io*. The Letter to me ſhall be forth-coming, when there's Occaſion to prove her Hand. Pray write a Line

Line to me, by Poſt or any way, to aſſure me of the Receipt of theſe Letters.

I am well informed that *Partheniſſa* wrote to you *Sunday* fortnight, in Characters, but I hear it was ſtopped, and burnt.

As ſoon as poſſible let us hear how you come off at *Hereford*.

Your humble Servant,
Sunday Morn. M--y J--s.

P. S. *Take care of theſe Letters, and don't truſt yourſelf with them long.*

LIII. *To Mr.* James Parry.

Sir,

MR. *P*-- ſent me a Challenge one Day in *Monmouth*, about ſix Weeks ago, to meet him the next Day within a Mile of his own Houſe; upon which I went to him at the *King's-Head*, where he was the Time he ſent me the Challenge, and told him it was an odd Method of ſending Challenges, when it would have been as eaſy for him to come and deliver it by Word of Mouth; and much more odd to defer the Thing till the next Day, for I was ready to meet him that preſent Time, and decide the Affair as deſired me, which was with Piſtols, he having a ſtrong Averſion to the Sword, as not knowing how to make uſe of it. He finding my Reſolution, ſaid, the Challenge he had ſent me was a raſh inconſiderate Thing, and begged me to take no farther notice of it, and that it was a Woman that had led him into the Error; ſo after a Debate of about an Hour we parted Friends.

About ten Days ago, I found the Report you have

have made mention of in your Letter to be current, which is, that I refuſed fighting Mr. *P--*; upon which I acquainted him of the Scandal and that I was afraid he had been the Author of it himſelf; he ſent me three Letters to be publickly read, in order to convince the World of the injuſtice they do my Character, and would himſelf go any where in Perſon to diſprove the ſame; and if Dr. *J--s*, or any body elſe, that heard Mr. *R--s* give himſelf thoſe Airs upon the Green at *Roſs*, will but give me leave to make mention of their Names in the Affair, I will make that Scoundrel raſcally Coward ſweat for forty-eight Hours without intermiſſion, and if not Spirit enough to behave himſelf like a Gentleman, will make him the common Jeſt of the Town.

When you come over, I will fix a Day for being at *Roſs*, which muſt be upon a Bowling-Day.

I am Sir,

Dingeſtow. *Your humble Servant,*

May 2, 1736.

P. S. *Say nothing of* R--s *till I come to Town, for if he finds the Thing talked of, he never will come in my Sight, for I was like to kick him when laſt at* Roſs. *Mr.* P--'s *Affair you may make as publick as you pleaſe.*

LIV. *Monmouthſhire.*

'THE Jurors for our Sovereign Lord the 'King upon their Oaths preſent, That '*James Parry*, late of the Town of *Roſs*, in 'the County of *Hereford*, Yeoman, upon the 'firſt Day of *December*, in the ninth Year of

'the

'the Reign of our Sovereign Lord *George* the 'Second, by the Grace of God, of *Great Bri-* 'tain, *France*, and *Ireland*, King Defender 'of the Faith, by Force and Arms, at the 'Pariſh of *Lantilio Croſenney*, in the County of '*Monmouth*, into the Dwelling Houſe of one '*M. Powell*, Eſq; then and there ſituated, 'lying and being, did enter, and two Pieces 'of Foreign Gold coined, to wit, two Pieces 'of Gold coined, of the Kingdom of *Portugal*, 'called Double Doubleloons, each of the ſaid 'Pieces being of the Value of three Pound 'twelve Shillings of lawful Money of *Great* '*Britain*, and one other Piece of the like foreign 'Gold coined, called five Moidores of the 'Value of ſix Pounds and fifteen Shillings, of 'like lawful Money of *Great Britain*, being 'the proper Goods and Chattels of the ſaid '*M. Powell*, then and there found in the ſaid 'Houſe, he the ſaid *James Parry* then and 'there by Force and Arms, unlawfully, without 'the Conſent of the ſaid *M. Powell*, did take 'and carry away, againſt the Peace of our 'Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and 'Dignity.

M--w P--ll, *Eſq*; *Proſecutor of this Bill, for our Lord the King.*

Witneſs Partheniſſa.

N. B. *The Reader muſt obſerve that I returned her the Money the Beginning of* July, 1735. *And this Indictment was found the* 6*th of* May, 1736. *I had not ſeen* Partheniſſa *from the* 8*th of* October, 1735, *till the* 6*th of* May 1736, *and ſhe ſwore I took the money upon the firſt Day of* December,

1735, *which plainly ſhews her memory to be as treacherous as ſhe is infamous; and that I was indicted full eleven months after I had returned her the money: If I had been guilty of the Fact charged againſt me, why had ſhe not at that Time accuſed me of it. Then indeed there might have been good Grounds for a juſt Indictment, but as it was managed among them, moſt People were of Opinion ſhe's a W---.*

LV. *To* PARTHENISSA.

Dear Creature,

SINCE you had no regard for your Soul (when at *Newport*) in ſwearing that I took the Money againſt your Conſent, I ſhall have none for your Honour, by publiſhing our curſed Amour; wherein ſhall be our Courtſhip, *&c.* and even all our Letters. I have kept your Originals carefully, and my Copies ſecurely, according to the Directions you gave me ſome Years ago. I am pretty eaſy about the Matter, and by the Time that Mr. *T--n*, Mr. *L. J. J.* Mr. *S--*, and Mrs. *J--* (not forgeting a Perſon living near the Hall here) give in their Evidence, I ſhall convince the World of the Injury done me, and that thy damn'd infatiate Luſt (for you were never eaſy but when I was ---) has ruined your Character, as well as my Livelihood. Why was I not indicted for the Loſs of your Maidenhead, or for the Watch you gave me; thoſe you ſafely might have ſworn to have loſt inevitably; as for the Money you had it again, for which I ought to be ſacrificed. My humble Service to Mr. *Dicky*: I preſume

presume you know the Difference, and may he long continue in your good Graces; but you may let him know that I am a Sir *Francis Drake* in Miniature. The Letter that you bad me write to your Monkey-faced Brother, concerning Mr. *R. J---s*, and Mrs *G---n*, is a Judgment upon both of us. I shall never forget the Figure you and I cut in the Parlour Glass when we were calling them Whore and Rogue. Farewel Queen *Dido*. From a foolish miserable Blockhead, and one who shall always hate himself, for being so long a Slave and St--n to a perfidious Girl.

Monmouth, Limbo,
May 11, 1736.

JAMES PARRY.

LVI. *To Madam* P---LL.

Madam,

IS there no Cure for Wounds but bleeding dead; and will nothing except my enevitable Ruin appease you; that is the unhappy case, I am now (too late I fear) truely sensible of it. I beg you'll give Mr. *M---n* your Attorney immediate Orders to hasten the Prosecution against me, so that I may try the two indictments the next Assize. You may remember, when I was first into Custody by your Orders (together with Mr. *S--se*'s Warrant) and sent to Goal, not like one who had for Years your good Opinion, and the Affections of your fair Daughter, but like a Murderer, *&c.* I then informed you by a Letter written at the *Ostrey*, that if you sent me to Goal, you would for

ever ruin me in my Buſineſs as an Organiſt; and (what I thought would move you more) that you would oblige me to publiſh the Amour between your Daughter and me, with all the Letter that paſſed between us. This had no Manner of Effect upon you, and I was forced in the afore-mentioned Manner to Goal, before the Gentleman. who came to bail me, could reach *Lantilio*. I was in the Election of a good Place, but loſt it thro' my own Folly, and your Daughter's, together with your raſh Proceeding. I am heartily concerned for any unguarded Expreſſions which may have dropt from me, but my Provocation was not to be borne. I hope the Almighty will forgive my paſt Follies; I expect no Mercy from you, therefore I'll ſue for none at your Hands. Your Daughter's appearing againſt me at *Newport*, (where ſhe got no great Credit) after I had lived with her for Years as Man and wife, I own for ſome Minutes troubled me; and to indict me for Gold, which I had by her Conſent, indeed gave me an uncommon Shock: But when I conſider'd that I ſhould have the Satisfaction of confronting her dear Perſon in Court, my Spirits were re-animated, and that Hope gave me new Life. There is an Account between you and myſelf, whereby ſhall plainly demonſtrate that you are indebted to me eleven Guineas and upwards: I having received no more than ten Shillings and Six pence from you ſince *September*, 1731. The Money is due to for teaching your Daughter -- and Muſick. I do not reckon the Time that ſhe ſtaid (to my Mortification) in *Monmouthſhire*, after the Death of *A. Powell*; and ſhould you ſcruple payment,

I do

I do not queſtion but I ſhall recover my Due by Law: Yet I am yours and your Daughter's humble Servant,

JAMES PARRY.

Limbo, June 30, 1736.

LVII. *For Madam* P——LL.

Mrs. P—ll.

'TWAS but very lately (being ſome Time in *Worceſterſhire*) that Mr. *D--s* favoured me with a Sight of your Letter, which you were pleaſed to ſend in Anſwer to my juſt Demand of Money, due to me for teaching your Daughter; otherwiſe, in Juſtice to myſelf, I ſhould have anſwered it ſooner, to aſſure you in the firſt Place, I expect what is owing to me. I intirely deny your Servant's giving me notice any way whatſoever, to deſiſt from teaching your Daughter. Beſides, had ſhe given me any notice of that Kind, I ſhould not have thought myſelf obliged to have abſented, unleſs diſcharged by you who firſt employed me. And as you could not but obſerve, that I continued teaching your Daughter three Years ſucceſſively; and having had not the leaſt intimation from you to deſiſt, I am entitled to the Money agreed upon quarterly. I have received but ten Shillings and ſix Pence (excepting the Shilling I aſked you for to give Dr. *J--s*'s Boy the Time that I gave your Daughter five Dozen of *Pauzon* Cyder) from you, ſince the Year 1731, or you, as cuſtomary, would have Receips to teſtify it, as you have had to the Year before-mentioned. And as you, in your Letter to Mr. *D--s*, are pleaſed to inſinuate my Poverty (notwithſtand-

ing your Daughter learned her beſt Perfections of me) 'tis not to be ſuppoſed I ſhould teach your Daughter for nothing, as it was my Profeſſion; and though you will not now allow it, have had Ladies my Scholars ſuperior to your Daughter in Fortune, and was always exactly paid, and I owned an Honour and Pleaſure in teaching them. I beg leave Madam to know when and where I declared I ſhould be famiſhed if it was not for your Houſe (I am of Opinion you learnt this new Talent of your Daughter.) I poſitively affirm 'tis unknown to me. 'Tis perfectly well known in *Roſs* that you were continually ſending for me, and inviteing me to eat at your Houſe. If it was charity, I humbly thank you; but that ſhall not make me loſe my Right in my Demand of a juſt Debt: But if it was your Generoſity, I think that is cancell'd, by your Low-Life Way of telling me and others of it, in the Terms you have done, in your Letter to Mr. *D--s*. You have told ſeveral People in *Roſs* that you have been forced to aſk me forty Times to eat with you before you could perſuade me to it, and that I always wanted ſo much treating that it was quite troubleſome; and that I uſed to ſlip out of Doors before you could have the Opportunity of aſking me to dine or ſup with you. But this is foreign to the Matter in Hand. Notwithſtanding (Madam) all that you can alledge to the contrary, I muſt and will inſiſt upon my Money. I am unwilling (for your dear Daughter's Sake) to uſe any other Method than this, ſo beg you'll order immediate payment of it; if this Deſire is not complied with, I muſt ſubmit to have my Due by Law, not doubting

but

but that I ſhall find a Method to bring your Daughter (as an Evidence) into a Court, (if I am not paid before my intended proceeding) where I ſhall with pleaſure confront her, and recover my Demand.

I am ſorry Madam you ſhould complain of injuries done to the Fatherleſs, for that is too ſevere a Jeſt, to one who has been ruined and proſecuted with the moſt flagrant injuſtice, by you, and thoſe you were pleaſed to authoriſe ſo to do. I have the Charity to forgive you, your Daughter, and your infamous Adviſer: But the manifeſt Wrongs you have done the Strainger and Orphan, you will one Day be accountable for.

I am yet yours and your Daughter's
moſt obedient humble Servant,
JAMES PARRY.

Dingeſtow,
Jan. 19, 1736-7

P. S. The Books that I have of your Daughter's ſhall immediately be returned, provided I have thoſe that ſhe has of mine, *viz. God's being proved from the Structure of the World: Nature diſplay'd; Wood's Rogers's Voyage round the World; Dampier's ditto; The Life of madam* de Muci; Callipœdia, *or the Art of getting pretty Children; Treacherous Brother; The Life of Signiour* Rozelli; *The Hiſtory of the Revolutions in* Morocco; and ſeveral Muſick Books, which coſt above four pound.

In ſhort, Madam, I'll keep nothing of her's but a precious Lock of Hair, which ſhe was pleaſed to let me cut off, in order to have ſome of it ſet in a Ring; that indeed I never will part with.

LVIII. To

LVIII. *To* PARTHENISSA.

Dear Madam,

YOU will unqueſtionably be ſurprized at the Receipt of this Letter, which comes from him who lov'd you dearer than Life, and for your Sake, ought never to think of Woman more, but eraſe the whole Sex out of his Memory.

My Senſes, I thank Heaven, are fixt; therefore I will not upbraid you for forſaking me, writing that baſe Letter to Miſs *C-e*, no not even for perjuring yourſelf concerning the Gold, for which I unjuſtly have been impriſon'd.

I am (though late) inclinable to believe, that you acted againſt your own inclinations, through the perſuaſive and likewiſe threat'ning Arguments of your Mamma, that Fiend Mrs. *J--s*, and your Brother. If I had not loved you to Diſtraction, I ſhould have put it out of the Power of Fortune, to have brought me to the low Ebb ſhe has done. Heaven and you know how I have loved, and as it has been unlawful, it has puniſh'd both of us, with the Loſs of your Character, together with mine, and my Livelihood.

The Spring of my Ruin began the fatal Day of our parting, and it proceeded afterwards through the Villainy of that *R--A--ſe*; he only occaſion'd the Loſs of what I've before mention'd; You know all this to be true: and as you have him now in your Power, requite him accordingly; but, to uſe your former Words, Love! Love! has been my Ruin.

Out

Out of the four that fought my Deſtruction, there is two that have paid the inevitable Debt of Nature, which were your Brother and Mr. *C--ke*. I ſincerely forgive them, and ev'ry one (eſpecially yourſelf) for the manifeſt injuries done me; as I hope for Forgiveneſs myſelf.

I am inform'd that your Brother has left you 1800 *l.* a Year, but I am afraid you'll not enjoy it ſo eaſily as you imagine, becauſe there are ſome of Sir *Roger Hill*'s Relations (whom I know in Town) that lay Claim to the Eſtates in *Uxbridge* and *Fetter Lane*, and have made their Application to Mr. *V--n*, an eminet Attorney in the *Temple*, So that Mr. *J--n L--s* muſt be as ſharp as he poſſibly can upon your Side; becauſe Mr. *V--n* (if he takes it in Hand, as I believe he will) will be as keen upon the other.

You have my good Wiſhes, and ſince 'twas not my good Fortune to continue in your dear Embraces, may you live in Plentitude of Joys, and may every Thing that is probitious attend the lovely Object of my Wiſhes.

I am ſorry to tell you, that I am obliged to publiſh not only your Life, but my own too, and that very ſhortly; there's no avoiding it. My neareſt Relations, *&c.* will not look upon me, until I juſtify myſelf to the World, concerning our fatal Amour, the which I muſt certainly do, by publiſhing the Letters from me to you, and thoſe dear, damn'd treacherous ones from you to me; likewiſe the Letters of others to me upon our Affair. Happy it was for me in taking your Advice, which was, *viz.* be ſure keep all the Letters you receive, and Copies of thoſe you write.

Your

Your Mamma, I find, will not pay me my juſt Debt, ſo I muſt have Patience, till I am able to take a Recourſe to Law for it. So now I take my Leave of you, (who ſtill is the ſacred Treaſure of my Soul, ſubſcribing myſelf, dear Angel,

Yours till Death,
JAMES PARRY.

Lond. Jan. 18, 1738-9.

P. S. *I underſtand that you'll be here ſoon; I ſhall be glad (as I ſhall know where you lodge) to ſee you, tho' but at a Diſtance.*

F I N I S.

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